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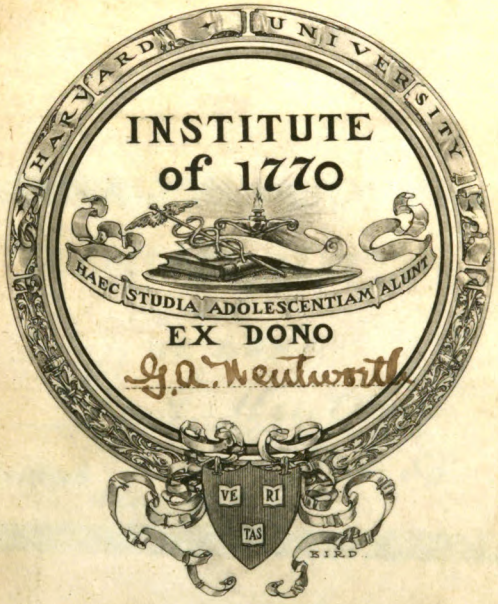

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THEOGNIS:

A LAMP

IN THE

CAVERN OF EVIL.

BY

CATIUS JUNIOR.

[Torrey, Elizabeth R.]

In the stone that waits the turning
Of some curious hand, from sight
Fiery atoms may be burning,
That would fill the world with light.
ALICE CARY.

BOSTON:
WENTWORTH AND COMPANY,
86 WASHINGTON STREET.
1856.

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G. A. Wentworth Jr.

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TO

THOSE PERSONS WHO ARE DESIROUS OF EXPLORING THE

Cavern of Evil,

CATIUS CORDIALLY TENDERS THE USE OF HIS LAMP:

AND TO AS MANY AS ACCEPT IT HE CONFIDENTLY CONSIGNS IT;

ANTICIPATING THAT THE LIGHT IT MAY EVOLVE WILL

DISCOVER TO THEM MANY THINGS THEY

SCARCELY THOUGHT TO EXIST.

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CATIUS'S

REMARKS TO THE READER.

FRIENDLY READER: Catius has some remarks to make to you before you take his lamp in hand to make your explorations in the cavern of evil. Every man who makes a book, ought to make for it some kind of a preface; and if he can make a good book, he can make a good preface to go before it; therefore do not be in haste to get hold of the lamp itself, but rather read the remarks of Catius, and learn what the lamp is, &c.

Now, Catius ventures to say, that if you will but listen to these remarks, though extended they may be, you will not regret it; for if they are not to the purpose Catius designs them to be, then you may be sure that the rest of the book will in all probability partake of the same infirmity; and hence you may be informed at the beginning, and thus escape a greater misfortune.

Now, for who Catius is, that is a question, at present, with many, and *perhaps* it may continue as a question for some of the presents that are yet to come. One ought not to be so dainty as to refuse to eat meat for the simple reason that he knows not who cooked it. If it be well cooked, and suits his palate, and is in reality wholesome and good, ought not that to be enough in its favor to warrant him in taking at least one meal of it, when

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the fact is considered that no one can live well "by bread alone"?

Catius will now say to the reader that he is a man, and not a woman; and that of that there is no mistake. This one point of the matter is thus summarily settled; and hence when the critic takes up his pen and disposes the ink in a form that will tell to the world what he thinks of things relating to the scheme, don't let him, if he consider the work to be weak and effeminate, charge it to any poor and helpless female, for no female did it. Females have done a good many things lately, and, among the rest, have made many good books; but this good book (?) they did not make.

Let it be understood, then, that Catius is a real live man, and he anticipates that as long as he lives, he shall continue in his original state. How he came by this name, some may wish to know. Why men and things have the particular names they do, is a thing that often perplexes many, and in this particular case all Catius can do is to say, that you happen to be one of them.

If he knew himself the reasons which called into being the set of principles which, when in action, wrought out for him the name he now has the audacity to hope will be known and read of all men, he would surely inform you; but candidly, he does not know; and as it does not seem to be demanded to know just why he has this name, he will pass over the point with the simple suggestion that if it has ever been used before, that the original owner has in all probability been either shuffled off this mortal coil long ere this, or if he has not actually gone, he must go soon, and be now in his dotage. In either case, he can have no further use for it, and hence it amounts to no robbery.

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However this may be, if any one dislikes the name, he can do either of two things: first, find fault with Horace for "taking a shine to it," and thereby countenancing an original wrong, or else leave it unnoticed, and either take another he may like better, or if he would be better pleased, do without any at all. So much for the name.

Catius presumes, by this time, that some would like to know why he calls the book Theognis. Well, that is a laudable wish, and without doubt is honestly made. He will reply by saying, that Theognis was an old philosopher, and was just the kind of an old fellow that Catius would have "scraped an acquaintance" with if both had lived at the same time. This would have perhaps been done, but for the reason that in the economy of Providence, it so happened that Theognis was born first, and a long time intervening before the advent of Catius Junior, Theognis finished up his books, and passed on; and thus Catius was deprived of the privilege of ever seeing him even. Considering the facts in the case, Catius thought it well to take some steps to perpetuate the old fellow's memory for a time longer; and to do this, he has put it as the title of his book.

There is no proof that Theognis, if he were living now, would object to it at all, or the doctrine it contains; and in the absence of any opposition of the kind, Catius ventures to take the name, and apply it as he desires, for the adage has it, "Silence gives consent;" and more, the law urges, that we should consider one innocent of a crime till he is proved guilty.

If any of the descendants of Theognis the venerated, are living at this time, and feel that the family is dishonored by the use Catius makes of the name of their worthy progenitor, by calling on him, he will *endeavor* to make ample amends. To defend himself, in a case

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like that, Catius would claim the right to "send for persons and papers."

Let it be remembered, then, that Catius likes Theognis's way of doing business, to say the least of it; and because he does, he takes what of him he is able to find, to assist in the task undertaken. Some one has asked, "What's in a name?" Catius thinks considerable, and probably many others will think so in good time. So much for the venerable Theognis.

The next thing is, "Why call the thing a *lamp*?" This may appear strange to many, and the fact chances to be one of the things Catius cannot help, and, as one has said, "What can't be cured must be endured"—really, a happy disposal of enclosed space for one to crawl out through. Well, now, having fairly got through, even out on the other side of the dilemma, as Catius thinks, he is not disposed to take advantage of those less fortunate than himself, who, inasmuch as they have not discovered the hole to exist, are still on the dark side.

He will talk the matter over briefly, and tell those who will give ear what he knows of the matter. The book is called a lamp. Well, now, if Catius's memory serves him right, he called it so for the good reason that he conceived the idea that the word *lamp* conveyed just the idea he desired to convey. "Nothing wrong in that to be sure."

Catius thinks, and honestly enough, that *some* people—to say the least of it, and still be charitable in the matter—are in the dark as yet, and that they need light. Now, he happens to think that this darkness has to do with the mind, and not with the body; and hence the lamp must be of a kind that will give light to the mind, even as an oil lamp gives light to the body. It is said in story, that Aladdin had a wonderful lamp. So had

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Theognis, and a more wonderful lamp it was than any a knight of Arabia ever had — at all events, more so than any one of the lamps "we read about."

The lamp Theognis had was a spiritual one; for whatever has to do with the mind is not of the letter, but of the spirit. So this lamp of Catius is of the same nature, and he anticipates it will prove itself to all who take it in hand an efficient means to assist them in their explorations in the cavern of evil.

This last expression, without doubt, gives birth to another question, and that is, "Why call it the cavern of evil?" or if it be a cavern, why explore it at all? and — but there, lest we get overladed with interrogations, we will stop here, and as the sailors say, "overhaul things." "Why call evil a cavern?" Well, because the word *cavern* conveys just the idea the world, and Catius among the rest, has of it. Cavern signifies a dark place, or a big cave; a place many can pass into, &c. Now, the great system of evil, as the world considers it, is simply a big cave, in which the race are, and, save to those who chance to stand near the mouth, or under some crevice or fissure, no light comes in. Some few stand out near the mouth, and under the openings named; and these see the light. All the rest, as they are near, or distant from, a like-favored situation, are proportionately in the dark.

Catius, belonging as he does to the human family, has been in there all his life. Sometimes he has been near the mouth, and then has thought things to be pretty well ordered after all; then again under the fissures, and the light was so comparatively scanty he was uneasy, and struggled hard for the greater light, and in his efforts to regain it, he has full often mistaken his way, and at the end of the contest has, as it were, become bewil-

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dered, fallen asleep for a time, and when he awoke has discovered himself to be so far from any opening as to be almost entirely in the dark. This variety of light and shadow induced him to attempt a study of the nature of the place he was in; and when once more out in the light, he was thankful for his deliverance, and set himself at work to invent a means to further inform himself in regard to the construction of the cavern, the materials of which it was composed, &c. He conceived the idea that if he could but invent a light to take with him to the dark parts of the cavern, he could then the better make up his report.

He has at last discovered what, in the absence of a better name, he calls a lamp. The instrument may, perchance, have been used by others. No one in the cavern, however, appearing to be well informed of the kind of element the lamp was, Catius thought it well to use it in public, and not monopolize it for his own good, but rather than apply for a patent, or even filing a caveat to secure to him the benefit of the discovery, he used it much before all men; and he will now say, that he has explored well most parts of the cavern, and finds it to be other than it seems to be by a casual glance at the parts of it that are nearest the mouth and fissures; and further, he will observe, that nearly all young children are at the mouth of the cavern, and that the dazzling light from the realm outside leads them to think they will always remain there, or in some better place. With them are a few matured men and women, who, those in the middle of the cavern urge, are "out there 'building castles in the air.'"

This charge is, peradventure, to this day, brought against Catius himself. As for the most part it is but young children that are about the mouth of the cavern,

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it comes to pass that all persons in their turn are there, and for a time see the light; and then, after having had the experience of that, they pass in, and are continually moving about — at times in the rays of light which come in through the fissures, and at others in the dark. Some, by management, or it may be by a particular permission of a higher power, stay for the most part near the great openings, or about the fissures, and thus are seldom in great darkness; while others are less fortunate, and are almost entirely in the dark, and so continue till they die, and are at last removed from the scene of action.

Catius will now say to the reader, that he has in turn passed through all these spheres and conditions, and that he knows well the power of them all. He has been into the farthest quarters of the cavern with his lamp in hand, and he has the pleasure of stating, that instead of a cold, wet, and mossy cave, he finds it a realm of splendor and magnificence. The floor is hard pressed by the tread of the myriads that have in past time been there, or are now living in it, but that the sides and top are well hung with brilliant gems. Minerals of all hues are there, and the whole top, like one vast canopy, is bestudded with polished stones. At the parts where the light comes in, through the mouth and fissures, like similar openings in a natural cavern, the stones are comparatively dim in lustre, and are of but a poor water.

The great opening to the cave Catius discovers to be the part where it opens out into the great light, which is God, who encircles and entirely surrounds it in all its parts. The fissures are other openings, which have been made by a power evolved by the worship of the heathen, and widened by that evolved by the later advancing theology.

The great opening was one left by the Creator at the

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time of creation, and the veil which hung before it was entirely removed at the advent of God's Son into the world; it was continued as removed by God through his Son till his ignominious death, and entirely destroyed on the morning of his triumphant resurrection from the tomb. At the time of his wonderful ascension, the light flowed in with unwonted splendor, and it has never ceased entirely, nor will it, till the cavern itself shall be no more; when the light shall cease to be divided, and instead of disconnected parts, all will be merged and united in one splendid whole.

The lamp that Catius has discovered he urges to be one invented by the Creator himself; and that it was put in the cavern so that men might, in good time, use it for the good of all who dwell therein.

Catius claims not that he is the first who has discovered the lamp, or that has used it, but that he doth the best he is able to put it into the hands of others, who, as he was, are still in the dark, and need it as much.

Thus much, then, for the reasons why the thing is called a *lamp*, and why the great condition is called the cavern of evil.

And now, as regards the other questions, as relates to the reason for exploring the cavern, Catius urges in addition, as an inducement to what of beauty may be discovered there, that as all persons are in the cave, and the larger portion of them in parts that are dark, it is of benefit to all, that explore it well, to know as best they may of its particular construction, and by the knowledge the examination brings to them, discover as they may whether the whole is constructed with an anticipation to continue as it is now, or whether there may not be great doors which are in good time to be opened, and not only the great light of God flow in, and illumine all,

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but that rather the dwellers there may each one of them in their turn pass out through them, and dwell forever in the great realm and source of all light itself.

Catius has now, in brief, given his reasons, &c.; but as some are, doubtless, still unsatisfied, that they may be the better prepared to use the lamp, he will converse with them a short time longer, and speak of the lamp itself. It is but a lamp in allegory, and the whole is made up of the common ideas and elements of human life. Of the characters who figure in the allegory Catius will briefly speak. First among them appears MALEIA — a good old man of eighty years, full of intelligence, and possessing a turn and kind of mind well anticipating an ability to do the things for the performance of which the office in the allegory was created. If it be allegory, then, the reader will not, of course, demand the reason why *Maleia* was singled out as a particular name; and as we all are agreed, Catius will not delay to argue long on this point. Maleia has many good qualities to recommend him; he is, from first to last, as true as steel, and honest to the letter; he never for once is in doubt as to the truth of his theory, and is, as Catius thinks, judicious in his methods of communicating the information he has. He displays a good degree of discrimination and propriety as to when he should "discourse," as he terms it, and when to hold his peace.

He adapts his themes to the time and circumstances of the particular case; and, better than all, he sets a worthy example for the imitation of every one who would lead an honest life.

What if he has said some things that have been said by others? he simply *quotes*, and does not cut short his "discourse" till he has named his authority; and for the most part, he pronounces it first.

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It is nothing to his discredit that he thus quotes; for in these acts he but exhibits his willingness to trust to the opinions of others whom he considers and acknowledges to be greater than himself. If the things said by the ancient masters were worth saying to men of their time, they are worth repeating to those of ours.

The actors in the allegory are the lamp. The words they utter is the oil within it.

So much then for Maleia. Catius now leaves the good old philosopher to be dealt with by all with whom he may come in contact; and in closing he has but to say, that, if the reader's interviews with him shall prove as pleasant as have been those held by Catius, but little censure will come for having spoken favorably of him.

There are but few men living, nor has there ever lived but few men, like good old honest Maleia.

Then, next in order, comes EDWIN, Maleia's friend and pupil — an upright, intelligent young man, courteous, kind, and respectful to the letter; and, above all, devout, and an honest inquirer for truth; his whole character one rather remarkable, Catius confesses, to be sported by a High Holborn draper; but never mind — all rules have exceptions.

PHELIM the jester claims a passing notice — he *deserves* more. In spite of all, however, Catius would prefer to be excused from the task of dissecting his character, or meddling with it at all; for he confesses that at the earliest part of his criticism many things of an uninviting nature present themselves as elements of his being. His tendencies to evade the truth, and unflinchingly, and in a barefaced manner, attempt to outwit his entertainers, in any one but Phelim, would demand and deserve commiseration, and at times a severe censure.

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His peculiar temper of mind displays a deplorable lack of what makes a man manly; but take him "all in all," his keen perception, strangely trammelled though at times it be, continually makes him of note somehow, and in some manner.

His wit and humor, if it does no more, relieves the sombre tints in the picture of the austere element of character and temper in the nature of Maleia. *He* is honest, and above suspicion. *Phelim* is the opposite; and of all the company, and by them all, himself not excepted, he is an object of a continual apprehension. *He* talks without thinking; *Maleia* thinks without "discoursing:" all the thoughts of Phelim are gairish; those conceived by Maleia are sedate and wise.

Maleia is the *positive*, Phelim is the *negative;* the former is the good and the latter is the evil. It is but the needed opposite; and such being the elements of nature in each, Catius could not, as he stood with his lamp in his hand, fail to discover that Phelim was just such a fellow, or composition of particular elements, as the scheme demanded to make itself complete. Phelim has his faults; who have not theirs?

"He had more than he ought to have had," say some. "How," asks Catius in reply, "do you know that?"

His peculiar element of character, in one direction, was no more intense in its nature and bearings than were those of Maleia in the opposite.

He was no farther off from Maleia than Maleia was from him; and who, but God alone, knows which of the two, in consideration of their original nature, was nearer the great divine centre of all truth and good? We let him pass now. Phelim figured well when he figured at all, and he performed his mission, peculiar as it was, quite as well as any fool ever does; and of all men who

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live, fools represent and bring out some phases of human nature the best. "As natural as a fool" is no unfrequent saying.

Catius imagines that but few, comparatively, will prefer to imitate Phelim, and to give to his methods of action the preference of all the trio, and esteem his elements of character the most important and desirable for imitation. If such be the case with any, Catius has but to remark to such a one, that he submits to the result that may come of the mistake; for that to all such Nature has been liberal in the bestowment of a power that permits them to be a puppet in the side show of the great caravan of human life. If some *must* be showmen, there will be things to show. But as a sort of advice of Catius, (borrowing the method of thought from Maleia,) he would say, Let him who would be the showman, rather than the things showed, beware how he imitates any body or any thing, whose demeanor of operation provokes but a low range of human thought; and, more than all, let him that finds himself at any time unwittingly in possession of those elements so govern himself, that but few will discover the peculiar properties he chances to possess; for if he exhibits these qualities to a sufficient degree, he will in time surely be caged, and exhibited for the entertainment of others, who, though many of them, although they may be really lower in the scale of being than he is, still by the exercise of their ability to "keep shady," escape the snare of the tricksters who loiter about in the highway of human life.

There is one more personage (pardon the expression, kind reader; but how better could Catius express it?) that is entitled to a consideration, and that is DIDO. He lived and acted just as much and as really as did any other body. "Dogs have their day," and Dido had his.

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Of what breed he was, or just how he looked; whether his tail curled or was cut off; whether his ears were long or short, hung down or stuck up; whether his legs were long or short, slim or chubbed; whether, as a whole, he was gaunt and slim, or fat and "kinky;" whether his progenitors were relatives of the stock of mastiff or hound, pointer, setter, spaniel, terrier, or even a mixture of blood from some two, or of all; whether he was big or small, white, brown, yellow, or black, &c., &c., are questions Catius is aware will, in turn, be revolved in the brain of many who may chance to hear of him. But to answer all these interrogations would take a much longer time (and that's money) and patience (which is a thing of more value than money, for money will not buy it) than Catius deems it expedient to assume he is burdened with.

It will be left to the reader to decide, as best he may, just what kind of elements of nature, and in what proportionate quantities, and how relatively disposed, was required to produce the effort that was devoloped and engendered by Dido.

There will, in all *probability*, be some slight differences of opinion, Catius knows, but he does not care to let that disturb him; for at whatever conclusion different critics arrive, it will be but just such a conclusion, and that alone, as they shall think most favorably of; and hence the chances are, that, ten to one, each can do better for himself than Catius could do for him, considering it better to let each judge as seemeth to him best. Catius will leave the matter rather than pursue it further; and he will now take a respectful leave of the reader. He had the foregoing words to say to him, and now he has said them. He has not said all he might say by any means, but he has said all he thinks is demanded.

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So now, kind reader, if you please, take the lamp in hand, and begin your investigations. Do not look for too much light at one time, nor for too much in any particular place you may fancy it would be pleasant to have it, at the same time you want it more in another place. The lamp will emit light enough to properly illumine all the space immediately about you; and, for the most part, will make all agreeably light. It promises, and therefore you may well anticipate nothing more; for 'tis but a simple *lamp*, and not a *sun*. The time has not yet arrived when the great doors will be opened, and the sun of omnipotent power pour in, and at one effort illumine all. When you have, by the light shed from the lamp, and that which comes by affinity to it, viewed well all that part of the cavern in which, for the time being, you may chance to stand, push along, and take a view of other parts, and so repeat the act till you have surveyed and looked upon all. Don't find fault because you cannot at times see more things than are immediately about you; for what matters it if you do not see all at once, if it so be that in turn you may examine and judge of all? The thing you attempt to measure is next to infinity, and the meter you measure by is but of a finite make and composition.

Theognis claims to be a lamp, and not a sun. The former will discover as many things as will the latter, if it be taken with us to places where the sun would shine and discover the once hidden good.

And now, reader, Catius takes a kind leave of you, and, in so doing, tells you plainly that he does not claim that his lamp is perfect; and hence, when you use it, you are at liberty to call it *imperfect*, and to the degree you think it is so; and although it be in reality Catius that still will continue to talk with you through the persons

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in the allegory, yet he would now, as his last desire request you to lose his present particular character in that of those he shall speak through. He would have you so dispose your mind as to consider them, each respectively, in their turn speaking to and with each other, and you listening to their conversation rather than to any additional remarks of

CATIUS JUNIOR.

Boston, February, 1856.

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THE FIRST DAY.

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THE FIRST DAY.

CHAPTER I.

A Conversation between Maleia and Edwin. — Maleia, an aged Gentleman of Tamworth; Edwin, a young Clerk from London.

Edwin.

GOOD morning, venerable father! From whence came you? and why do you journey while the rain is descending, and the elements are so unpropitiously disposed for your comfort and good humor?

Maleia. I thank thee for thy kind salutation; but I must say to thee, that thou countest without thine host, young man, when thou discoursest thus; and until I have deprived thy words of the power they may seem to thee to contain, I care not to answer thy questions. Thou movest waters that are wont to be calm and placid within me, when thou talkest of this rain,

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and the mist that is making weighty our garments, as having a like power to chill and dampen the humor and good cheer of the soul. Thou art but young in years, and the elements have not yet taught thee their lessons. I know full well of the condiments which warm and play in youthful veins, for I was young once, and not unlike to thee; but now I am old, and can render the language of Nature aright.

These hairs, now so sparse and handled roughly by this storm, were once like thine, and hung in ringlets about my neck; but desolating storms in the inner world, like this in the outer one, have deprived them of the food they were wont to feed upon, and they have turned pale.

My bearing doth not bespeak to thee the tenor of my soul. The outward man hath been continually perishing, but the inward man hath been renewed day by day; and of the change my spirit taketh cognizance daily.

But to thy questions; for I have learned to be courteous; I would not put vinegar into the milk of thy kindness. Thou didst, in obedience to a vein of sympathy, ask me from whence I came, and why I thus journeyed, but thou didst omit to put into thy category what is a near kith and kin to thine other questions — whither I would hope to arrive. Thy thoughts are

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simple and natural, but thy discourse savoreth of hope and anticipation. Thou wouldst know of the past, and of the more important schemes of the present; of the future thou carest but little, for thou trusteth it, and disturbest thy mind but little to know of the things that give identity to that.

EDWIN. Hold, my good father. I fear your long speech will weary you, and thereby deprive me of the privilege of listening to a recital of the experience which has whitened those locks, and made decrepit what was once, perchance, a stately form.

MALEIA. Weary me? Ha! ha! Thou knowest yet but little of the pensive musings which come in the evening twilight of human life, and which, like goodly oil, lubricate the joints of the spirit, and enable them to turn and play easily in their sockets. I am no loiterer in the highway of human life; nor hath it ever been so. Plutarch saith of idleness, "There be they who are troubled in mind that have no other cause but this." I have contested hard with the world, and am disciplined by the task.

Dost thou not know that to make the legs supple, that a man may run well, he must ply them often to the task? The legs of the mind, in this shattered frame, are skilled in the race; and to exercise them

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is but to ply them on a course they know full well. To recite to thee conclusions which are my pension for having served in the battle of human life, but warmeth and stirreth the blood in these shrunken and shrivelled veins. I can cope with thee in discourse, and should not tire by the way.

My converse might, perchance, weary thee more than myself, for I ween I should give birth to thoughts thou art not familiar with. Thou knowest well of the lore of the schools; but in books alone existeth not all the truth; for, as the adage hath it, "Truth lieth at the bottom of a well;" and as Pennotius urgeth, "Many things are written in our books which seem to the reader to be excellent remedies, but they that make use of them are often deceived, and for physic take poison."

But I will not speak to thee now of the thoughts that, at times, struggle for life within this weary breast; I will rather answer thy question. I am from my cottage behind us, and am out on this inclement, and, as thou thinkest, unpropitious morning, that I may engage in a directer communion with Nature, and thereby cultivate and exercise that comfort and good humor thou thinkest the storm will chill and destroy.

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I will teach thee, young man, what thou hast not learned yet, nor perchance may ever learn, unless thou listenest to the thoughts of one like Maleia.

EDWIN. My good father, I am with you as a learner of the secret which enables you to speak so flatteringly of Nature, when she is in what is, to me, her most uninviting mood. Your demeanor and general bearing discover to me more than readily develops itself to one so unskilled in the secrets of Nature and human life as am I. Pray, venerable man, engage to recite to me the thoughts you feel within you. I will give audience to your words, and will demean myself as becometh a good pupil, while in the presence of one so experienced and worthy as yourself.

MALEIA. Thy words are, indeed, well timed, and thy thoughts savor much of gentle temper and urbanity; but I need not thy discourse as inducement to labor; for even now, the spirit striveth within me to reveal the philosophy of the ills which beset us in the highway of life; the quantity of the ills be of no mean meter, for, as Pliny saith of man, "He is born naked, and falls to whining at the very first: he is swaddled and bound up like a prisoner; cannot help himself; and so continueth he to his life's end." Let me lean on thine arm as we walk; thy warm blood and blithe spirits will sustain my tottering body.

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EDWIN. With pleasure I attend you. Yonder is an inn; shall we not go in thereat, and cheer us up with some rich wine? It will make you feel young again, and will aid you in forgetting the troubles and cares that weigh you down.

MALEIA. Thou mistakest again, when thou wouldst have me nerve up my spirit by the archest fiend that hath ever cursed the race of man, and, as the great Shakspeare hath it, is but "an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains." This poor body tottered long ere it would, had it not been diseased and strained by the contests it often held with the purloiner of men's brains. Rich, rare wine may answer to stir up a young and warm spirit, and nerve it to say gairish things; but, in the end, it ruffleth the waters of life full deep, and mingleth with it the mud of the miry bottom. Guianerius telleth of two Dutchmen, who at a time received the hospitality of his home, "that in one month's space were both melancholy by drinking of wine;" one of them, he saith, "did nought but sing, and the other sigh." And rememberest thou not what the Latin poet saith of beer?

"Nothing cometh in so thick,
Nothing goeth out so thin;
It must needs follow, then,
The dregs be left within."

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But we must hasten on, for the rain increaseth, and I feel its power already to the skin. We will go into the inn, and I will discourse with thee further; for I desire to inform thee at greater length of the laws of Nature, and the ethics of human life. Galen saith to his friend Glenco, "It is in vain to think of cures or speak of remedies until such times as we have considered the causes." But before either entereth, while we be yet on the porch, I will remark to thee, that I would not forget the trials of my life, as thou suggestest in thy discourse. I would rather keep them fresh in memory; for the man who forgetteth his affliction entirely loseth his blessing, for he is then as though he had not been afflicted at all; and he that is not afflicted goeth astray. The heart should be kept so alive that it may take a ready cognizance of the things that introduce themselves to it, and make it, in time, of another texture, while of the change it is unconscious, till, at last, it alarmeth itself by a view of the spectacle which it then discovereth itself to be. I like the conception of a fair English poetess on this point, where she saith of the heart, —

"And though it throb at gentlest touch,
Or sorrow's faintest call,
'Twere better it should ache too much
Than never ache at all."

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Thou art not as yet skilled in the great ethics of human life. I will teach thee by and by; hasten in. I see through the window the fire burneth brightly on the hearth, and a goodly company of those that will be cheered by our presence are ready to greet us, and are even now discoursing of our arrival; for such men as loiter about inns and such like public places heed well the testimony of Solomon, that "a merry heart is the life of the flesh;" and also of the advice of Capivaccius to his patients, "to avoid over much study and perturbations of the mind, and as much as lieth in them to live at heart's ease." Argueth Montanus, "melancholy beginneth with sorrow, it must be expelled with hilarity."

EDWIN. Enter first, kind and venerable father; your gray hairs demand respect.

MALEIA. Not so; enter thou first; keep not the door open while thou art discoursing of formality and etiquette. There are no honors in my elements that would be discounted if I go in after thee. I am known in this place, and am marked as one honest and true; perchance, withal, I am considered by some as a sort of lesser Diogenes, for such is the epithet I am often donned with. Enter, and I will follow thee. Our garments are wet, and we betoken well as being

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those conversant with the storm: we will enjoy the hospitality of the home and the fire. (*Entering.*) Good cheer to you, companions and friends. I present, for your courtesy and favor, my young friend, who for the past hour hath journeyed with me. Pleasant humor and fine spirits to you all.

CLARENCE, *the clerk, abruptly.* The same old formality, Maleia, as usual. Why don't you say, How are you all round, Good morning, or something of that sort, and there end it? "You're a brick; gilt edged; bound in calf."

MALEIA. I durst do nothing, sir, in presence of one so young and impressible as my guest, the fair young man who is with me, that would tend to make him rude and uncouth in his bearing, as thou art. I take no charge of guilt to thy door for thus assailing me; for I know thee well, and am informed that thou art by nature kind. Thou art comely to look upon; but thy speech telleth of incompleteness somewhere. Thou knowest me well, Clarence, and art aware that thou hast my good wishes, notwithstanding thy looseness in discourse. As Chrysostom saith to those he would have reform, "I speak not this to make thee secure and negligent, but to cheer thee up."

CLERK. Not easily crowded off the log, Maleia,

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nor easily provoked. I like you for that if you are a little ——

Host, *interrupting*. Hold, Clarence; don't be discourteous to friend Maleia; you're disposed to carry your pleasantry too far. I have hoped many times you had already sown your wild oats. Diogenes, (I beg your pardon,) Maleia, will it not be more pleasant to you to entertain your friend in the adjoining room? A fire burns there, and you can have the room to yourselves.

Maleia. Thy speechment, friend Coburn, I like; it savoreth of age and knowledge. Thy son, the clerk, meaneth well, I ween, but he is not skilled in the discoverment of what maketh an old man's heart light and happy; for he mistaketh the kind of element which createth therein good cheer and desirable humor. But his words are not powerful like the pasquin Aretine, who, as some inform us, by reason of his gibes, caused many princes "to allow him a pension, that he should not tax them with his satires." I discover even in thy discourse, mine host, a vein of pleasantry which may, perchance, be a relic of the wild oats of thy youth, when thou touchest lightly, as if by accident, on the word Diogenes; and when, as it were but scantily spoken, thou correctest it, and sayest Maleia. Well! well! he is in danger of bemir-

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ing himself that attempteth to relieve a sheep that hath fallen into a ditch; and he who removeth stones may be hurt thereby. It is easy to chide and beclamor the erring, but harder to demean one's self entirely as argueth perfection. We will go to the other room; I have converse to make with my young friend, and our discourse would, perchance, grate harshly on ears that have not been prepared for the recital. There be but few in the company that frequent taverns and ale houses, that be like Aretine's Antonia, who said, "Let me not live, if I had not rather hear thy discourse than see a play." Maleia is, to the imagination of most like men, a sort of Menedemus Lampsacus, whom Laertius describeth as a madman; who ran about and said, he had "come as a spy, to tell the devils what mortal men did." My discourse to them is like leaves in the autumn, which by their twist and color betoken dissatisfaction with the things of the past, and with blushes wait for the things of the future.

EDWIN. My dear sir, will you please send to the room we are to occupy some refreshments for my aged friend and myself?

MALEIA. Trouble not thyself to procure food for me. I am not craving in appetite; however, a little may do us no harm — peradventure we may discourse

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the better. I have learned, that he who would converse with good spirit and humor should not attempt the task with an empty stomach. If, at any time, thou wouldst obtain a favor of another, go not to him while his belly is empty: he will hear thee then to but poor interest; but wait till he hath eaten his dinner, and then, when he feeleth no want, he will more readily bestow the favor thou cravest; for food so flattereth a man that he thinketh himself a god, and esteemeth himself to be a sort of Crœsus.

EDWIN. I am well pleased with your philosophy thus far, my good father: your thoughts are so entertaining I can hardly express my thankfulness in being permitted to fall in with you.

I am sojourning in this village for a short time, that I may rest myself from the cares and tumults of a city life. To nearly all the inhabitants I am a stranger; it is but yesterday that I came here; to-day I had walked out to discover to myself the qualities of the place I had selected to sojourn in; but before I had proceeded far, the storm increased in violence, and as I turned homeward I descried you in the distance.

The marked infirmity under which you seemed to labor attracted my attention, and I could but hasten to you, so that I might tender you my aid, if needed, to assist you to reach your home.

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The peculiar constitution of your mind induced you to note the ignorance of human nature which my salutation evinced; and, as a result, we find ourselves together beside this fire, and already engaged in what, I trust, is a profitable conversation. The storm of the morning, I bethought myself, was but a sorry beginning of a visit to the country, and I had nerved my mind to bear with patience the gloom and retirement incident to a stormy day; but I apprehend I am happily mistaken; for, already, I am convinced that the thoughts you have uttered will create within me themes for meditation and thought, sufficient to deprive this, or any day, however foul or gloomy it may be, of every thing like a power to make the mind inactive or dull.

You quote liberally from sage men of old, and appear to be conversant with thoughts and opinions of men of master fame and renown.

I have but to suggest to you, my good father, (Maleia they call you, if I mistake not — your pardon, sir, if I am too irreverent,) the propriety of permitting me to return with you to your home, that your family may not be alarmed at your long delay, and there continue the conversation we have so unwittingly begun. Before we go, however, I pray you partake of more refreshments.

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MALEIA. Thy well-timed speechment discovereth to me discretion and kindness seldom witnessed in one so young as thou art. I thank thee for thy generous bearing. Thy discourse, friend, somewhat altereth mine intention as regardeth my projected conversation, for although my mind was nurtured and my intellect disciplined at Brazen Nose, still my system of discourse is so unlike to thine, I should make but sorry work compared to thee.

I discover thee to be one well skilled in the art, and it is but for one reason that I would presume to entertain thee. Did I not apprehend thee to be like most who have but the common lore of the schools, I would hold my peace. But I will design to make my words of good tenor in meaning, if they be not so in diction, so that thou shalt be entertained as thou sayest thou dost anticipate.

Scaliger hath it, "Nothing more invites a reader than an argument unlooked for, unthought of; and sells better than a scurrilous pamphlet." And as Gebbins observeth of a like matter, "Many men are very conceited in their inscriptions, and are able, as Seneca saith, to make him loiter by the way that went to fetch a midwife for his daughter now ready to lie down." But I will not boast of my power to entertain thee, for while I am yet discoursing I bethink myself of a thing

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told to Trajan by Pliny. "All our actions," saith he, "upbraid us of folly."

EDWIN. My good friend Maleia, I beseech you continue the discourse so happily begun. I will listen to you with care and attention. I spoke of your friends who await your arrival at home ——

MALEIA, *interrupting*. I have no friends and family at home. Maleia is alone in the world, and, save his dog, there is no one that shareth the hospitality of his humble cot. Dido now lieth at the door, and he alone awaiteth my arrival. He careth little if I but return at nightfall, and if thou desirest it, we will continue what hath been begun, albeit my discourse will be but an epitome of other men's thoughts and deductions, for as another hath expressed it, "As apothecaries, we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another. And as the old Romans robbed all the cities of the world to set out their badsited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their gardens, to set out our own sterile plots."

EDWIN. With great pleasure, Maleia, I engage to attend you.

MALEIA. Thou feelest blithe and happy as thou anticipatest a discourse from Maleia. It shall be words of truth. I would that thou wouldst permit me

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to begin at an early place, and go on with completeness, for as the adage hath it, "That is worth doing well that is worth doing at all."

When thou at first salutedst me, thou discoursedst discouragingly of the rain and the storm, and like all as young and inexperienced as thou art, disposeth thy mind to think that all is evil which doth not readily discover itself to be a producer of immediate pleasure, and continue the same as long as it existeth with an identity of its own.

Thou dost not see yet that, as the poet saith,

> "All things are infected that the infected spy,
> And all look yellow to the jaundicéd eye."

Thou considerest all as evil which maketh thee unhappy, and all that maketh thy spirit and good humor to move itself aright thou callest good. And I ween thou forgettest the thoughts of another poet, who informeth us that

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain with an azure hue."

He that looketh at the galaxy with his naked eyes seeth but a bright belt of light, while, at the same hour, the astronomer observeth many stars.

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CHAPTER II.

DISCOURSE INTERRUPTED BY PHELIM, A JESTER.

PHELIM, *rudely entering.*

ARRAH, Mister Maleia! hope you're well to-day! I don't intrude, and disturb your friend, do I? What makes your face so red? You've been warming it. Some folks would say you'd been drinking, and had the sign out. O, my!

HOST *enters, attracted by the noise.*

HOST. How came you in here, Phelim? and why does your tongue wag so?

PHELIM. I came in here. You called me a puppy the other day. Why does my tongue wag so? Puppies are apt to be waggish. Hand over the cider. I've got you. Why would this tavern be a good place for Jimmy Squarefoot to get repaired if he should happen to lose his tail in a gale of wind? "You can't tell." Well, I can; that's where we're just alike — only we ain't. It's because evil spirits are *re-tailed* here. Eh! Cider with a loggerhead in the

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mug. How my belly will be warmed up! 90° in the shade — some folks would say "in a horn."

EDWIN. You are disposed to be funny, Phelim.

PHELIM. Fun nigh — I am, am I?

HOST. You make a good punster, Phelim.

PHELIM. I make a good pun stir — I do, do I? Why am I like a ——

HOST, *interrupting.* You've said about enough for one time. Go into the other room, and don't come in here again till you're requested to do so.

PHELIM. Return to do so, you mean. What's the difference between request and return?

HOST. Considerable, I should think.

PHELIM. Well, I shouldn't.

HOST. Why not?

PHELIM. Because considerable is the difference between considerable and something else. Well, now, what's ——

HOST. You must leave this room, and, as I have said to you, keep out till you're recalled.

PHELIM, *meditatively.* Re-turn, re-quested, and re-called. Three words, all beginning with a re. *Re* means to do over again. What use am I to make of them three res?

HOST. You may make of them such use as you think best. I care not if such use be for your own good.

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PHELIM. Well, then, I will use them like this: I return to request you to recall the order for me to leave this room. Why am I like ——.

HOST, *taking him by the arm.* Start yourself. I will have no more of your insolence. Get you where you belong.

PHELIM. I be long here.

HOST. Yes; too long for the comfort of those who had possession of the room before you came in. Out with you!

EDWIN. That fellow is certainly a curious specimen of humanity, Maleia. I hardly dared to offer him either words of cheer or reprimand. He is no fool, for he handles his thoughts well.

MALEIA. Thou wast diverted, and well thou mayst have been. He is the king's jester, and hath strayed out to Tamworth as he often doth. He knoweth well where he may chance distend his belly with sack. Those who do congregate about taverns and pot houses induce him to go in and entertain them by his *jeux d'esprit.* You will fall in with him full oft while you sojourn in the village. Thou sayest well when thou urgest that he is no fool. He is no funge; nor is he a sprite, to walk the earth by night; but he is, withal, a coward of no mean water, as most men well know, and he loitereth about but at noonday.

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We may, peradventure, encounter him again ere the nightfall, for he hath nothing to do but saunter from place to place. He is an idler, and, as Seneca would have it, he is diseased, for that philosopher saith of idleness, "I had rather be sick than idle." Phelim deserveth our pity rather than our blame, for although he was present at his advent into the world, he had no power to make himself other than what he is. Fernelius happily observeth, "It is our greatest felicity to be well born, and it were happy for human kind if only such parents as are sound of body and mind should be suffered to marry." But to return to our early discourse. I was about to treat of the problem of evil when Phelim came in and distracted our thoughts; but such like digressions, saith Beroaldus, "do mightily delight and refresh a weary reader. They are like sauce to a weary stomach, and I do therefore most willingly use them." The temper of our conversation will be diverse from that which ordinarily runneth in men's minds, and its novelty may surprise thee. Nevertheless I will inform thy mind, and after hearing thou mayst reject all if thou canst; for surely thou wouldst not denounce before thou hearest, for, as the wise man saith, "He that judgeth a matter before he heareth it, it is a folly and a shame unto him." I can, however, but prepare thy mind to-

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day, to engender thought for the morrow. And I will now assert to thee that Maleia doth not believe in the existence of *absolute evil*, and he knoweth well that the lore of the schools beareth hardly against him; but what careth he for that, so long as his reason and his soul bear him witness that his theory is right? I am experienced now, and stand on the top of the wall. I can with ease descry the end thereof, for, as Didimus Stella asserteth, "A dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than the giant himself." The world, as yet, but little understandeth the import of the term *evil*, and it hath not yet learned of its compartitions and elements. It claimeth the right to religiously recognize, as a sort of inexplicable necessity, the existence of an element which hath an identity of its own, which is absolutely and entirely evil in its very essence. The mighty problem of evil hath from the first stood at the head of the catalogue of the sacred mysteries of the church, and at times it hath even been called the negative of God himself; and because of its power it calleth upon us to struggle with it, and saith to us that it hath already so far mingled itself with God as to make him an object of fear more than of love, for it asserteth that he is a being of wrath and vengeance, taking note of all the accidents of a human's life, and that he treasureth

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it up with wrath against a mighty day of doom and despair; and it further representeth his nature as being in continual conflict with the evil it cannot stay nor destroy; for while it but, by result of philosophy and deduction, assumeth the former, it by words telleth of the latter. It hath assumed these principles, and, from the first, it hath considered the scheme of obscure but of demoniacal origin, and that it will be perpetual in its duration. The church hath attempted to give no evidence of progress of its overthrow in time, nor, for what it hath often lustily prayed, in the eternity to come. Perchance, ere this, thou thinkest that Maleia is rash when he discourseth thus, and that he seeth but little light through the clouds which seem to be about him. Thou misjudgest, as I will show thee in time. I will enlighten thy mind, and will inform thee of a better faith. It is now near meridian, and the dinner awaiteth us. We will go to the hall, and partake of the food which I ween steameth up and savoreth well of marjoram and thyme.

EDWIN. We will go, Maleia; for by your long conversation you must be weary. There passes into the room Phelim, the jester. He fails not to discover the hour of dinner, nor the place where it may be had.

MALEIA. Indeed he doth not. He knoweth full

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well that in that room be savory viands. He hath oft in that place so distended his stomach that after it he hath disgorged its contents. He is no impediment, forsooth, at a table, for the conceptions he may chance to utter will help one to digest his food the better, for as sorrow draweth water to the eyes, so doth mirth invite good humor to the organs, and cause the food to dissolve well. Vives hath it, "Mirth purgeth the blood, confirmeth the health, and causeth a pleasing, fresh, and fine color." Solomon esteemeth a merry heart to be the life of the flesh, and he further observeth, "There is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his affairs." We will be seated at this part of the table, that we may be near Phelim, and thus the better imbibe the good humor he causeth, for, as Magninus argueth, "A merry companion is better than music." Make thyself free, my guest. Here, take a portion of this larded capon, and of the mint sauce. Of that cabbage one should not eat. Galen, of all herbs, condemneth it the most, for he maintaineth that it "causeth troublesome dreams, and sendeth up black vapors to the brain."

EDWIN. My good father, you need not care for me. I will see to it that I do not want. We ought not to forget the advice of the good physician Crato, who once said to a patient, "Of many dishes choose

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one, and feed on that alone." We are not apt to follow his advice in these degenerate times. I like Cardan's rules quite as well, however. He says, "We may keep what we are accustomed unto; and to follow our disposition and appetite in some things is not amiss; to eat sometimes of a dish which is hurtful even, if we have an extraordinary liking to it."

MALEIA. Thou art to a fair degree right in thy conceits, for a man knoweth best what his stomach will digest well. But temperance is a virtue that shineth brightly where it shineth at all; for "by overmuch eating and continual feasts men stifle nature, and choke up themselves, which, had they lived coarsely, or like galley slaves been tied to an oar, might have prolonged many happy years." Saith Burton, "We account it a great glory for a man to have his table daily furnished with a variety of meats. But hear the physician; he pulleth thee by the ear as thou sittest, and telleth thee that nothing can be more noxious to thy health than such variety and plenty;" and he continueth, "Temperance is a bridle of gold, and he that can use it aright, is liker a god than a man; for as it will transform a beast to a man again, so will it make a man a god." If a man thinketh his house to be on fire in any dark part thereof, as in the cellar, or one of the lobbies, when he goeth to inform himself of the

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fact, he doth not take a candle with him, even if it be in the night time, for he knoweth full well if there be a fire, that if he attempteth to observe it in the darkness he can descry it the better. So it is with diet: if a man would learn whether a fire be kindled in his body by reason of food he hath eaten, he need not take with him more fire to help him make the discovery, as many men do in drinking, when one informeth us that there be reason in the scheme of attempting to sever one's self from his cup by the practice of drinking smaller potations, and that by such customs he will learn if he hath once drank too much. But I will not weary thee by long discourse of knowledge while thou art eating, for such customs savor but little of wisdom. No words should be uttered which argue of deep meditation and thought, for all masters testify that when one eateth, or while his food be freshly swallowed, he should be diverted with mirth and wit. Ctesias accounteth of a king of the province of Persia who had one hundred and fifty maids attending his table to play, sing, and dance by turns.

EDWIN. Our friend Phelim is quite docile, Maleia, as compared to his pranks in the morning.

MALEIA. He will sally forth by and by. He hath not, peradventure, eaten since he left home, and he will see to it that his belly be filled first. He hath learned

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to care for himself while he may. His countenance and bearing contribute festivity, and his cap, which he hath put on, provoketh mirth; and although he may not discourse often, his presence compensateth well for his entertainment; for let him demean himself as best he can, he full often choketh himself, or scaldeth his throat with his broth; and oft, in his greediness, he taketh meat in his hands, and in his haste beslobbereth his mouth — which acts provoke mirth in those that induce him to eat with them. He careth but little for etiquette.

PHELIM. Et a cat! Did I eat a cat? Are you talking about me? Host Coburn says I'm a feline creature.

EDWIN. Master Phelim, you are not disposed to use Maleia's words aright. He said nothing in regard to things you had eaten.

PHELIM. Didn't he? Well, I'm not to blame if he didn't, am I?

EDWIN. I rather think you have not entirely recovered from the shock you received when you were ejected from our room in the morning, Phelim. You look rather touchy.

PHELIM. Sitting opposite as I do,
That reflection comes from you.

EDWIN. Somewhat of a poet, Phelim; and withal satirical.

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PHELIM. I'm a poet, you're a goet (goat) ——

MALEIA, *interrupting.* Be not personal, Phelim, in what thou hast to say; for if thou usest words that are too severe, thou mayst provoke anger.

PHELIM. Don't be jealous, Maleia; I'll continue, and give you a good notice.

MALEIA. I am not jealous. Continue, but speak well, and thou wilt not meet with reprimand.

PHELIM. Well, I'll begin again, and give you the poetry in a new form. My poetry is like the almanacs — suited to all occasions and meridians. It's calculated for London, but will answer for Tamworth. Open your ears, Maleia — here it is.

I'm a poet, you're a goet,
Maleia is a calf;
He thought the titles misapplied
Ere I had said but half.

[*Laughter around the table.*

MALEIA. Thou art a funny dog, Phelim, and no dizzard. I will leave thee to thine imagination, for 'tis fresh, and continually inventeth satire. Now, that thou hast freed thy mind, remodel the temper of thy discourse, and let us be on good terms once more, for my friend who is with us appreciateth a jovial fellow, and his warm spirits like to bestir themselves by

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reason of good humor. Here, put this half crown secretly into thy pocket, and let it assist thee in forgetting the things of the morning. I like thee well.

PHELIM. Maleia, why is this tavern like a lumber yard?

MALEIA. Why is the inn like a lumber yard? I cannot tell thee, thou funny fellow. Ha, ha! thy question, I trow, hath a double meaning.

PHELIM. Because there's a good many boards here.

HOST. Phelim, what was the first thing you did the other day when you upset in the snow bank?

PHELIM. What was the first thing I did when I upset? I set up.

EDWIN. Phelim, come, now, tell us a good big story.

PHELIM. What, a real big lying one?

EDWIN. If you choose to tell us a big lie, tell it; only tell one so big that no one will believe it, and no great harm will come of it.

PHELIM. Well, if you demand the biggest lie I ever told in all my life, I shall just say I never told one; for I always tell the truth.

MALEIA. Thou hast well said, Phelim. That is a distant relation of any truth. Thou hast succeeded in giving the lie to thy story, for thou art caught in the

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very act itself. Thou hast never told a lie in all thy life! Ha, ha! thou art a wit.

HOST. Phelim, what did you mean the other day when you told the chambermaid that you were never caught in a lie in your life?

PHELIM. I meant just what I told her. I go from one lie into another so quick I cannot be caught in any particular one. Now, I'll tell Maleia's friend a story.

MALEIA. We must leave thee, Phelim, to rehearse it to the others present; we shall meet you again in time.

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CHAPTER III.

THE SUBJECT RESUMED, AND FURTHER PRINCIPLES OF MALEIA'S THEORY LAID DOWN.

EDWIN.

NOW that we are back to our first quarters, we will, if you please, resume our conversation, which was broken off that we might attend to dinner.

MALEIA. Well, if thou desirest it, we will do so, albeit it were better for us both for a time longer to rather engage in some gentle, sportive entertainment; for although to some it would savor of foolishness, and for the most part argue of a weak brain, yet the delay helpeth digestion well, so doth mirthfulness of any kind, as most of the masters show. Alexander Severus would play with whelps and pigs; Domitian amused himself with catching flies, and Augustus delighted to play with nuts among young children. But as our time is but short, we will waive our conceits of what is pleasant, and continue what by our discretion may not prove to be laborious.

I had asserted to thee, when we went to dinner, that

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Maleia doth not believe in the existence of actual and absolute evil, and was about to attempt to untangle the meshes of the net the disclosure was to thy mind.

I will now say to thee that he observeth, as a portion of the economy of Him who hath created all things, a set of principles that mankind calleth evil, but that he doth not discover in any of the parts thereof any thing like what the world calleth absolute evil, for when he attempteth to decide with them, at an early place he contendeth with the language of the apostle where he saith, "I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself; but that to him that esteemeth any thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean."

Maleia decideth early, that, without the rendering of the language of a principle which an erring and short-sighted human nature giveth to it, no evil existeth. The man of the earth must first make the mistake, and then, after he hath wandered out into the mists of error and doubt, and thereby diluted his confidence in the wisdom and goodness of the God that hath created him, all things appear strange, and unwelcome angels come and minister unto him.

If a man would view the *façade* of a palace aright, that he may see its fair and comely proportions, he doth not go so near a corner thereof as to bring all

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the level lines and arrises askew to his eye, but rather he goeth off at a distance, where he may descry and judge of the whole at a look. So it happeneth to be with the great architecture of the divine scheme, which is in itself a great palace, having many projections and breaks in the contour, over which the sun of infinite Love continually shineth: at times it casteth shadows on other parts, but all form a complete whole.

If a man would see the palace, and judge rightly of its design, he should stand off in the distance, that he may see the reasons for the creation of the particular parts thereof; and he that persisteth in lying in the shadow cast by the cornices, or any projecting part, as a stoop or shelter, designed to shield him from the rain, — and at the same time weepeth and lamenteth bitterly that the darkness and shade is about him so that he cannot bask as he desireth, — need not attempt to discover fault in the Architect, but let him rather look home to himself.

Let him remove himself to a spot where the sun shineth, and as he lieth there and looketh over to the places of shadow from which he hath but just removed, and observeth others running to them for the refreshment they give to those who are surfeited with sunshine, he will then see the wisdom and necessity of

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the particular parts of the design, and how that it be but the variety which giveth it the spice, and affordeth accommodation to all, as the peculiar circumstances of their life demand.

Maleia cannot decide that the building is uncomely in its proportions, nor that its compartments are not made with due regard to the business that is to be done therein; for unless he admitteth that some other designer conceived the plan, he may not be permitted to think that every part thereof was not well designed for its particular use; nor can he ever admit that the divine Architect was even assisted in the construction of any part of the mighty scheme, for if such be the case, one might, perchance, well argue of incompleteness and imperfection; but this may not be, for the beloved John telleth us that the Lord himself made all things that were made, and without him was not any thing made that was made; and, as the tutor saith to his pupils, *ergo*, if any thing was made without him, the record lieth; or if any thing existeth and was not made at all, it is equally absurd. But to come nearer the point still the sainted prophet informeth us of the words of the Creator himself, where he declareth, "I form light, and I create darkness; I make peace, and I create evil: I the Lord doeth all these things." Thus it appeareth plainly to any one, if he seeth at

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all, that all the seeming evil that existeth was created by the same hand that created the good, and it remaineth for us but to determine if the evil be absolute and actual in its nature, as the schools understand, and in accordance thereto explain the term, or if it be not rather a scheme of a different character, and one which tendeth to another end.

The record of creation at first informeth us that, when the work was done and entire, the Creator looked upon it and pronounced it "very good." I ween he did not merely scan the contour thereof, but that he looked well into all parts, and saw the end from the beginning — anticipating all the results that would come of the working of the scheme he had set in operation; for in another place we are informed that he not only saw the end from the beginning, but that he also discovered, from ancient time, the things that were not yet done. Now, if these records be taken for good and true authority, as the church well adviseth they may be, then we are induced to adhere to the theory, that God himself createth all the evils that exist in the world, as well as the things that man disposeth his mind to call good; and it remaineth for us but to find out the bearings and elements which evil hath, and is composed of, and then decide if they be or be not reconcilable with wisdom and truth.

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I will soon show thee my theory, and the reasons therefor. Thou thinkest it hard to mingle well together water and oil, and art disposed to tell me that such hath no affinity for each other, and that they be no kith nor kin one to the other.

I know thy thoughts, and in good time will show thee the laws of a spiritual chemistry, by which the antagonistic portions of one neutralize those of the other. I may, forsooth, term it the stone which transmuteth the cruder metal of ill and evil into good and gold.

EDWIN. I confess to you, frankly, Maleia, I am somewhat surprised to hear your conversation, because it is so unlike my present conceptions of the elements that work in human nature. I learned the old doctrine of dualism from my mother's mouth, while I was yet but a child, and the experience of my life, thus far, has but seemed to confirm it: that there must be in existence an awful power, in opposition to all the good, and which is continually being contended with by every rational being.

That good may come of it I do not deny; but I must say to you, without disguise, — although I may wish never more ardently to the contrary, — that I think you will but poorly succeed in reconciling evil to be in its essence what we call good.

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However, I will not anticipate your arguments, for to do that would be but a poor philosophy. I beg your pardon for this expression of my mind. I trust it will not dampen your ardor in the task you have undertaken. My good father, I am a learner of you, disposed to listen attentively, and to judge with charity all you may say. I apprehend that word *charity* is in this instance misapplied; for I think I have reason to anticipate that, from the goodness of your nature, and the sterling discipline of your mind, a less exercise of the virtue charity will be demanded of me than will that of ingenuousness and reason. I await your conversation.

MALEIA. I knew well that thou wast surprised at my conclusions, and that thou art as yet but poorly informed of my reasons. Thy nature is made up of a desirable element, for thou art kind and urbane in the extreme. Thy manly expression of the mind that is in thee will not dampen my ardor to explain to thee what I have undertaken.

I am cheered to think thou art free thus to ease thy mind, for intense thought amounteth to grief; and another hath it, "Grief concealed strangleth the soul; but when we impart it to some discreet, trusty, and loving friend, it is instantly removed."

Plutarch saith, "A friend's counsel is a charm like

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mandrake wine; and as a bull tied to a fig tree becometh gentle on a sudden, so is a savage, obdurate heart mollified by fair speeches." St. Chrysostom observeth of the scheme of disclosing our troubled thoughts to a friend, that "nothing is so available, or that so much refresheth the soul of man."

Tully, in an epistle to his "dear friend Atticus," bemoaneth himself because of his lack of such a present friend. He writeth to him, "I live here in a great city, where I have a multitude of acquaintance, but not a man of all that company with whom I dare familiarly breathe, or freely jest. Wherefore, I expect thee, I desire thee, I send for thee, for there be many things which trouble and molest me, which, had I but thee in presence, I could quickly disburden myself in a walking discourse." And further: Comines giveth advice to the Duke of Burgundy, who on a time was much perplexed in his mind, as followeth: "First, pray to God, and lay thyself open to him, and then to some special friend, whom thou holdest most dear, and tell your grievances to him, for there is nothing so forcible to strengthen, recreate, and heal the soul of a miserable man."

I will not labor to give thee need of the exercise of the kind of charity thou speakest of, and which I ween maketh up so large a part of thy nature. If thou wilt

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but vouchsafe to me an exercise of thy reason, I will rest assured that the ingenuousness of thy nature will assist me in the enlightenment of thy mind in regard to the philosophy of the great scheme.

I have before stated to thee that I do not conceive evil to exist as the philosophers counteth the word to mean, and I have also attempted to show that something else existeth that answereth to the argument as a sort of base. I have observed to thee that this principle was made by the Creator himself; and further, that instead of being in its essence evil, and the destroyer of good, it is one of the elements requisite to the growth of good itself; and I startled thee when I said that my theory was a sort of spiritual alchemic stone to make the evil good.

Thy mind hath now been prepared well for the disclosure, and as elements of power to produce ingenuousness of nature and temper within us have been discovered in both, I will proceed; for without the utterance of suavitive words ill temper often ariseth and intoxicateth the brain. Saith Solomon, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger;" and the brother of Euclid illustrateth it well at a time when he had severely angered Euclid, and caused him to swear that he would be revenged, said to him, gently, "Let me not live if I do not

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make thee love me again;" at which noble answer Euclid was immediately pacified. A Latin poet hath it, —

"A branch, if gently bended, yields to thee;
Pull hard, it breaketh; the difference thou dost see."

Now, friend, to my theory; and the great solution of the problem requireth but few words, and they be simply these, and I pray thee mark them well: —

The opposites of good give to good all its identity. By the opposites I would have thee understand every thing which maketh thee unhappy, and which the world calleth evil; and by the good all which produce in us the sensations and conditions a man desireth; and for commodity I will continue to use the term *evil* to designate what I have denominated the opposites.

I will furthermore proclaim to thee that I would keep all these principles till the Conceiver and Projector of the scheme shall himself destroy them; for experience and philosophy declare to me that their existence, and that alone, giveth identity to every thing a man desireth or thinketh to be of value on the earth; and also that evil is but the element of good in disguise.

To these points thy attention is now directed; and after thou hast well digested the theory, I will proceed

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to illustrate to thee its truthfulness, and show thee the end to which it tendeth. Be not hasty in adopting the thoughts as thine own. Speak out freely, and fear not to offend nor displease me.

EDWIN. Your solution of the problem I will bear well in mind. I have no words to offer, but will rather wait patiently till I have seen more of its application. The position you have assumed is one that is new to me, and upon which I have never bestowed an hour's reflection.

MALEIA. Perchance it may be well, before I proceed, that an explanation be given as relateth to a point I have assumed. I said I would keep all the evils of the world till the Creator of them shall of his own accord remove them.

I am not blind to the questions thou couldst in reason propound to me, when I assert to thee, that I would keep all the evils of the world; for thou mightst with propriety ask why I would oppose them, if they be among the elements that doth engender good.

I will here say to thee, first, on this point, that men every where are commanded to engage in helping the race to attain to that perfection to which the exercise of all opposites and consequent good tendeth, and that to exercise the evils and thereby destroy

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them is but to make the persons through whom the exercise is made what they are at last to be, even as the afflictions of one of old worked out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Had the afflictions not existed, he would not have been blessed thereby. The whole needeth not a physician, but they that are sick. That all are diseased we have another testimony, in that we are informed that "none doeth good, no, not one;" "for that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and all like sheep have gone astray."

But, lest thou art disposed to despair, I will say to thee further, that every act one at any time performeth in the right direction, he performeth at the cost and expense of the opposing evil which urged him on. I would have thee have this theorem laid up in a choice place in thy mind; one that is of easy access, that it may be taken up at will; for it is of value, and will often aid thee in following my argument through its various windings.

I rehearse to thee the theorem. Every act one performeth in a right direction is at the expense of the evil that impelled him on, and it maketh a discount in the amount of the evil that at the first existed; for as water, when it be intensely heated, generateth steam, and this again of its own inherent

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powers generateth and evolveth of its own self still another power, so it is with good; when it hath been generated, even if it be done in part by its opposite, it giveth birth to a power like itself, which in the sum maketh it true that a lesser quantity of original power is needed to give to it and continue the impetus it then, in its higher state of progress, needeth. I will illustrate to thee, by a reference to a familiar scene of commerce. If thou wilt — as I ween thou hast often done — go to a wharf in the metropolis in which thou livest, thou mayst observe a huge steamer, and on the wharf beside it ponderous masses of black and dirty coal, and thou mayst at times discover strong men, with brawny arms and features bronzed in the sun, toiling and sweating to remove the mighty heaps into the hold of the vessel.

If thou but lookest at the coal itself, and bethinkest thyself of the trouble it will be to the fair looks of the proud steamer, and how its ugly weight will weigh it down, if thou then sittest down and foldest thine arms, seeking for results which lie no deeper than the abstract bearing of the thing which filleth thy mind with anxiety and solicitation, thou wouldst almost feel thine indignation come up within thee, and make thee long to stay the hands, and retain for the proud ship its purity and grandeur, and as chaldron after chal-

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dron was raised and tumbled into it, thou mightst then think of its power to weigh it down and retard it in its onward career; and it may be that in thine imagination thou mightst fancy that thou sawest the vessel moving slowly along, loaded deep, and dividing the water as deep by its side.

But thou couldst not brood long over thoughts like these; for at last thou wouldst arouse thyself from the lethargy, and discourse to those about thee, who, like thyself, had deplored the fate of the noble vessel, of the power that is wrapped up in the coal. Thou wouldst continue thy discourse to them, and treat of the steam that must be generated, and how that the evil, the existence and presence of which was so lustily deplored, hath the ability to generate it; and, discovering the philosophy, all would submit to the power of the thought, and there rest the case.

Knowest thou not, in a case like this, that the good is greater than the evil? And art thou not well assured that there is power enough to drag the whole along? Thou recognizest the fact that the coal is needed.

Thou bethinkest thyself of the fact — and it cometh to thee as a sort of consolation — that each portion that passeth under the boiler is but at the expense of the heap. It lighteneth the vessel, and assisteth in

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moving it on. Thou comfortest thyself with what thou seest in thy mind's eye as the end, and believest surely that at last she will be in her haven, and will be light and free.

It is so with evil in the world of morals. God ordaineth that it shall be exercised, and even used while it lasteth, and when no more existeth, no more will be needed; for he that projected the scheme of the vessel at first, and marked out for it the voyage, hath not loaded it down with more coal than was required to move the vessel to its destined port.

I have said to thee that evil is but the element of good in disguise: unless the theory be true, and that God is the author of it, by what standard can one judge? If one looketh upon evil as a negative of God, and as a thing which hath generated itself without his permission and desire, where shall be discovered the arguments that the time will ever come when good will subdue it?

How long, saith the waiting spirit, will it be before God will rid himself of the curse that hath fixed itself upon him?

The spirit of Maleia, as it were, fainteth within him, as he reflecteth on the liberty he taketh to discourse thus lightly of the purposes of Him to whom was discovered the end from the beginning, and who

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but needed to say, "Let there be light, and there was light" — the purposes of Him who doeth his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth, whose hand none stayeth, or saith, What doest thou? Maleia attributeth all to Him "to whom be glory, and dominion, and power forever;" for, as the service hath it, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

"Allelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

The night draweth near, friend, and we must go to our homes. I will discourse with thee again on the morrow, if thou desirest it, and I will then show thee more of the application of my theory; for the turn of our discourse to-day hath been of such a temper that much time hath been employed but to define the bounds and lines of the scheme.

EDWIN. Maleia, I thank you kindly for your interesting discourse. You have succeeded in entertaining me well, and have awakened in me a desire to follow out your thoughts to their termination. To offer you money alone would but poorly remunerate you for the service you have rendered.

I promise you anew a candid heart and an accompanying disposition. You shall be no loser as far as money is concerned, or what money will procure. We will resume our theme again on the morrow, as

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you propose. I will call for you at your house. If you say it, we will now start for home. Take my arm, and I will escort you to your cot. The storm has nearly ceased, and for the morrow we have prognostics of a pleasant day. I shall be at your house betimes in the morning.

PHELIM, *salutes them on the stoop.* That half crown you gave me at dinner. Eh, Maleia! Do things by halves — that ain't parliamentary.

MALEIA. Thou fox. Thou art hinting for more money. I know thee well, and will say to thee that if thou talkest again in the kind of humor thou didst at dinner, thou wilt not fare well. Dost thou not know that thou shouldst not discourse so as beareth hardly on any one at a table, unless thou art desired to do so? However, I will not chide thee; I will only say to thee that thou art well paid already.

PHELIM. Well paid already! How much is it worth to hear me talk when I am *desired* to, as you say?

MALEIA. I cannot tell thee. Wit is not often sold, but it cometh out of its own inclination; and if thou art rewarded by receiving money therefor, thou art lucky, for wit is not an article of traffic.

PHELIM. Well, how much is it worth to have me keep still then?

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MALEIA. Sometimes half a crown.

PHELIM. Well, I'm going to keep still sometimes; now give me the money.

MALEIA. Thou art a witty dog, Phelim; we shall meet you full oft. Good night.

EDWIN. I presume Phelim will meet with favor during the evening, for he will have many friends in the bar room to applaud his speeches.

MALEIA. Not he; for at nightfall he hieth to his home early. He is a coward of no mean water, and would tremble of fright to encounter a man in the highway, even if he but inquire of him the way to Birmingham, for cowards are mightily moved by the voice of a stranger. As Agrippa and Cardan argue, "Fear maketh our imagination conceive when it listeth; it inviteth the devil to come to us, and it tyrannizeth over the affections and fantasy more than all other affections, especially in the dark."

This power, when manifested in one that is scared, although it be produced unconsciously to the person who exerciseth it, yet it produceth in him also a sort of shock or start, which tendeth to rile up the black choler in his system, and thereby createth a sort of affinitative sensation in him, although he be innocent of any charge to molest or rile up the choler in the other; and thereby is engendered a sort of alarm of

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spirits in both, even when no cause existeth for discomfort in either; for this cause, when an old woman yawneth, the children about her yawn also, as if by magic; and the same thing often happeneth in like manner to grave men, for when one yawneth, another, as if at a signal, doth likewise, and then another, and another, till the disease be communicated to all in the assembly — albeit in the case, nature doth not, without the provoking and invitation, crave the service.

When one scrapeth a hard metal, as a pan or file, it maketh others to think their teeth are being injured; and also if one eateth a lemon in the presence of another, the view thereof causeth water to flow to his mouth.

But we are near my house, and our discourse for the day hath well nigh ended. There lieth the dog. He knoweth well that the time is near at hand for his master to arrive. Wilt thou not go in with me? Thou shalt meet with good cheer and hospitality.

EDWIN. I thank you kindly, Maleia; but I think I will rather continue to my lodgings, as the day is already so far spent. I should but intrude on the night if I tarried longer. I shall call in the morning, and till then will reflect much on what you have said. I shall ponder well the thoughts of to-day. Good

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night, Maleia. I hope you will repose well, and in the morning will find yourself refreshed.

MALEIA. The same wish, friend, to thee. I bespeak for thee a night of rest. May thy sleep be sweet, "for as waking hurteth, so sleep helpeth and refresheth the man, and must be procured either by nature or art, for it fatteneth and moisteneth the body, concocteth and helpeth digestion." The poet saith,—

> "Sleep! rest of things; O pleasing deity!
> Peace to the troubled soul, which cares do crucify,
> Weary bodies refresh and mollify."

Good night, my boy, good by.

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THE SECOND DAY.

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THE SECOND DAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MALEIA AND EDWIN RESUMED, IN WHICH THE PHILOSOPHY OF MALEIA'S THEORY IS EXPLAINED AND APPLIED.

EDWIN.

I AM happy to meet you, Father Maleia. A good morning to you. I am happy to find you as well as you appear to be. Did you rest quietly through the night?

MALEIA. I am quite as happy to meet thee, friend, this morning. I am well, and thank thee for exercising thy kind solicitation in my behalf. Is it well with thee this morning? and did the darkness of last night bring with it the rest thy young body required? Thou dost not look fresh, this morning, as youth of thine age are wont to look. Ha, ha! I know full well

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the cause thereof: our discourse of yesterday employed thy mind full too long, for I ween it was the source of thy meditation at a time when thou shouldst have been in the arms of a refreshing sleep. Thou canst not bear to meditate intensely for all the hours of the day, and then extend the same into those of the night. Speak; tell Maleia; doth he not utter words of truth?

EDWIN. You judge rightly, Maleia; for most of the hours of the night a strange wakefulness came over me, and sleep was a stranger to my eyelids; yet as a whole I feel refreshed, and am well.

MALEIA. When thou art old, like Maleia, thou wilt judge as he judgeth, and will use thy reason; for if thou wouldst make the most of thy life, thou shouldst have every thing done at its proper time. If thou wouldst use the day as best thou mayst, thou shouldst manage to sleep well at night.

That to reflect on the things done in the day is pleasant is no excuse for thee. Thou must sleep at the proper time, release the grasp thy mind hath upon the things of the day, and resign thyself to the grand restorer of nature. I know full well that to lie in bed and reflect is a pleasant pastime, and some, at times, indulge in it as a choice recreation for a livelong day; but the practice is not good, for, as a whole, it dulleth

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the spirits and maketh them to move slow and melancholy. It hath long been a scheme of the physician to discover new inducers of sleep rather than those to provoke wakefulness, albeit all well know that the latter be a pleasant and desirable pastime.

If all the sayings that have been uttered by them in regard to it should be gathered together in one book, the volume would outvie in bulk the hugest book in the Bodleian, or in any collection that hath at any time existed.

The common cautions may be summed up as follows: "He that sleepeth in the daytime, or that existeth in suspense and fear, or that be in any way troubled in mind, or goeth to bed with a full stomach, may never hope for quiet rest at night;" and it continueth to urge a place of retirement and quiet, for "he that is not accustomed to noises can but poorly bear them, and he that desireth rest should go to a noiseless place," for, as another saith, "inns and such like troublesome places be not for sleep. One crieth out 'Ostler,' and another calleth 'Tapster;' one crieth out and singeth, another shouteth and hallooeth."

Ficinus commendeth sweet music. Jobertus adviseth one to read some pleasant book till sleep overtaketh him, or if convenient, to lie in hearing of the music of a pleasant brook, or in the absence of this, in

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a place where the ear may be charmed by the sound of water as it constantly droppeth musically from one vessel into another.

Ranzovius would have one, when in a waking state, arise up out of his bed and walk for a time, even if it be in the midst of the night; or if it be in the winter, to walk about the chamber till he be cold, and then return to his bed again. Above all — and the case is thine — avoid reflecting at all on thy doings in the day, for this custom is fraught with more mischief than all others.

Ennius writeth truly to Homer when he saith, "As a dog dreameth of a hare, so do men on such subjects as they thought of last." And Tully declareth, "For the most part, our speeches in the daytime cause our fantasy to work upon the like in our sleep." It is related of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, that he was often troubled in like manner, and that he demanded of the nineteenth of his seventy interpreters "what would make a man sleep well in the night;" when the interpreter replied, "The best way is to have divine and celestial meditations, and to use honest actions in the daytime."

Vives was informed well in this matter, and he wondered how schoolmen could sleep quietly in the night, or walk in the dark, they had such monstrous ques-

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tions propounded to them, and thought of such terrible matters all day long.

These are the vulgar causes and remedies; but I will not discourse to thee of what more properly pertaineth to the realm of medicine. Thou hast experienced a part of what the masters quoted have said, and it will be happy for thee if thou canst at all times divest thyself of thy thoughts when thou shouldst do it. I am glad to hear thee say thou feelest well to-day, for I am disposed to further enlighten thee by discourse on the great subject we yesterday but began to contemplate.

It may, perchance, be well for thee to-day to resign thy mind to some light recreation, and wait until the morrow for the entertainment proposed. However, I will not care to advise thee; thou knowest thyself well, and if thou desirest it, I will proceed. It is an adage of no mean conception which adviseth one to "strike while the iron is hot," and I conceive it would be well to dispose the same words in another relation, so as to render them to mean that one should also keep the iron hot while he striketh.

If one desireth to make the image of a coin on a piece of clay, he knoweth well that he must press the coin thereon while the earth is yet moist and pliable; so he that would impart instruction to another must

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attempt the task while the mind is yet moistened by flowing spirits of cheer and humor, for the mind is made susceptible of impression by reason of expectation and desire.

The first thoughts of a mind on a subject show it to be at that time, of all others, the most pliable; and when it is at first exercised thereby, it is disposed to permit itself to be directed in its operations so that its conclusions thereafter may be of the same nature of the power that exercised it.

I will not philosophize to thee further on this point, for the occasion doth not require it; but I will rather proceed to discourse on our subject of yesterday. I will now try and illustrate to thee how it happeneth to be that evil is but the opposite of good, and that it is needed to give identity to it. If thou rememberest, this was my solution of the problem.

To sit under this tree is perchance well; but as the ground is still damp because of the storm of yesterday, we had better go to the house, where for a short time we will discourse on a single point which tendeth well to illustrate the philosophy of my theory.

Dido, thou art a good dog, and shalt have thy breakfast. Thy tail waggeth lustily, and I know full well that if thou couldst speak, thou wouldst chide me for the delay. It is well for thee that thy highest idea is

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to eat, and drink, and sleep. Do not leap and frisk so furiously; thou dost bespatter the mud on my friend; he careth for thee, and knoweth that thou art glad; but he doth not need thy gyrations to aid him in the discernment of thy pleasure.

EDWIN. For how long a time have you enjoyed the possession of Dido, Maleia?

MALEIA. *Company* is a choicer word to me, friend, than possession, for Dido is no slave to be possessed and owned, for Maleia is against servitude and slavery of all kinds, even though it be but that of a dog; and to peruse the strange books that the fair authoresses call Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Ida May, moveth the very soul within me. They discourse well of the servitude of American slaves, and they lay bare, and open to view, the elements of the dark and pagan scheme.

I love to meditate on great and noble America; but the mighty picture is tinted sombre and deep in many of its parts, and the canvas is stained even to the other side, in that the painter, for the sake of truth, hath been compelled to delineate the great and solemn fact, that although it boasteth of republicanism and liberty, yet to every six of all its children existeth another, which it admitteth to be a servile and abject slave. And more: it maketh laws to so continue the dreadful scheme till the end of time.

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Maleia at times weepeth bitterly for what he esteemeth his dear America, in that she hath no spot on all her fair domain where the poor and trembling fugitive may, for even a night, rest his weary bones; but who, if he may chance but to escape from his bondage, feareth and trembleth till he hath removed himself entirely from the soil over which the mighty stars and stripes wave.

He looketh upon the *eagle*, but he seeth in it no palladium for him. He hasteneth himself while it yet be night, and the only stars that be for help to him are those which look out like gems from the throne of God, and all the stripes that have a power to him are those which be channelled into the flesh of his own back.

He fleeth as best he may till he hath earned well a better guard of his sacred liberty than any princely eagle, or sainted Protestant Bible. He knoweth no rest till he be on the soil guarded by the British lion, and a Catholic cross. Alas, that he must make the remove, and the unfair exchange! Alas for humanity, that some must carry with them, even to their graves, the careasses of the dead forms and superstitions of the past!

I love America; and, because of my love for her, when she so erreth I bitterly weep. Alas, that she so mistaketh!

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But in my sympathy I have wandered far from the subject thou propoundest to me when thou askest the age of Dido. He will be twelve years old at Michaelmas.

I have entertained him from the time when he was but a small and helpless pup; and he hath entertained Maleia for quite as long a time. Of all the animals one can enjoy, the dog claimeth attention the first. He is a friend to us when we need him most, and will stand by us till the last. He followeth his master unwittingly to his grave, and he continueth to lie there, and, with the angels that watch over the spirit of his master, he remaineth till his own life goeth out of his body; and when the flesh hath at last departed from his bones, they still lie there and whiten beside the grave till they be no more.

There is nought on earth like that, for he sticketh closer than a brother, and is nearest to us when he be needed the most, because of trouble that existeth.

Some one hath conceived the good illustration, that human friends be like shadows; they be most prominent and real when the sun of prosperity shineth the brightest; but, like the shadows of the material world, they leave us when the clouds of adversity be round about. Not so with the dog. A fair authoress, of worthy fame and renown, saith of him, —

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"He is that good and gracious thing,
That rare appendage to a king —
A friend that never played the slave."

Here is meat for thee, Dido. Eat thy fill, and then bask in the sun, as thou art often well pleased to do.

I ween, friend, thou hast not ventured out without thy breakfast; if it so happeneth, however, that thou hast, or if thy walk hath made thee have cravings for more, thou shalt be supplied. Although my fare be plain, and but seldom garnished with sweet herbs, still it is wholesome and nutritious. Take this chair, and make the things of my cot thine own.

I will cook eggs for thee, if thou wilt but eat them; or thou mayst have hare broiled, if it will please thee better; for, after thou partedst with me last night, a hare came out of his bed in the woods, and Dido interrupted his journey and confused his brain till I took him a prisoner. He is well dressed, and I can prepare him easily.

EDWIN. My kind and hospitable father, I assure you I am not in the least degree in want of food. Your kindness, added to the happy description you give of the wholesomeness of your food, together with the neatness and facility with which you, doubtless, prepare it, would, at any time but the present, almost convince me that I was really hungry; but, for

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this time, I will decline. I thank you for your kindness and hospitality.

MALEIA. Thou decidest rightly when thou refusest food, if thy nature doth not crave it. If a thing is not needed, it is an encumbrance, and so remaineth till such time as it be either removed or is demanded.

I must be excused by thee for a few moments while I go to my cows and unloose them, so that they may stray abroad and regale themselves on the fresh grass that the rain hath so much enlivened. I will return to thee soon, and will continue our discourse, albeit till now we have wandered far from what we proposed to discuss; yet I must go for the time; for we should leave nothing to take care of itself without first putting it in possession of the power to do it.

A little labor, at times, expended in the right place, saveth what a man already hath, and contributeth to extend the domain of his possessions; as, for example, when one planteth trees he commenceth a career of gain; for they will grow while he sleepeth.

Amuse thyself till I return as best thou canst.

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CHAPTER II.

Application of the Theory by Illustrations of its Principles.

Maleia.

WE are now at last prepared, and I will illustrate to thee my theory how that evil maketh good what it is, as I thought to do long ere this; and first, I must lay down the scheme, that thou mayst observe all the lines and inclinations thereof, and thereby be the better prepared to understand the things the eye of thy mind shall be called to look upon, as it journeyeth in the thoroughfares thereof; for he that goeth in roads that he knoweth not, often getteth himself into ditches and sloughs, and full often he bewaileth because he did not, at the start, inform himself of the defects, and guard against the trials, thereof.

I shall, for thine enlightenment, take but the commoner events and ideas of human life, and prove the theory by them; and, as trouble of any kind is considered evil simply because it *is* trouble, and as it causeth tears, I will first treat of these; for, while one

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thinketh causes to be evil, he full often disposeth his mind to think — as a sort of necessity in the case — that results arising from action of the causes must be evil also. Mankind at large call tears evil, and a manifestation of sorrow, and consequent imperfection; for, let tears or sorrow be provoked and engendered as they may, the world calleth them wrong; and when one attempteth to effect, in the mind of such, a reconciliation, he hath the argument that his friend cannot see why the great Creator did not devise the scheme so perfect that no one would ever need to weep.

He looketh through a glass darkly, and at the same time declareth that he seeth clearly. At times, in his haste to render his verdict, he barely scanneth or glanceth at the scheme, and then crieth out lustily, as one crieth when he is whipped, and declareth that all is wrong and evil; and he then attempteth to convince those about him that he is versed in all things, and quoteth the saying of old, "Who will show us any good?"

I will treat to thee of *smiles* and *tears*. They be opposites to each other, and because of this, they will the better illustrate my theory.

And first, then, of smiles, the history of which needeth but a short dissertation.

Joy cometh to us, and playeth lightly over the

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strings of the heart, and it sendeth out flashes of affectional light. It discourseth sweet music, which affinitively blendeth itself into a concord of sweet sounds, which at last merge into the great accord of a spiritual harmony; for such dwelleth about us continually, and is the native clothes in which the spirit is inwrapped.

It trippeth lightly as air over the battery of nerves, and, like an electric current, it darteth through every fibre of the human system; and, at a time like this, the being declareth himself to be happy. A little time existeth for him then which seemeth to have an identity of its own, and it appeareth to be a thing having an organism of its own, with nothing touching it on either side.

A strange thing is a smile, and it hath a wonderful power. A smile often appeareth to him that but looketh at the letter as a thing of small moment; but it is great; for it is the development of a mysterious power within, and it confirmeth its greatness by a wonderful language, which recognizeth a mighty power within to love and enjoy. Thou mayst well be in love with smiles if thou desirest so to be; but thou mayst not at any time set over against it a tear; nor shouldst thou call tears evil.

The human world, as it hurrieth and bustleth,

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may call them what it will. It may, if it pleaseth, declare them to be the opposites of all which hath a power to make the heart happy and invite a weary soul to rest; but it then mistaketh, and recognizeth not the power of endurance which tears engender for the drooping spirit.

Plutarch, saith "It is not in our power not to lament; for to refrain from lamenting would be to take away our mercy and pity." Declareth another of wisdom and greatness, "'Tis a natural passion to lament and grieve." Seneca declaimeth, "I know not how, but sometimes 'tis good to be miserable in misery; and, for the most part, all our grief evacuateth itself in tears."

The sainted Austin saith, "We do not forbid men to grieve at all, but to grieve overmuch." The man who looketh upon tears as being evil, and evil only, standeth in a thick shadow, and the object which casteth the shadow is between him and the sun, and it hideth the sun from his view.

To all that existeth in him which is not of the earth earthy, spiritual things be hid, and he hath no medium through which he may see the significance of an honest tear.

Maleia would speak well of a light heart and a happy condition; for he liketh well a good flow of

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pleasant humor and cheer; but he adviseth it not, if it must needs be purchased at the expense of the tranquillity of a soul in communion with itself.

Thou mayst call a smile a token of existing good, but not a tear an omen of evil. This may never be; for Maleia discovereth good in tears. He seeth in them, under many phases, a demonstration of good, and the ear of his spirit is at times charmed by the music they engender; for tears come from deeper fountains than do smiles, and they discipline and cultivate the immortal elements of the inner man.

Speak not lightly, then, of the honest tears that be daily shed; for they be the language spoken by the heart; and, from whatever source it cometh, Maleia loveth well to render it into that which is spoken by his own spirit. The tears that are called into being by the memory of early hopes and anticipations, which the mildew of disappointment hath blighted ere they had borne their first blossoms; the tears which come as issues of sinful lives, which argue as coming from those who have solved the problem of human depravity, and are now but bearers of sinful memories, which full often speak to them of their fate, and discourse to them plaintively of a sparse and scanty hope which is held out to the wandering soul that it will find an early rest; tears in

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the eyes of parents who tremble with anxiety for the welfare of those they love best of all on the earth; from some, alas! that despair, and be mad because of hunger; and as one saith, in continuation, "tears which fall fast and clear at the bed of the dying, and which drop, and in what countless numbers, at the spot where reposeth the body of the ascended dead,"—Maleia loveth them all, though they come from many eyes, and be called into being by many causes; they but obey the mandate of the immortal spirit; for they inform us of a power which he that hath not been deeply afflicted knoweth not of, and they are the discoverers of the inferiority of what man observeth with his natural vision, and the better glory of what shall be revealed to him when he hath put on immortality, and discovereth things even as he is seen now, and understandeth as he is now understood.

Thou must never permit thyself to speak disparagingly of tears, by comparing them with smiles; but rather employ thy mind to observe the elements which call each into being. Examine, as well as thou art able, the causes which invite them to be; and then, after thou hast pondered well, determine which is the language spoken by the soul, and also which is that which often proveth itself to be but a play of the nerves, or a simple flow of fantasy and humor.

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If thou wouldst decide the question aright, thou must pry deeper than the things thou at first discoverest; for a man may be happy, he may smile, he may laugh outright even, and more than this, I ween, he may be in ecstasies, and all the nerves and cords of his system be intensely strained, to give information to others of his curious condition and singular estate, and, after all, nothing but his senses be satisfied, and his gratified and animal passions be at play; forsooth, even then, treachery, grovelling and mean, might be the prominenter feature of the hour of his history.

But let him shed but one thoughtful tear, and thou mayst rest assured then that his spirit speaketh. Touch whatever chord of human sympathy thou pleasest at a time like that, and, with a mighty power, it will continue its vibrations forever. Thou but makest it repeat its allegiance to what is good, the lowness and inferiority of a simple instinct, and the better estate of intellect and reason.

Maleia seeth a beauty in smiles, but a worth and a power in tears.

If one perverteth the gift, the act constituteth a sin, and of that he chooseth not to speak now. But he hath spoken the thoughts which his own brain conceiveth, and hath attempted to show thee, although the world thinketh tears to be evil, and would

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instead have an estate of the body and mind which could generate but smiles, that it mistaketh; for it needeth the tears to make the smiles what one would have them to be.

The system needeth tears to speak the language of the spirit, as the body needeth the nerves to discourse the language of that; for a man at times crieth for joy, as well as laugheth; for if the joy be intense in degree, it reacheth down into his very spirit, and he weepeth outright, even as he doth when he hath lost a treasure in which his soul delighted; and the tears he sheddeth then are words spoken by the spirit itself. I will not tire thy mind with a further application, but will leave thee to follow out the conceptions to their bearings. We will now, for a short time, go out into nature, and I ween the things we there behold will help us to refresh our minds with the great truth that "all are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is, and God the soul."

EDWIN. Your discourse, Maleia, is truly instructive as well as entertaining to me, and I begin to learn that my inexperience in the things which make up the exterior of human life has been, as yet, used to but little purpose; and I think I am warranted in saying, that to-day, for the first time in my life, I have

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discovered a degree of worth and good in tears. Like others, I have always been disposed to consider all that has a power to make the heart sad as being one of absolute evil, and when its degree of intensity has been such as to demand tears, those very tears, I had almost said, I have recognized as a manifestation of evil.

That tears may be a language of the spirit, I have never before conceived. You talk as one who has meditated much; and, although I cannot yet see through the veil which hems me in, I think, yea, I am sure, that the light your theory of the problem of evil may reflect will, in time, dispel it, and make for me a new spiritual heaven, in which my spirit will be pleased to dwell. Pardon me, friend Maleia, for my anticipations; let me urge, in excuse, that they spring from the breast of but an undisciplined youth. I hope in time to be versed in the science of human life as I think you are versed.

The walk you propose will gratify me well, and I will accompany you with pleasure. Dido appears to know the tenor of our conversation, and is stretching himself as if to prepare to go with us. Dido, do you wish to go?

MALEIA. I will not descant at length on thy refined and delicately conceived thoughts, for I trust we

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know each other full well. We will walk out, and Dido shall go with us, for he putteth himself on the alert at any gesture of one whose movements savor of journeying, and he at times skippeth for delight, and furiously waggeth his tail, at a small signal that inclineth him to think he may go.

We need food before we start, that we may walk well; for as I said to thee yesterday, nothing so well disposeth the temper of one as wholesome food. I discover in the west, behind the cottage, a cloud; and of a kind which I fear too well betokeneth rain. It may prove but a short shower, for as the wind cometh from that quarter, it hath no great power to stir the elements into a storm of long duration. We will eat our lunch, and perchance by the time we are prepared for our journey the clouds may either determine themselves into a form of which we may the better judge of their duration, or else they may dissolve and pass away. Or if there be a shower even, we may perchance turn it to a good account while it lasteth.

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CHAPTER III.

A Shower. — Maleia discourses further in regard to the Philosophy of his Theory.

Maleia.

OUR meal is now ended; and as we are regaled, and ready for our journey, we will look to the weather once more.

Edwin. I think, for the present at least, that our prospects are poor. What say you, Maleia?

Maleia. I anticipate thou art right. We may not well venture out soon, for the clouds roll themselves fast, in thick and heavy folds, over the horizon. They look angrily down upon us, and in sad and gloomy darkness they are mantling the sky. How swiftly they are moving yonder over the old mill! They have hung their veil over the splendid sky of the morning; but we will not despair, for the sun shineth brightly behind them still. These changes in the natural world, my son, are so closely interwoven into the incidents of human life that they seem at times to be to us a portion of life itself.

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How often man mistaketh! He loveth sunshine, and he feeleth safe but under that. He calleth storms evil, and all events like this spectres of ill. The inspired writer well saith when he declareth that "man walketh in a vain shadow." How short sighted he is! Not alone to darken the sky, and make him that looketh upon it sad, is the sky thus darkened, for with the grandeur of its power it calleth up within him the feelings which lie the deepest in his breast.

A scene like this cometh not of small causes, and it may be to him who will but listen to its story "a savor of life unto life." How august is this scene! Nature in all her parts taketh cognizance thereof. How immortal is the silence of the hour! and look thou at the fearful gust of wind that neareth us from the lane! and now at that mighty gale, which, with a fearful power, sweepeth over the whole main! Dust loadeth the air. The old oak yonder, with its aged companions of the forest, straineth and bendeth from its base.

EDWIN. How wildly that lightning leaps from cloud to cloud, Maleia! What a mighty change from an hour ago — and how quick! It seems too strange to be true. And then the thunder — how unrestrained it rolls over all! There is the lightning again — how freakishly it plays on the inky sky!

MALEIA. Thou art right. That lightning doth

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leap wild and free, for God hath made it so to do. Again the mighty thunder cometh; a powerful language it speaketh; it revealeth an awful power. Poor Dido is alarmed, albeit he hath never been harmed by the electric current. He winketh his eyes when the glare of the lightning flitteth itself into them.

There cometh the rain. See, on yonder hill! It neareth us, and is now at the brook. How unmercifully it at this moment introduceth itself and is mingled with its waters! And here — it arriveth at our very door. How it causeth the thatch of the roof to tremble in every part!

EDWIN. See, Maleia! The lightning strikes that tree; it splits it; it has fallen — in one short moment. I almost tremble for ourselves. Are there no precautions we may take to make us more secure?

MALEIA. Fear not, my son. I ween thou wilt not be harmed. I have looked upon a scene like this many times; and I confess to thee I love to look at Nature when she thus laboreth.

The earth is flooded and drenched in every pore; but there must soon be a subsiding, for if rain descendeth in great showers, it cannot so continue long; for the harder it laboreth the sooner it spendeth its force; and at last, by an over-exercise of its own power, it compelleth itself to be gentle; and after this, if it be

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able to labor at all, it doth so but in a tame manner, and thus remindeth us well of the great trials in the world within; for as an author hath it, of storms which exist there, "if they be long, they be but light; if grievous, they cannot last;" and Tully saith, "That which is necessary cannot be grievous," and the adage urgeth, "That which cannot be cured must be endured."

EDWIN. I think, Maleia, there is a change in the shower already; do you not?

MALEIA. I do. Soon it will have passed, and we shall have learned another lesson: this mighty effort of nature was for some purpose, for it never exerteth itself thus to no end. Clouds are not made as a simple chariot in which rideth the storm, nor simply as a mantle for the lightning, nor an alembic for the thunder; but they serve the higher purpose of enlightening the human soul; and dost thou not already discover its power moving the waters within thee?

Those powers, when thou sat thyself down to eat, were dormant within thee. Dost thou not realize now, that, when the morning came to thee so tranquil, its very commonness made thee thoughtless and dull? Thou wast not so when thou gazedst upon the angry sky.

I saw the spirit moving within thee, and at last thou

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gavest vent to it, as the lightning split the tree, and asked Maleia to inform thee of steps to take for further safety. Thou wast fully aroused when the elements were most in motion, and ere we knew of the change, we were both actors in the drama ourselves.

The discourse pronounced by agitated nature, which was throbbing in every pore, was replete with responses spoken by our own spirits. We observed it not, but every flash of lightning, when it was released from the clouds of the early part of the storm, lighted up all that was immortal in us, and as the thunder rolled over the mighty main, the music of our spirits blended into it, and a splendid harmony reigned over all. But I will now, for the present, leave to thee the lessons and uses of this seeming evil, the storm, and in due time, ere the sun of to-day setteth, will refer to it again, for it answereth well to illustrate our theory, and I will see to it, for thy good, that the application be made.

I have spoken to thee of this storm as an evil, for such the world considereth it to be. We had purposed to walk out when the rain commenced; but instead we are confined within the walls of this small cottage.

These things serve to remind me of two opposing forces in the world, and they be what are by the race termed *success* and *defeat;* and while the storm is

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abating, and the clouds are moving off, I will discourse to thee of those powers, as they be well to our purpose, and will be all the more familiar to us, inasmuch as we have to-day been defeated in our plans.

I will begin by saying to thee, as an opening of the discourse, that what a man desireth, he will labor for, and will tell thee he hath succeeded, at a time when he hath obtained that for which he labored; and to him, then, from the point at which he standeth, all things appear well. But when one discourseth thus of success, and placeth as an opposite the term *defeat*, doth he always judge rightly? Man calleth a defeat an evil, and thinketh he would at all times succeed in obtaining all he desireth; and unless this be done continually, and without break or hinderance, he crieth out because of a seeming evil. The case, I ween, needeth no descant in detail; for thou knowest well that the shortsightedness of man, which goeth to make up so large a portion of his nature, is an irrefutable argument in the case, that, as a necessity, there must come issues which at times conflict with each other.

To some men of the human family will come success, and the same act will be to another but a defeat. A mighty triumph at Waterloo or Mexico existed but at the expense and cost of opposite forces; and who but the God of battles decideth rightly in which were the elements of a true and desirable success?

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One speaketh of defeat in battle, and another telleth of success; and thus, to the outward form, exist issues which conflict; but when one testeth the scheme by the measure of truth and right, doth he not discover that to the race of man, when he considereth him to be the organism that he is, no wrong is done, and no real evil existeth?

But when Maleia standeth on ground like this, one cometh and boisterously demeaneth himself, as if to chase him away; for he vociferateth and demandeth of him a reason why there should be in the scheme a first demand for any battle at all; and he continueth to urge and declaim, that the power which created at first, if it be infinite, could, if it would have done so, have left uncreated any elements that could ever be exercised and organized into a power that would be pacified but with battle, or in unhappiness to either of the parties that contendeth.

Maleia standeth his ground, and armeth himself with sense and reason, and he then replieth, that if his opponent urgeth his philosophy, that he thereby assumeth that there was either an imperfection at first, or that one hath been created since, neither of which can be true; for, if the latter be true, then it maketh of necessity the former one to be true also; and if it be urged that the former be true, then it

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maketh the disputed evil a good; for evil is but a thing against law, as made by God; and if God's laws, which he made at first, be imperfect, then they be void, and if one but transgresseth a null and void law, he doth no evil; and if he doth any thing at all, and it be not evil, then he doth good. The great geologer Hitchcock, although he be one learned well in the great laws of nature and those of its God, yet he argueth that evil be absolute, and that it will to eternity triumph over good; yet, at times, he shuddereth at the thought, and attempteth to discover a good in its mission; and, at a meditation like this, he saith of evil, "I incline to the opinion that the true answer to this question is, that the evil is permitted that thereby a greater good may be secured to the universe;" and he continueth, in another place, to declare that "this world is adapted to sinful and fallen beings, rather than to those that be perfect in holiness and happiness." He argueth well for a time for truth; but he proveth himself only at times an exception to the rest of the race to which he belongeth; for the larger part see no good ever to come of evil; and how presumptuous they be! for, seeing as through a glass darkly, they declare that they see clearly, even to the end of the mighty scheme.

EDWIN. Your conversation, Maleia, pleases me

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much. There are a few lines conceived by the poet Pope that seem to convey your idea finely. May I not call them to your mind, they so well illustrate your point? I refer to the part of his "Essay on Man," where he says, "In human works, though labored on with pain," &c.

MALEIA. I like thy tact and discrimination, for I discover that thou hast the thread of my discourse in thy brain. Go on and recite the poem, for I like the sentiments well. Continue and recite further.

EDWIN. I will do so; the sentiments they contain accord well with your philosophy.

"In human works, though labored on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use;
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown;
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole."

MALEIA. That is well said, and it beareth well and with directness on our present discourse. To illustrate the truth that over against all great principles of action existeth a good that is greater than all the seeming evil that ever dwelleth with it, one need but scan the pages of history.

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Before he hath read long, he will fall in with the condition of Joseph, incarcerated in a pit which was digged by other sons of his own father; and, as he continueth the perusal, he would be informed of the mighty grief of Jacob when he tremblingly unfolded the coat of his lost son. Joseph loved his father, and he wanted to be with him; but, for a time, there came defeat. From whatsoever point one may stand and view it, he discovereth nought but true and great success.

The seeming defeats made the success which came at last all the mightier, and gave to it all the zest it had. Let him now, for a moment, sit down and reflect upon the scenes which followed, and he soon arouseth himself, and is alarmed at the account of the awful visions of Pharaoh, and is only calmed in his spirit when he informeth himself of the interpretations so wonderful and grand. He delighteth himself to think of the crowning of the new Egyptian king, and as he thinketh of the famine at the house of Jacob, he comforteth himself with the thought of the plenty of corn in the king's garners, and he saith within himself, The family will not die, for soon the veil will be taken away, and the scheme will be pictured on the canvas as the great Artist designed it should be. As one museth thus, he seeth a good in all, and one that is greater

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and more enduring than the most permanent form that evil may ever take.

Or, if he continueth to doubt still, if he but follow history, he readeth of Christ, of his trials and seeming continuous defeats; but he also learneth at last of his triumphant death and his successful resurrection; of his wonderful appearing and glorious ascension. Let any one array, if he pleaseth, in a vast army, all the mighty defeats that have ever come to man, and on the opposite field arrayeth itself, in numbers countless and grand, the opposite good.

A man always supposeth that his own lot is harder than that of any other. "Every man," saith Seneca, "thinketh his own burden the heaviest." One desireth health, and thinketh it evil if he ever be sick or ill disposed; yet experience proveth that to be sick or ill is not a defeat, as the world understandeth the term defeat to mean.

Angelus Politianus had a tetter running continually in his nose, which was annoying because of its ill odor in company; yet it is said of him, that he was "eloquent and pleasing more than other men of his time." Saith an author, "Sickness and diseases trouble many, but without a cause, for it may be for the good of their souls. Flesh rebelleth against the spirit, and that which hurteth one often helpeth the

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other." "Sickness is the mother of modesty; it putteth us in mind of our mortality. She pulleth us by the ear, and maketh us to know ourselves." Pliny calleth it the "sum of all philosophy if we could but perform that in our health which we promise in sickness." Chrysostom declaimeth, "Fair or foul means cannot contain us, yet a little sickness will correct and amend us." Thus much for men's opinions of sickness. As I shall treat of this more at length by and by, I will leave it for the present, and speak further of men's opinions which make them to call their lot harder than that of all others.

Some think it to be a defect and an evil to be born crooked or deformed in body — as to be blind, or deaf, or lame, and such like. Plutarch declareth, "Beauty and honesty seldom dwell together;" and if this be true, then evil, and not good, is stamped on every thing the Creator pronounced very good at the beginning.

But history telleth another story than this, for it convinceth us that the greatest men of the world have been what the world calleth imperfect; and if the theory be urged for favor that a perfect and entire body, and that alone, produceth the elements required for great action, then it belieth itself, for the great men were not in unison with it. Homer and Milton were

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blind, and the famous Hannibal had but one eye. Democritus was also blind, but Laertius saith of him, "He saw more than all Greece besides."

When the eyes of our body are most in defect, the eyes of the spirit see more distinctly; and of this fact many men have been well informed, for some philosophers have, of their own inclination and will, put out their natural eyes, so that the eyes of their spirit might see the better, and contemplate the more. The fabler Æsop was bent and crooked. Seneca was lean, harsh, and ugly to behold. Melancthon was a short, hard-favored man. Picinus and Stapulensis were dwarfs. Alexander and Cæsar were men of mean stature, while Maximinus, Caligula, and Ajax were heavy and big boned, and were large above their fellows. And so one might discourse for a long distance; but I ween thou needst not that that be done, for thou knowest well that these deformities, as the world calleth them, be no evil with a power to hinder the operations of the soul.

To make the discourse the more impressive to thee I will now recur to thine own life. For the time, take a scan of all the elements thereof, and consider the things of thy life as thou wouldst consider them if they were the elements of the life of another, and what issues and results dost thou discover! How colored

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and diversified is the scene upon which the eyes of thy mind look!

Dost thou not behold countless aspirations and desires for good that thou dost not now possess? and also linked to them promises that if thou couldst manage to obtain them thou wouldst dwell at ease?

Now, if thou pleasest, change the scene, and look at thine estate after thou hast gotten the things thou desirest; and dost thou not now consider them to be meaner than thou thoughtest them to be? and discover that, when they are in thy possession, they have not the power to satisfy the demand that went out from thee at first?

I will say to thee now, not fearing that thou wilt be disposed to dispute my grounds, that, mean as they may appear to thee now they are thine, had thy designs and wishes been frustrated and defeated, thou wouldst have called the defeat an evil.

But we will end our present discourse, for I discover that the clouds have nearly all of them moved away, and at times the sun shineth brightly. We will soon begin our journey.

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CHAPTER IV.

Maleia's Discourse concluded.

Maleia.

BEFORE we begin our journey I have a few words to say to thee, in closing the present discourse, as a sort of review of our conclusions; and the chief thing in the issue is, that a man needeth to be defeated at times, to know that he hath at any time succeeded, or even to know what success is. It is defeat only that giveth identity to what a man calleth success — but I will illustrate to thee by and by. Keep the prominenter points well in view, and in due time you will see the bearing.

My thoughts recur, at a meditation like this, to the conceptions of the poet we have before quoted, where he speaketh of man's perfection, and the agreement with the same in the heavenly scheme. This old memory of Maleia hath come to be in a degree treacherous; and wilt thou not repeat the lines of which mention hath been made? He beginneth the strain by advising one never to say that man is imper-

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fect. I would I could recite them to thee as well as I can recite the words of the older masters. However, thou knowest them well, and to ask thee is to have them recited.

EDWIN. I will recite them with pleasure: they are apt, and to the point argued.

> "Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
> Say rather man's as perfect as he ought;
> His being measured to his state and place,
> His time a moment, and a point his space."

These are the words if I mistake not. I like the sentiments they contain, and I confess to you I have never till now discovered their true beauty and power, and hence could but poorly reconcile the great defeats of life with their opposites.

I begin to see clearly the great end to which your system or theory tends. I like the aptness and ingenuity of your mind, to turn to so good an account the little defeat we met as we proposed a walk for pleasure. I think the hour could not have passed with more profit to myself, nor could it have been more replete with entertainment. I know in a degree at this time, even as I think you know it, Maleia, that when we do succeed, our late defeat will only make the success more intense, and fraught with

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a greater power. You incidentally, in closing your conversation, remarked that one needed to be defeated, to know that he had ever succeeded. I feel the truth of the sentiment, for had we been permitted to go out when we were just ready, I think I am sure that the experience would have been less intense in its power, and that one great lesson would yet remain to be learned.

The sentiment that a seeming, or even an acknowledged defeat is not, as a necessity of the case, an evil, and never an actual and absolute one, I think is calculated to make the world better, and should be taught as the theory of all things of a like nature.

I have often heard my honored father, who now (God bless his boy!) rests from his labors, quote the passage, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;" and his unswerving faith was, that at last good would completely triumph over the seeming evil; which I understand to mean, according to your theory, simply, that as the opposites of good will then have performed their mission, and mankind being pure and redeemed, there being no need for the service of opposing forces, none will exist — as you illustrated yesterday in the case of the coal and the steamer. I see your application now as I could not see it then. The more I think and talk with you, the

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more I am disposed to chide myself for my impatience and the little power I possess to wait patiently the final issue.

I like that sweet little poem of an American authoress, one Miss Hannah F. Gould. It is beautiful for its earnestness and simplicity, and it bears directly on the things we argue.

If you wish it, I will recite it to you. No, rather excuse me from the task, for I hardly realized till this moment that I had said so much as I have; besides, it is quite one o'clock, and unless we go out soon, we shall be compelled to return in a shorter time than we may desire.

MALEIA. Thou speakest well. I like thy discourse; but I will not delay now for a long dissertation thereon. Like begetteth like; and I find thee ready, by reason of my company, to quote from authors, and to extend thy speechments from thy custom at first. But I prefer not to excuse thee from a recital of the poetry, for I know the reputation of the fair authoress well. She hath written many a worthy poem, and in one of them she describeth a curious and funny courtship which came to pass at an early time in the ancient town of Newbury, in the Massachusetts of America. If Maleia mistaketh not, she still liveth in the same town, and the aged elm of which she

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speaketh still standeth in the lane hard by the "silvery pond with its fringe of grass," as she writeth. Recite the poetry, for I know thine aptness at selection will make it worthy the mind that discriminateth.

EDWIN. I am getting myself into business, Maleia, in offering to recite poetry to you. Still, as you request me to do so, I will cheerfully comply.

As you do not, from your conversation, evince a recognition of the poem to which I refer, I presume you are not familiar with it; and as you will understand it the better, I will, in brief, give you her argument. She wishes to urge the sentiment that seeming defeat is not really and absolutely so — and she illustrates this by her poem. The argument is, that a little, almost lifeless crocus is down under the snow, and in the early spring, at a time Nature ordains, sooner than the life of other flowers is warmed into action, it awakens from its sleep, and breaks out into a soliloquy in regard to itself. She makes the little crocus to say, —

"'Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me,
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to Nature to teach me.

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"'I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

"'Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peep up with my little bright head,
And all will be joyful to see me.

"'Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful Crocus.

"'Gayly arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene
Came from so dismal a prison?'

"Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower,
This little lesson may borrow —
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow."

MALEIA. I like the poem well, and it illustrateth the thoughts my mind conceiveth. The truth that is in the poem accordeth well with history, for out of the darkest of its nights have arisen the brightest of its suns. Henry of Portugal and Hunniades were taken from their dungeons to be crowned kings; and Machi-

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avel recordeth of Cosmo de Medici that all his youth was full of perplexity, danger, and misery, till forty years were past, and then, on a sudden, the sun of his honor broke out as through a cloud. But I forbear a more extended illustration, and prefer rather to let thee follow out the argument to the result to which it tendeth.

It is now past one of the clock, and we will refresh ourselves with more food, and will then go out; or it may answer our purpose the better to take along with us some light refreshments, and eat them at our leisure.

EDWIN. We will do so, Maleia, if you wish it. I like the suggestion. Dido is up and dressed again. To see us put on our cloaks is too inviting to him not to prepare himself. Dido, you shall go with us. O, don't jump so; we know you are glad.

MALÈIA. Dido knoweth well if one disposeth his mind in good humor towards him. He liketh well to go out with pleasant company, for he often thinketh to amuse himself by wandering into the lane, and for a time straying there alone; but he soon returneth, and lieth down, and trieth to content himself as though he had enjoyed a long journey with pleasant company. He dareth not go by himself into the road, for as often as he doth this, the school urchins send stones at him,

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and bestun him with loud outcries and hideous noises, so that it taketh from him the pleasures of his journey; and besides, when the like discomfort happeneth to him, he is unfortunate, for as one hath said of any cur, "If he goeth through a village, and, because of fright, clappeth his tail between his legs and runneth away, every cur he meeteth will insult him; if he but bristleth himself up, and standeth to them, and giveth but a counter snarl, there is not a dog that dareth to meddle with him;" but the latter performance doth not come in any contest which happeneth to Dido, for he is an honest dog, and attempteth no return of evil; but he behaveth himself seemly, and many times, when he joggeth along peaceably, at a slow pace, ere he thinketh that any ill betideth him, he is on a sudden aroused to a sense of his condition by a loud clamor of tongues; and as he bestirreth himself, and starteth quickly, he discovereth, to his discomfort, a *posse* of schoolboys, whose carriage informeth him of the impending danger; and without a long meditation he exerciseth all his powers, and runneth from them as best he can, and continueth the excitement even till he reacheth his home; and at last, when he arriveth, he scampereth into the door, with his ears erect, and then he panteth even as if he had been scared by an imp; and at times he doth not recover his wonted

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quiet for a day; for when he goeth out after his alarm and discomfort, he disposeth his tail between his legs, and dareth not to look steadily at any thing; and if he at last composeth himself enough to lie at the door and sleep, he then discovereth to us a relic of his fright; for he full often starteth in his sleep, and his nerves twitch, even as though he was awake and was still amid the clamor and contest; for I ween he dreameth of the things that troubled him during his waking hours.

Poor Dido! thou knowest but little that we discourse of thee, for thou thinkest, now that we are to go with thee, that thou mayst go in safety.

I will bar the door, as straggling beggars may take things that do not belong to them; for if one be in want of a thing, or even if he but desire a thing for his pleasure, he will appropriate the same to his own use and benefit, even as college students and clerks often do with bark or coal, that they may warm their own private rooms; for of such proceedings Maleia can well attest, — Heaven pardon the sin, — for in his youth he many times neglected to supply, at the proper time, the fuel needed, and was then induced to appropriate, for the comfort of himself and his "chum," a portion of the fuel belonging to the mistress of the house at which he boarded. If Dido be left at the

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house, stragglers dare not enter; for, although he biteth no one, still his presence is at times a terror to evil doers.

EDWIN. I think, Maleia, the storm is not entirely over, although it may not rain again to-day. What think you?

MALEIA. We cannot well decide the question. The sun shineth at times through the openings of the clouds, and then again they move in front and darken the things below them.

They are emblematic of the clouds of human life. The sun shineth brightly all the time, but the clouds of adversity come into the front rank, and for the time hide the light of good from our path.

That man is well blessed who can be content and wait patiently till the clouds are all cleared away. Seneca holdeth, that "a wise man's mind is like the state of the world above the moon, ever serene;" and another declareth, "I have seen men miserably dejected in a pleasant village, and some again well occupied and at good ease in a solitary desert. 'Tis the mind, not the place, that causeth tranquillity, and giveth true content."

EDWIN. You are right, Maleia; for, as the wise man tells us, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

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MALEIA. The great Seneca declared a conception of like nature. He saith, "He is a miserable wretch that doth not account himself happy. Though he be sovereign lord of a world, he is not happy if he thinketh himself not to be so; for what availeth it what thine estate is, or may seem to be to others, if thou thyself dislikest it?"

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CHAPTER V.

An Encounter with Phelim, &c.

Phelim, *in the woods.*

O DEAR! O, take him off!

Edwin. Pray tell me, who may that be? Some one near, and in distress.

Maleia. That voice soundeth to me like Phelim's. He must be in the woods, and near us. Perchance Dido hath wandered into his sight. He is a coward, and would cry lustily if Dido or any dog should appear before him. We will go into the woods, and if it be so, we will soon release him.

Edwin. I will go in, Maleia: you stop out here in the road.

Phelim. O dear! Help! O dear!

Maleia. Hasten to the fool; for he will not cease his hallooing, nor will he stir till some one goeth to him, or the impediment be removed.

Phelim, *to Edwin.* Why, is that you, Maleia's friend? And Dido, his dog, too? I knew that was Dido. I love to plague him. He never bites any

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body. No, not he. O, how it pleases him to see me get up on the fence, as I did then, and sing out to him! Where's Maleia? Is he out in the road?

EDWIN. He is, Phelim, and you had better go out to him, and explain the cause of the alarm you made; and I advise you to explain it in some better way than you explain it to me; for, as I understand things, you manifest rather more interest in Dido than most people entertain for dogs owned by others. I have my doubts in regard to the truth of your story.

PHELIM. Do you? Well, now, why? Didn't I get down off of the fence just when I had plagued him enough? Just tell me that; will you?

EDWIN. You got down from the fence because I came to you. I am not sure you would not have staid there plaguing him, as you call it, till now, had we not been near you, and I come to your relief.

PHELIM. Relief! What did I want to be relieved of?

EDWIN. Well, I think I will leave you and Dido to have this time out to yourselves. Excuse me for interrupting you in your sport. When you get done with Dido, send him along.

PHELIM. I'm done with him now. Take him with you. Don't leave me to send him along. He won't go, I know he won't. I've played with him so

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much he won't mind a bit. I've lost all control over him, as old Marvel used to say about his Jake. He almost always gets the better of me. One day, up to Host Coburn's, I was out in the barn sucking eggs; and he came in there, and when I wanted him to, he wouldn't go out again. I gave him a piece of meat I had in my coat pocket, and to pay him off for not minding my orders, and to learn him a thing or two, while he was eating it, I slowly crept out of the window, and then left him to find his way out of the barn alone. He ain't forgot that yet. Host Coburn says he owes me a grudge for it. Dido is a good dog; he wouldn't hurt a louse. I should like to tell you about a dog, over on the Evesham road, that I met the other day.

EDWIN. Maleia awaits a report from you. I cannot stay to hear your story.

PHELIM. Well, go; but take Dido with you, for I tell you he won't mind me a bit; I know he won't. Take him right up, just as a woman does a baby; then he'll have to go. That's the way to fix him off. I know a thing or two.

EDWIN. I rather prefer to let him walk. I think he prefers to do so himself.

PHELIM. Well, I don't now. Take him up. Well, if you won't, I shan't walk with you. I won't be

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ketched in such company, for I'll walk alone, behind. You're not a very obliging fellow. You're some London nincompoop, I know.

(*Singing.*) "I am a man of function;
I live in Tamworth town."

MALEIA, *interrupting.* Phelim, thy tune and tone are both altered somewhat. Changed for the better, I ween; at any rate, they savor more of composure and delight.

PHELIM. How do you know? Can't a man sing if he's a mind to? You get off your old musty sayings just when you please; don't you?

EDWIN. Do not be uncourteous, Phelim.

MALEIA. I was but commenting on thine actions, Phelim. I did not anticipate to be a hinderance to the things that pleased thee. Thou hast thy methods of inducing a flow of humor, and I have mine. I am sorry for thee that Dido caused thee to be so alarmed, and thy spirits to be ruffled as they were.

PHELIM. My spirits ruffled! When were they?

MALEIA. When thou didst call so lustily for help, and ejaculated, "O dear!" loudly, as though thou wast pained. Thou art a coward, to fear Dido, for he never biteth any one.

PHELIM. I know that. I wasn't scared. I saw

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him smelling down at the roots of a big tree, and I quickly climbed up on the top of the fence, so that he might not be disturbed in his hunting. If he saw me going up to him, he would run off, and think I would hurt him; but if he saw me up on the top of the fence, he would think I was just going back to somewhere, and then he'd continue his hunting.

MALEIA. Then why didst thou not quietly pass on? or, if thou thoughtest well to stop on the fence, and wouldst take measures to avoid attracting the attention of Dido, why didst thou not hold thy peace, and remain there in quietness?

PHELIM. I did stay up there peaceably, and in quietness, and I was up there when your friend came over there and disturbed me.

MALEIA. Disturbed thee! Didst thou not call out lustily for help? If thou wouldst have had Dido do his hunting unmolested, why didst thou halloo so loudly? Thy stories do not hang together well. Why didst thou make the noise, Phelim?

PHELIM. I told about that to your friend once; ain't that enough? I did it to please Dido: he likes to have me sing out loud, just as though I was almost scared to death. I've done it to him many a time. Didn't ever you hear me do it? Host Coburn has, and so has Clarence, and they'll tell you so. Many

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a time have they heard me do it. I like to make a dumb beast happy. Solomon, you know, (you've heard men tell of him,) he says in one of his psalms, "A merciful man is merciful to all of his dumb beasts." I hallooed to please Dido. Now are you satisfied?

MALEIA. It cometh to but little use to try to set thee right, for thou wouldst attempt to clear thyself even if it cost thee thine honor; but at that, it existeth as a cheap bargain for thee; for if thou thinkest to relieve thyself of a shame, thou wilt lie, even as lied Sir John Falstaff to his friend, Prince Hal, when he informed the prince of his great valor and contests with the men dressed in buckram suits. The qualities of both of ye, in this respect, are a near kith and kin to each other.

PHELIM. Now don't go back and quote from old Shakspeare. I've learnt all he ever said by heart.

MALEIA. Then thou art all the more to be blamed for thine actions; for if thou art in possession of his great thoughts, thou either hast a poor ability to use them, or else thou thinkest thine own to be of more value. If thou art disposed to walk with us, thou mayst do so; but thou must time thy words, and select good thoughts.

EDWIN. Phelim will do well, I trust. He is

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rather disposed to exaggerate, but will, I hope, govern himself well while he is in our company. Phelim, you need not keep so shy of Dido. He will not disturb you.

PHELIM. Don't say any thing to him. He'll forget how I plagued him, and in time we'll be just as good friends as ever. Don't try to hurry him to get good natured. I'll manage him. Leave me for that.

EDWIN. I think, Maleia, I hear the sound of a bell in the distance. I do; it is for some gathering of the villagers. A lecture; no, rather a funeral. It is too well timed in its notes for a meeting of but ordinary moment.

MALEIA. Thou art right in thy judgment. At the parish church there will be a funeral. We will pass on to the place, that we may witness the scene, and thus be reminded of our departure from this life to the other. It is a hard saying to many, that "better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof, and the day of one's death more to be desired than the day of his birth."

These scenes of burial service keep us awake to a sense of our mortality; for there is but little we may safely lean upon that hath an identity which dependeth for its existence on things of the earth. Epictetus saith, "If thou lovest a pot, remember 'tis

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but a pot thou lovest, and mayst be troubled when it is broken; if thou lovest a son, or a wife, remember they are mortal, and thou wilt not be so impatient." One need not, however, make himself discomforted by such meditations; for, as one argueth, "He that so fainteth or feareth, and yieldeth to his passions, flingeth away his own weapons, maketh a cord to bind himself, and pulleth a beam upon his own head."

EDWIN. The procession has just appeared in sight. See yonder, Maleia; it is passing over that road on the hill in the direction of the church. We shall gain the door of the church before the procession arrives.

PHELIM. Who is it that's dead? Is it a man or a woman, or a boy or a girl?

MALEIA. We cannot inform thee, Phelim, as yet; wait and thou wilt learn.

PHELIM. Well, how old was he? Or, if it was a she, how old was she? It must be either a he or a she, I know.

MALEIA. Thy last question is quite as unanswerable for the present as the first thou didst propound. Keep silent, and thou wilt in good time learn all.

PHELIM. You're bound to have your own way, and won't let me talk half of the time.

MALEIA. Thou decidest well when thou sayst we

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will not permit thee to discourse half of the time. Thou shalt not be harmed at all. The small hardship thou must endure will not make thee unwell.

We will sit down and partake of the refreshment we have with us, for our time is commodious, as we are much nearer the church than is the procession.

PHELIM. I go in for that; I will ——

MALEIA, *interrupting*. Phelim, sit thyself down and be silent. Here, take this slice of venison and this biscuit, and let the victuals stop thy mouth.

EDWIN. I am hardly hungry enough, Maleia, to eat at this time, for it is but three o'clock, and we refreshed ourselves before we left home. However, I will eat a little, for I do not forget your advice of yesterday. I am not particularly lacking in good spirits, that I am aware of; but the food may help me to retain them as fresh as they appear to be now.

MALEIA. Suffer not thy belly to be entirely empty; for when it beginneth to be void of material on which to labor, it worketh away at the juices which lubricate it, and weakeneth all the functions thereof, so that, for a time, even after it be supplied with food, it faileth to engender a power of cheer and good humor.

The bell soundeth solemn, and it sendeth out a

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befitting admonition to the living. Did not the time fail me, I would gladly begin to thee a discourse on the value and importance of death; but, lest I should fall short, I will wait till the morrow.

I will then try and show thee that death is not an evil, but that it giveth identity to life, which man placeth in opposition, and calleth a good; for there be many who think life to be all that is good and of value in the scheme; for, as one well saith, "Many are melancholy at the departure of friends whom they shall shortly see again, and weep and howl, and look after them as a cow loweth after her calf that is taken from her;" and many lament so much that they think they see their friends even after they be once dead.

Pliny saith to Romanus, "Methinks I see Virginius, I hear Virginius, I talk with Virginius." And another hath broken out in ejaculation, and said, —

> "Fountains of tears who gives? who lends me groans?
> Mine eyes are dry, my heart in pieces torn,
> My loss so great I cannot enough mourn."

St. Ambrose lamenteth his brother's death, and asketh, "Can I ever cease to think of thee, and to think with sorrow?" It is related that when Claudia Valeria, the duke's wife, died, the temples for forty days were all

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shut up; no prayers or masses were said but in that room where she lay; that all the senators were dressed in black; and that for a twelvemonth's space, throughout the city, the people were forbid to sing or dance. It is written of Jacob, that when he heard of the death of Joseph, he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth about his loins. That is a curious saying of Epicurus, wherein he saith, "When we are, death is not, but when death is, then we are not." But we must now leave this spot, and hie to the church, for the procession is near it.

PHELIM. You've read an all-fired great number of books, Maleia; haven't you? Men have said a good many things, if they were all put together into one; haven't they?

What's the difference, Maleia, between a good many things and a many good things?

MALEIA. Thou shouldst not ask frivolous questions now, Phelim, but rather exert thyself to obtain a composure of mind for a witness of the solemn scene.

We will now wait a short time a little aloof, till the cortége be passed. The organ already sendeth out its mournful notes.

From the swaying of the bearers, one would judge

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the corpse to be that of a person of mature years. We may enter now and listen to the man of God, as he pronounceth the service.

"I am the resurrection and the life," it reciteth, and it continueth well to tell the mighty story.

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CHAPTER VI.

Closing Remarks for the Day. — Maleia's further Illustration of his Theory by a Review of the Storm of the Morning, &c.

Maleia.

NOW that the service is ended, and we have witnessed the last of the scene, we will turn towards our homes. I will talk more with thee on the morrow of the things that relate to this subject, for it hath intimately to do with my more particular discourse.

We will learn a lesson by the scenes of to-day, and thereby the better enable us to look at death as calmly as did Paul when he said, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown;" or to be calm, like Socrates, when he was ready to die; for it is related of him, that he was composed, and that he, after swallowing his poison, cicuta, bade the citizens of Athens a cordial farewell, and said to them in conclusion, "My time is now come to be gone. I to my death, you

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to live on; but which of these is best, God only knows."

The sun is fast sinking in the west, and the night is near at hand. We must hasten to our homes, or the darkness will overtake us.

PHELIM. I must go home too, or the dark will overtake me. I'll go now. Good night, Maleia, and your friend. How long will it be before it will be pitch dark, Maleia?

MALEIA. Not for some hours yet, Phelim; but thou hadst better hasten home. Good night to thee.

EDWIN. Phelim starts quick when you speak of night. He is rather disposed to cowardice I think.

MALEIA. He is a coward indeed; and he understandeth well that in order to reach his home he must not tarry here, for he liveth a long way off, and when he discourseth of pitch darkness, I ween he calleth to his mind some time when he hath been enveloped in the like; for at times he drinketh liquor to excess, and it inclineth him to stay late at the strange place, and at last, when he bethinketh himself of his condition, and attempteth to go home, the loiterers abuse his wishes, and convince him by pleasant argument that he may stay longer; and when he heareth to them, and continueth so to stay, he at last discovereth that the night is already at hand, and that some

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of the stars have even come out. Then he runneth, and dodgeth this thing and that, till he be entirely enveloped in the darkness; and then he is scared, and trembleth for fear, for at a time like this his fantasy is worked upon till he fancieth that he seeth ghosts, and such like hobgoblins.

He knoweth well when he is sober that he should return early. Phelim feareth and trembleth in anticipation of his end, and he shuddereth when one talketh of it. He was a deal concerned, as thou didst doubtless observe, when he was in the church; and while there, he was disposed to use no irreverent words.

He hath heard in his early days of spectres and sprites, and the tales, even now that he hath grown up to the stature of a man, work on his brain. The stories and tales he is familiar with is the usual theme of discourse in the families of persons of his caste during the long winter evenings, for families of such caste are believers of all such fantasies. Paracelsus even telleth of evil genii, that had lived and had been married to mortals, and so continued for years; and afterwards, for some dislike, had left them. The Philistines had Dagon, and the Babylonians had Bel; the Sidonians had Astarte, the Samaritans Baal, and the Egyptians, for their evil genii, had Isis and Osiris.

Bleskenius, in his description of Iceland, maintain-

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eth as a certainty, that in almost every family they have some such evil spirits. Cardan saith, "They will make strange noises in the night, howl sometimes pitifully, and then laugh again; cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chains, shave men, open doors, and shut them again, and fling down platters and stools;" and that they will sometimes appear in the likeness of hares, crows, black dogs, and the like. These sprites, it was held, could foretell men's deaths; for as Paracelsus writeth, "Many families are put in mind of their end by such familiar sprites."

But we will not delay now to recite the superstitions of the men of the past, for it doth but little good to the men of the present; and more, if they be men like Phelim, the recitals be of great hurt. We have enjoyed the day well, and now, as we walk to our homes, we have but so to dispose our minds as will bring to us a night of contentment and repose: and how better can we accomplish this than by continuing our discourse begun in the shower of the morning? for I said to thee then that it had a lesson, which, when thou hadst learned it, thou wouldst see anew the truth of my theory — the philosophy of which is, as I have many times told thee, that opposites, or what the world calleth evil, make the good what it is, and give to it all the identity it hath.

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Thou didst at an early time catch a glimpse of the meaning and application, when thou didst say that the defeat caused by the shower would make the success, when it doth occur, all the pleasanter. Now, as we are out in Nature, and shall so continue for an hour, I will occupy thine attention by an illustration.

I spoke to thee of the arousing of the spirit that had been dormant within thee by the terror of the tempest, and said, further, that the very commonness of fair weather caused the mind to be dull, and that the change was needed to arouse thee. Thou rememberest well the effect. We gazed upon the great scene in agitation and amazement, and for a time the harmony that existed between the spirit in those who meditated and the things the minds meditated upon was surpassed but by the influence that was passing to and from the sources below and the great Source above. By the discipline we were prepared for the coming action. The success was complete; and the materialism in which the mind was inwrapped must be thrust aside, for an affinity had been created; and then could the mind discourse with the great Mind in the language of a spirit untrammelled.

I ween, friend, that the influence hath not ceased even yet, for our turn of thought through the day hath been of such a nature that the charm hath been

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retained; and now, when the storm hath done all its work, and ceased its action, a few clouds remain to tell of what hath been. The light of the setting sun gleameth along the sky.

Look thou yonder, to the tranquil west. See between the parted clouds what heaps on heaps of gorgeous beauty roll up. The sun blazeth about them like the light of a million torches. What infinitude of majesty and glory presenteth itself to our view! Dost thou not feel, at a time like this, that called into play anew are all those powerful forces which the storm of the morning disciplined and aroused? And dost thou not discover now that the simple and monotonous color of the clear sky that came to thee in the morning would be fraught with but little power to express for thee the glory thine eyes behold? Dost thou not feel all the more able from the experience to interpret the language of Nature aright?

What wonderful variety do we behold! Over all Nature throweth a splendid hue of purple and gold, which in itself, though it be a curtain so thin that in the least it obstructeth not the view, yet hath an identity of its own as much as hath the great reality which reposeth beyond. And dost thou not descry well the wonderful piles of color which heap themselves up in the back of the picture?

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Over yonder is ruby at the bottom, and it melteth off into crimson, and loseth itself in a glare of scarlet light; and then, over Tamworth Hill, and touching the other parts, are clouds tinged with yellow, and capped with brilliant and dazzling gold. The whiteness of some parts maketh them more prominent than all the rest, and at last they merge out into edges that are bright like silver, and polished like a precious stone. What mazes of glory they open to the view!

Now, friend, dost thou not observe that the clouds themselves complete the scheme, and make the glory?

The sun existeth behind them, and it is the task of the artist but to paint the scene. The canvas must be there, or he would labor for nought. The sun might have labored as it would. It might have toiled to produce the result, but in no human breast would be kindled the feelings which animate thee at this hour.

Clouds have their mission; and this is the relation the discourse on the problem of evil beareth to the theory thereof—clouds in the natural world, and clouds in the spiritual world. Thou shouldst not desire that the sun would always shine out, and its beams fall but on an unclouded sky; for when this happeneth, and so continueth for a long time, how dull and monotonous the scene cometh to be! for the light would exist as now; but if there be no opposite, upon which it could

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fall and reveal its power, how wouldst thou know it possessed it? Indeed, how could the power exist at all? Thou shouldst rather like the changes of sunshine and storm. The one maketh thee to be light and happy, and the spirits and humor of thy system to move blithely through thy being; but the other hath a power also, and it exceedeth the former, and it holdeth them in check, so that at times thou mayst be thoughtful and wise.

They awaken the spirits, that at times, because of their affinity with ease and pleasantness, slumber and sleep; and they discipline them, so that they may the better discriminate and enjoy the greater realities, of which they are but the opposites, or negatives.

I cannot now delay to further illustrate and apply the philosophy to the storms of the world within, but I will rather allow thee to make the application thyself; for it is near night, and we are already within sight of my cot.

I will simply say to thee, that man disposeth his mind so as to make him too apt and proud to look upon the opposites of good — the simple negatives of real worth — as evil, and think them to be agents to interfere with it, and by the interference discount its value.

Mankind, indeed, seeth through a glass darkly.

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The sun is now entirely gone from our view, and with it departeth fast the glory which, for the past hour, our eyes have beheld. But he will rise again on the morrow afresh from his chamber; and if there be clouds in the heavens at the night of that day, there will be another development of the good the clouds may seem at first to oppose. If there be clouds in the morning, and they continue and journey through the sky at midday, by the very sensation of dissatisfaction they will produce, they will arouse the sleeping powers of thy mind, and by the discipline prepare it for the splendid triumph it will achieve at night; for the scheme hath it always well in view to make the last end of the day pleasant, and if at all glorious, more so than the morning; so that the sun may not go down weeping at its visit to the west; as Shakspeare saith, "All is well that endeth well."

But if, on the morrow, to the contrary to what hath just been conceived, there be no clouds when the sun setteth at night, then the sun will go down as he is wont to do, wheeling off into space, in glory, as at noonday, but by degrees withholding his light till the moon and stars come out and assume the charge, while the world sleepeth; and thus man and nature will continue on, and hardly take cognizance of any change. So it happeneth to be in the world of mind.

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If there be no clouds there at all, there will surely be no great manifestations of particular good. The elements may exist, but man observeth them not, for all is calm; his powers sleep, and there existeth for him nought but a passive peace.

We must now part for the night. My prayers are for thy good. May Heaven grant thee rest and quietness, and may a refreshing sleep be thy boon. Wilt thou not come again in the morning? I have a further discourse for thee on the great subject.

EDWIN. My good father, I can hardly find words to express my admiration at the ability you display in your conversation; and I know but poorly how to admire, as I would, the beautiful philosophy you bring to bear on the great and mighty problem of evil.

To use the teachings of Nature as you do, with such ease, — like a skilful weapon, — is a task of no ordinary moment. But I must not prolong my stay, for the stars are already out on their mission.

I will simply say to you that, although I am as yet but an inexperienced youth, still I appreciate, I trust, to a good degree, your power of thought, and the depth of research of which you are master; and that knowing this power to be but a well-trained gift, I shall use the experience I am enjoying while in your society as an incitement to produce myself, in time,

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as an approach at least to my worthy peer, in all that makes a man manly, and that will characterize him as being one made in the image of God.

You speak of a further interview on the morrow. With all my heart I accept your proposal; but if you please to permit me, I will amend it. Will you not rather visit me at my lodging, as I have called on you for two days already?

I am boarding at the old stone house, at the bend in the Derry road.

MALEIA. If thou desirest it, I will go there; I know the mansion well. It was there that the good friend of my father, the sainted and pious Joyce, lived when I was but a mere child — full seventy years ago. He consecrated me in baptism in the old parish church, which still standeth beyond the parsonage.

I will be there at nine of the clock. Good night. Peace abide with thee.

Dido, thou art tired, I ween. Thou wilt rest soon.

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THE THIRD DAY.

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THE THIRD DAY.

CHAPTER I.

MALEIA VISITS EDWIN AT THE STONE HOUSE. — CONVERSATION OF YESTERDAY RESUMED.

EDWIN.

GOOD morning to you, Maleia. I am happy to grasp your hand at last. I have watched your approach for quite a long time, for I espied you while you were yet a long distance down the road. You appear well; I hope you are so. And Dido, he is here, and well also. I am glad he came with you.

MALEIA. I thank thee for thy continued kindness. I am well, and am happy to discover thee to be the same; for I observe thou didst profit by the reflections of yestermorning as relate to sleep. I ween thou restedst well, for thou lookest fresh to-day.

Thou art cultivating a love for Dido, I discover, for

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thou speakest well of him at all times. He is bright and brisk this morning, notwithstanding he was so much plagued by Phelim yesterday. Phelim plague a dog! Ha, ha! Falstaff that he is, to be sure. He is no dizzard, though coward's blood extendeth his veins.

I know this old mansion well, and am acquainted with all its courts and yards; for, as I said to thee, I have been here many a time. It was in that room at the right of the hall that I have dined with my father when I was but a small boy, enjoying the hospitality of our worthy rector, the good Joyce; and many times have I observed him in the old arbor yonder, discoursing on the depravity of human nature with his good old friend the pious and devoted Jenks; but they are all gone to their reward: and now the old parsonage is superseded by the new one at the church lands, and this is used as a resort for the fashionable boarders from London, who, like thee, come out to enjoy the good of a suburban residence.

I am here rather early this morning. Nine was the hour; but 'tis scarcely that up to now. I am prompt to work in the morning, for it is the better part of the day to begin a thing. The latter part is for a completement of a plan, but the morning is for a beginment. The hour is pleasant, and appearances

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well betoken a fine day. If thou art ready for entertainment, we will repair to the seat beneath the elm tree yonder, and I will finish the discourse I began to thee yesterday.

EDWIN. Will you not rather go to the house? We may have a parlor to ourselves. If you prefer a seat in the garden, however, I will bring an arm chair for you.

MALKIA. The old seat answereth well, as yet, the purpose for which it was made. I am not over nice. I rather prefer the open air to the house; for air like this maketh our spirits light and elastic, while, to the contrary, bad air concocteth maladies that be cured but by much labor. Varro adviseth, "If it be so that one cannot help it, better sell thine house and land than lose thy health."

Jason Pratensis is informed by Galen that air should be looked as well to in the cure of diseases as food and drink; and he saith, "Let them come to me to know what meat and drink they should use; and besides that, I will teach them what temper of ambient air they shall make choice of, what wind, what countries, they shall choose, and which avoid." But I need not discourse long on this point; for thou camest out to Tamworth because thou didst know the air was good for thee. Dido lieth cozily down, and is resting

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himself at the side of the large rock. He is somewhat tired, for he had an encounter with an otter in the early morning.

EDWIN. Did he succeed in capturing it?

MALEIA. He did; for it was but young, and had not the strength of age, although it was brisk at defence. Dido is a fair combatant with an animal.

Are there news at the house this morning that thou art informed of? I discovered many running to and fro at an earlier hour than usual, and I bethought me of the arrival of some steam vessel at Liverpool.

EDWIN. A steamer has arrived at Liverpool, but the news are unimportant. You would doubtless see a demonstration of the kind you speak of at the arrival of a steamer, whether the news were important or not, as there are an unusual number of visitors at the village this month. I received a letter from London, informing me of the illness of a dear friend.

MALEIA. Is he young, and at all like thee? Hath he been ill for a long time?

EDWIN. He is nearly my age, and not much unlike me. He has been sick but one week. I wish he was with me now, that he might be refreshed by your kind company, and his mind solaced by the philosophy I know you would present to him.

MALEIA. I am sorry, with thee, that thy friend is

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ill disposed, for it is unpleasant unto him, and would, as thou wishest, it were so that he could be here with thee; for company of pleasant and familiar friends often hath a power to cure maladies that other medicines have no power to reach.

Alexander observeth that, "By this art many may be cured, if their imaginations be not too inveterate." Galen saith, "Many have been cured by good counsel and persuasion alone." And Socrates would prescribe no physic for the headache of Charmides till first he had eased the troubled mind; for saith he, "Body and soul must be cured together with head and eyes." Plutarch maintaineth that, "if good advice and comfort be administered to the mind in a wise manner, it easeth grief and pain, as divers remedies do other diseases." Tully saith, that "a good orator can alter affections by power of his eloquence, can comfort such as be afflicted, erect such as be oppressed, expel and mitigate fear, lust, and anger."

It will be to good purpose to send to thy friend a letter; for that will surely help him. Tully wrote to Atticus, "I am much eased when I read your letters." And Julianus once said to his friend Maximus, "As Alexander slept with Homer's works, so do I with thine epistles."

If thou writest to him, tell him of pleasant things,

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and be sure that thou burden him not with sorrowing admonitions; for Crato urgeth that all such as be sick must be kept quiet, and gently used; and Seneca disapproveth of all things of a mournful nature; and more, he forbiddeth all sad and doleful companions, and such as are given to lamentation. He urgeth that "a groaning companion is an enemy to quietness."

I will not detain thee by an attempt to enlarge on this point, for our time is rapidly passing. I will take advantage of the source of our immediate conversation, and will in good time make a further survey of my theory, that "opposites give an identity to good," by a consideration of the great parts of the mighty scheme which relateth to *sickness* and *health*; for, as man would always be well, he considereth sickness an *evil*.

I will by and by treat of these things; but, for the present, I will recur to our other subject, which was appointed for consideration to-day, and will return to the other points by and by.

The sun shineth rather strongly at this hour on the old oak seat, and we will remove ourselves to the shade of the cypress grove.

I will now discourse, for a short time, on the points which present themselves in course in our discussion,

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which points, as I have before said to thee, relate to the death of our friends.

Many there be that call the death of a single person an evil, and if they must die at all, would have all the members of a family die at one time, and not that there be a separation of kindred friends on the earth. They would, perchance, be induced to call death other than an evil, if the scheme was not in its operation just as it is. I will now treat of the misunderstandings that exist among men in regard to that part of the divine economy which beareth directly on the great scheme of *life* and *death*.

I have asserted that there be many that esteem death to be an evil, and I will say to thee that this conclusion is engendered by the earthly nature, and not by the spiritual, by the letter, and not the spirit; for the former killeth, but the latter giveth life. Man doubteth too much of good for the future, and then he dwelleth in discontent. He hath little faith in God and in the eternity he hath ordained, and then he dwelleth in despair, and calleth death an evil.

He thinketh this life to be his own, and that if he can but manage to so oppose nature as to retain his hold of it, he will care not to lay claim to any other; and a power of any kind which urgeth him to go he

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calleth an evil, and an enemy to his happiness and peace. Saith an authoress of fame, —

"Yes, fair as the siren, but false as her song,
The world's painted shadows, that lure us along
Like the mist on the mountain, the foam on the deep,
Or the voices of friends that we greet in our sleep,
Are the pleasures of earth; and I mourn that to Heaven
I gave not the heart that to folly was given."

Were it not for the mistakes a man maketh, he would not grieve so much when he thinketh that he must go from this life to the other; for it is not simply the body that liketh most to stay, but too often it is the spirit itself; for by a long and continual existence and employment in a common place, and at a menial service, it createth but little affinity for a higher sphere of action and existence, and hence it craveth no change.

This was not so with the apostle Paul, for he saith, in view of the change, "I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ;" and the aged Simeon ejaculated, "Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." And Seneca, also, speaking of a deceased friend, saith, "Wilt thou have him crazed and sickly still, or to be freed from his miseries? Thou hast more need to rejoice that he is gone."

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I will not tarry by the way to call to thy mind the truth that mankind, in the mass, desire *life* and shrink from *death*, or a separation of the spirit and body. It is well, I ween, that the feeling existeth; for if one cared not for life, he would destroy the house the spirit dwelleth in, and cause the separation to take place just when he pleased; or he might unwittingly do it by piecemeal; and at last would discover that he had so crippled the powers that were designed to aid him in disciplining his spirit, that he could make but little progress; for if he felt no physical pain when he marred the different parts of his body, — at a time when a thing offended his hand, or his foot, as a wen, or a sore of any kind, — he would, for relief from the burden, cut off the member directly; and even if, through any displacement of any of the fibres of the brain, his head itself should offend him, he would disjoint that even — and at times he doth this, as the many tales of suicide by razors and ropes do testify. I trust thou art well informed that the pain one feeleth hath a power to restrict the desire to destroy the house of the spirit, and that the suicides are the exceptions to the great rule.

I have a few words to say to show thee that it is the spirit in its undisciplined state in this particular respect that demandeth natural life, and not the body

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that crieth out for it, as man often thinketh; and I will now say to thee that things of the kind to which I have referred shall be my argument; for when a man's organ of any kind offendeth him, as, for example, a tooth or a limb, he readily and with good cheer parteth with it; for when he parteth with either, he doth it because he knoweth well that the pain goeth with it; and when he so disterteth his mind as to convince himself that his whole body hath become unfit to make his mind longer at ease, then he willeth to destroy the connection which existeth; and he maketh his hands and arms, both of which be important members of the same body, destroy themselves and all the rest of like matter with which they be connected. Thus the *body* hath not the power of itself to defend its existence, but rather, at times when the mind hath been disciplined to the great feat, it even destroyeth itself.

If it be true, then, that the mind may be educated to so govern the body as to permit it to destroy itself, at any time it considereth itself to be too much encumbered with cares and trouble, why may it not also be trained to rather bear the ills it cannot evade until such times as Nature herself shall perform the task, and set the spirit free? Or if this may not be, when the body becometh at last so emaciated and weakened that it can no longer fulfil its office to aid in educating and

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disciplining the spirit, or when it becometh to be so full of disease and pain that the flesh drieth and shrivelleth, and the bones separate from each other, and at all their sockets become disjointed; when the blood cometh to be infected with cancers and foul rheums, so that when it visiteth the brain it bedevileth it, as it were, and discommodeth the mind in all its operations — when at a time this cometh, and getteth the mastery over the whole body, and depriveth it of the power to longer be a pleasant thing to itself or the friends, for which, in its better and healthful estates, it had an affinity, why may not the mind be so trained as to look upon death as a blessing? for this is no strange thing, and it often happeneth.

But some of the human family, thou thinkest, perchance, will fall in full health, and go suddenly down to the grave. When thou thinkest of these, and how that such be deprived of the inducement to be offended with the body, that this sudden death must surely be the greater evil of the two, — thou art mistaken if thou ever thinkest thus; for cometh it not as a fact, that when the calamity arriveth which instantly separateth the body and spirit, dost thou not see that it is endowed with a more mighty power than the slower disease? and that, of the two, one should rather choose it, and thus by the act would admit it to be the better

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way, and, of consequence, not so great an evil as thou at first supposedst it to be?

I am at a distance from my immediate subject of discourse, and will soon return. I have spoken to thee of the reasons why mankind are not willing to permit a separation of the spirit and body, and have said to thee that the trouble ariseth from the little confidence man possesseth for a good future; and also that it be mightily helped in its power by the instinctive elements which prompt him to protect and guard the house the spirit dwelleth in — hinting to thee in addition, that, by an adherence to the letter of life, and not to the great spirit of the scheme, he leaveth uncreated an affinity for another kind of life, which, if it be but an existence, would aid one in cheerfully releasing his grasp on the things of mortality, when there be a need of such an act, and also to reach out and with confidence and trust to lay hold on the things which would make for his endless happiness and peace.

I will now continue to briefly illustrate to thee how it cometh to be that it is well for us that we should all in our turn die, and also why it is better that we should not all die at one time.

To elucidate to thee the point why it is well for us all to die will demand but a short discourse, for I

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have spoken to thee of disease, and how that it often, during the earthly existence of a man, maketh him frantic even to madness itself, and that at last, even if he escapeth for a time, it then cometh, and gaineth the mastery; and that the power which could separate the spirit from the body should be hailed as a good, and not as an evil.

Thou mayst in thy mind think deeply of the disease which worketh out the frame of mind which admitteth the result. I am to discourse to thee at another time, as I have said before, of *disease itself:* till then thou wilt do better to admit the premises I assume.

I have said to thee that it is well that we do all die, and have attempted to prove it by a reference to human life itself. If the case needed a further support, I would continue, and say that selfishness, and that alone, leadeth one to say that he would have all live on this earth forever; for when he saith he would have none die, then he should say, also, that he would have no more born; for if it so be that none died, and as many be born as come into existence now, the world would soon be too full, and all would thereby be incommoded.

If he say he would keep all that at this time liveth, and have no more, then he argueth that he is content

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with the present race, and seeth no hope of a better one. How would it have been, thinkest thou, had the early men of our own England said thus two thousand years ago? And if but to desire this had been to obtain the wish, how less the world would have of the good it is claimed it now possesseth!

The feeling therefore savoreth well of a disease of the mind, and selfishness loometh up high in the argument. A man should be charitable in his reasonings; and since it cometh to be evident, from the certainty and precision with which all die, that it is a part of the great scheme of human existence that all should die, savoreth it not of a better reason to call the scheme good? and when the time arriveth for one to step off the stage and resign his place and his labor to the care of another, to go cheerfully, and hope to meet those he at the time leaveth, expecting that they will in good time come and join him again, as he is about to join those who went before him?

The great American philosopher, that noble man, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in a letter of condolence to a lady whose son had died, assumeth that all have been invited out on a great dinner party. He advanceth to her the idea that her son's chair was ready first, and he asketh, "Why should we weep and deplore his loss, since we know where he hath gone, and that we are soon to meet him?"

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This thought leadeth me to the other point I spoke of, which is, why it cometh to be that we do not all die at once, and how that death, being the opposite of life, giveth its identity to it.

I will not weary thee by a long discourse on this point, for I imagine, as well I may, that thou art somewhat tired already.

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CHAPTER II.

Maleia continues his Discourse on Life and Death.

Maleia.

LET me begin and illustrate this new position, that it is better for us that we do not all die at one time, by requesting thee to think of the effect the absence of friends causeth in those that wait for their expected return.

How anxiously and without tiring they watch, until they are returned! and then think thou, if thou canst, of the effect that is wrought in the spirits of all who waited, and of those who came.

How they have changed, and how is the charm mysteriously broken! So imperceptible was the severing of the strands, that when the cord was at last parted, neither felt the relax, and but knew of the change until they were at last together, and tried to say the kind and endearing words they thought they would say to each other while they awaited the communion.

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At that time they miss the power they thought they possessed; and when they try to talk, their tongues are cloven and their love is cold. The first hour after a meeting of absent friends often proveth to be the mutest of all they experience; for absent friends always exert over us a greater power and influence than when they be at our side.

A parent knoweth well that a wayward child promiseth itself to do better in the future, after it hath left its home, and findeth itself out alone in the world.

The epistles one inditeth at a time like that savor more of repentance and affection than any things they ever said with their lips. Absence is to a pure love and affection like a refiner's fire to gold, or fuller's soap to wool; it separateth the dross and impurity, and there remaineth but the good of each, in its native purity and glory.

It doth a thing beside this, for it testeth the quantity of worth in a scheme; for if the affection be but a glowing fire of ecstasy and enthusiasm, which burneth but by fuel gathered in the groves of sensual lust and passion, when the supply is withheld, by absence it goeth out for want of a supply of the power expended, even as an engine stoppeth because of a lack of steam.

A heart that is warmed but by sexual passion may

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grow cold; and in time another, and after this another still, may kindle a new flame thereon. Petrarch saith of this passion, "It is a good happiness to be free from this passion of love, and great discretion it argueth in such a man as can so contain himself; but when thou art once in love, to moderate thyself is a singular virtue; for," he continueth, "such a furious desire nature hath inscribed — such unspeakable delight." Travelling is an antidote for this kind of love; and knowing it to be such, Propertius saith that his parents sent him to Athens.

It is related of Felix Plater, that he had a baker as a patient, who was almost mad for the love of his maid; that he was even desperate; but that by removing her from him he was cured in a short time.

Godefridus telleth of a young man, who, after a protracted absence, fell in with an old lover, on whom he once had greatly doted, but that he would scarcely take notice of her, and that she wondered at it that he would so coolly treat her; that she called him again, and told him who she was, but he replied, "I am not the same man that I was."

A further illustration of this is proved by a tale related of another young man, by Petrarch, who, because of his intense love for a maid who had but one eye, to cure him of his malady sent him to travel in

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foreign countries. After some years, saith Petrarch, he returned, and, encountering the maid, to escape whose attention he went abroad, asked "how and by what chance she had lost her eye," (for, as love is blind, he had hardly discovered it while with her before.) "No," said she, "I have lost none, but you have found yours."

This sentiment and prescription is true but for sexual and passional love, and not of true and sterling affection, as human experience well testifieth; and because of its commonness, I will not trouble thee by a rehearsal of instances related by the masters; albeit, I could recite from them, on this point, till the sun setteth; for nothing is prominenter in all their writings than the theory, that to be absent from true friends arouseth and setteth into play all the better feelings of the spirit, and continueth it well to the end.

To call the thing afresh to thy mind, I have but to instance the effect the absence of Christ produced on the minds of his disciples; for rememberest thou not, that while he was with them they doubted; but that after he had left them, and ascended into heaven, they believed? And, in continuation of the thought, dost thou not remember that one of them spake to him in person, and said to him, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us"?

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They saw him not then; after he had left them they saw him. They look upon him now, and they will never lose sight of him again; and may not such be the case in regard to the friends that have gone from us? May it not happen that they exert a greater influence over us now they are with us no longer in the flesh?

How doth their memory hallow the lives of those who still live! How eloquent and solemn is the language they still speak! No one turneth away, but to their soothing words the bereaved spirit delighteth to listen.

How finely doth separation discipline the powers and spirits of those that be separated, and prepare them for higher realities! I spoke to thee of the state in which minds often discover themselves to be, when once absent friends have met — how that they all be dumb and silent at the hour of meeting; but this may not be true of those who have put on immortality, for the case at hand hath no analogy to it.

Flesh and blood do not inherit that life, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. The dwellers in that world need not, as do we, tongues of flesh and blood, which may be cloven; nor elements to move them, which, perchance, may be so diseased in, and as it were of themselves, that when they com-

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municate with the essence it was designed to move, it causeth, instead of a healthy flow of the good spirits, a dull stupor, which infuseth itself through the whole man.

Call not death, then, an *evil* and an *end*, but rather look upon it as a *good* and a *means;* for if thou wouldst enjoy the society of the blessed, with the peculiar organism that thou art, and know the realities of that life, and the scenes of action which engage the attention of the beings that dwell there, constituted as thou art, it is needful for thee to be separated from them a while here, and to be compelled, even, to stay for a time in this world of mutation and change, after they have left it.

This is no hard lot, surely, if one will but consider aright the elements of the mighty economy and scheme, and the grand results which it proposeth to accomplish; for what do the privations of this short life amount to, when compared to the great glory that is at last to be revealed?

Death and Life. Two great and wonderful parts of the mighty scheme.

The first, thinketh the novice, is surely evil, because (and that only) for the time it maketh one unhappy; and when he hath said that, he hath said his worst and his best.

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He knoweth not the import and truth of the saying, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." How little he reflecteth, for what is the life he grieveth so much to be parted from? It is but a strange period of existence, singled out from a long eternity, in which come strange realities, never yet explained at all, every thing fleeting and visionary, "all things by turns, and nothing long;" and death, the time of change, or of great termination of all that is mortal, and transportation of all that is likest a God in a man to a higher sphere of life and action.

When a man saith he would always have his friends with him in the flesh, he saith, plainer than all, that he will risk a life here rather than that which is proposed as yet to come; and here lieth the trouble: he doubteth of coming good, as I before discoursed, and then he crieth out because of the seeming evil.

I must cease for this time, for it is now near noon. I will leave thee to follow out the theory to its proper bearing, for my discourse hath already wearied thee.

The admonition and circumstances of our walk yesterday were the mover of this discourse; and the reception of the letter conveying the intelligence of the illness of thy friend is the inducer of a further discourse on sickness and health; and so would it be, did we continue in company, to the end of our life. But I will cease for now.

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EDWIN. You excite my admiration, Maleia, as I listen to your recitals; and to be privileged to enjoy the hearing of a discourse from your lips is an occasion of no ordinary moment. I confess to you, frankly, your theory, to my mind, appears to be entirely in consonance with both reason and philosophy.

I shall continue to listen to your further illustrations, and I will treasure them up in my mind. It is needless that I offer you words of comment, for this you do not demand.

I trust the integrity of purpose I shall evince will be a sufficient inducement for you to continue your illustrations.

MALEIA. Thou needest to offer no words of commendation or praise. I discovered in thee, at first, a mind ready for discipline, and I also fancied I saw one candid and free; and I am not mistaken. I shall continue as you propose. But we must recreate our minds for a short time. Suppose we walk out for the hour that interveneth between this time and the hour of dinner.

EDWIN. You anticipate my thoughts, Maleia; for had you not made the proposal, ere this moment, even, I should have made a like one myself. We will go down past the old mill, if you please.

While you were discoursing, some half hour ago, I

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saw Phelim go into the mill with a bag of corn on his back; and as we are both in a degree tired in mind, it may be well to relieve ourselves by listening to his frivolity. You seem to think well of him, I perceive.

MALEIA. We will do so; for we need a short release from deep meditation, that we may be the better prepared for dinner, and thereby be fitted for our discourse of the afternoon.

VISIT TO THE MILL.

This old mill is familiar to me in every part. Every thing speaketh of the past; for many a time have I been here for flour, full sixty years ago. I see through the open window that Phelim is there, and is, in the absence of the miller, trying to crowd the grain into the hopper faster than it of itself usually goeth in, so that he may return to his home the quicker.

Fool that he is! He knoweth little of the philosophy of grinding; or it may be he is following out the idea of Shakspeare, as he informeth us that he hath the thoughts of the mighty poet by heart; for Shakspeare advanceth the idea, that if a thing be done well, it were done with quickness. We will

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soon listen to his explanation of the acts he performeth.

Dido, go not in to him in haste, lest he plague thee again, as he did yesterday. Ha, ha! he plague a dog! Wit that he is.

PHELIM. Arrah! there you all are, as I live — Maleia, Dido, and his friend.

MALEIA. Thou desirest to convey the idea that there are present Maleia and his friend, and not Dido's friend. Thou shouldst not couple two things together till thou art aware what the effect will be.

Had Dido been in reality as closely confined to thee as thou by thy words couplest him to my friend, thou wouldst have seen an impropriety or a discomfort somewhere ere now.

PHELIM. Did ever you see an impropriety?

MALEIA. I have seen many a one in thine actions.

PHELIM. When? I should like to know. Now I'll stop, and, as your friend says, give ordinance to what you've got to say.

MALEIA. Audience thou meanest. Thou art getting to feel important in thy mind. I will calm down thy valor, and say to thee in answer to thy question, "when I saw in thine acts an impropriety," that when I saw thee put the crowbar into the corn in the hopper

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to induce it to pass between the stones the quicker, that act was an impropriety.

PHELIM. Do you call that an impropriety?

MALEIA. I do, and shall continue to call the act an impropriety for some time to come.

PHELIM. Well, you'll have to continue to call it for some time, and then I don't believe it will come. Now, let me tell you when I saw you do an impropriety. Didn't you do one when you put the tub under the gurgoyle one day, and said you was a going to catch soft water, and then told me to go into the house because it was raining *hard*?

MALEIA. Thy wit alone cleareth thee, and it will prolong thy days; for thou wouldst cheat the hangman of his rope. Where thinkest thou thou wouldst be, and in what kind of company, if the gallows had swung off all the persons to which their sins entitle them?

PHELIM. In no kind of company; for I should be here in the mill alone.

MALEIA. In the mill alone! Thinkest thou thyself to be an upright man? and more so than all the other men of Tamworth? I will not further pursue the thought; for thy discourse hath arrived at a lofty degree of egotism.

PHELIM. Now, don't fly off the handle, Maleia,

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because you might break things. Come, miller, hurry up the cakes; crowd along your old millstones. I am *so* hungry. O, how hungry I am! My belly feels just as if 'twas all kinder cavin' in.

MALEIA. Thou art afeard of losing thy dinner. I know thee well. Thou wilt see to it that thou dost not lose that.

PHELIM. O, how hungry I am! I shall die — I know I shall. "See to it that I don't lose my dinner." How can a man lose what he can't get? I should like to know. O, how hungry I am!

MALEIA. Thou hast altered thy tune, verily, and that on a sudden. Phelim, what hath caused the change? Surely, thou hast not become as hungry as thou feignest to be in a moment of time, as it were.

PHELIM. No; but I've just found it out. I always know every thing just at the time it happens; just as I did when I fell overboard — I knew it at the time of it. So I did when the coachman made what he said was striking remarks. O, how he did hurt the calf of my leg! I told him that *re* added to a word made it mean do it over again, and not to do that over again, for there wasn't any need of it; for if he left off the *re* there would be all the *marks* left. He said it would be *right*. I told him *there*, and was

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pointing him to my leg; and he hit again, and put the words together, and said, "Yes, right there." O, how hungry I am! I'll wait just five minutes more, and then I'm going right straight home and get my dinner, meal or no meal. There it is again — meal means dinner. O, how hungry I am!

MALEIA. Thy discourse savoreth of alarm. Thou dost not, however, discover to us any signs of "cavin' in," as thou callest it.

PHELIM. Well, "kinder gin aout," then, as the fellows say over to the circus. Did ever you go to a circus, Maleia, where all the men jump over all the other men's heads without stopping? Ah, that's the place to go to! Nothing to do but to laugh and grow fat. O, how hungry I am, to be sure! Every time I say any thing about growing fat, I think of my empty belly. Here I am, more'n a mile off, and no dinner. O, how hungry I am!

MALEIA. Thou hadst better go, as thou didst propose to do, for 'tis but for a moment thou canst contain thyself; for as thou discoursest of the feats at the games, thou mixest up all things together, and sayest all the men jump over all the other men's heads without stopping. I ween the task is done by no mean ability, for if all jump continually without stopping, as thou hast asserted, then can no one stop to

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jump, or to be jumped over, for they be continually moving; and if it so happen that one at any moment of time be under another, that he may be jumped over, then there be one at least that doth not for a time jump over another, and this maketh the feat great I ween. I rather take thee to be the aggressor of the two; for it would be as hard for thee to elucidate thy story as it would be for the actors to do the things thou assertest they do. Thou mixest up thine ideas even as a cook mixeth up the ingredients of a chowder.

There, thou art at it again, repeating the same conception: "O, how hungry I am!" Thy brain hath so little control over thy belly, that but to speak of a dish of food causeth it to rebel to an extent beyond that which thou canst master. Well, it *may* ease thee to smoke thy pipe. Smoke if thou wishest to do so. It is one of thine idols. Thou worshippest a pipe as an idol.

PHELIM. Yes; but I'm burning it now.

MALEIA. Thy wit continueth as a defence to thee yet, although the cravings of thy belly hindereth its usual flow. We must leave thee now, for it is time for our dinner. Good by, Phelim.

PHELIM. I don't think there's much good by. I'd

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rather be sure of my dinner than any thing else. O, how hungry I am! One o'clock, and more, and not a thing inside of my bowels!

MALEIA. Phelim manifesteth a strange degree of hunger, if one might judge from his frequent and monotonous discourse; but this is not a test of what his body experienceth, for he talketh of the things that be uppermost in his mind, and he cannot for a long time ply his thoughts to any particular subject. He will look to it, however, that his belly be not entirely empty for a great space of time; and he will by his constant ejaculations so disturb the tranquillity of the mind of the miller, that he will despatch him as soon as he can well do so, for Phelim will surely triumph. If his ejaculations and cries in regard to his hunger do not hurry the miller, he will at last resort to flattery, for he well knoweth the effect of that — how that it causeth him who is flattered, because of the flow of good humor, to do the thing the flatterer wisheth for. Saith an author, "Who is that mortal man that can so contain himself, that, if he be immoderately commended or applauded, will not be moved?" He is a knowing fellow, that Phelim, and at times he taketh advantage of the frailties of others.

We are near the house again; and I confess I feel

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something of Phelim's ailment, for my stomach is nearly empty. We will dine; and after that I will discourse with thee on the subject proposed for the latter part of the day, which is, a consideration of the part of the great scheme of the divine economy which beareth directly on sickness and health.

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CHAPTER III.

MALEIA CONTINUES TO ILLUSTRATE HIS THEORY BY A CONSIDERATION OF SICKNESS AND HEALTH.

MALEIA.

NOW that our dinner is ended, and we are refreshed, we will go again to our old seat and resume our discourse. Though it be not well to set the mind directly at labor, yet we may for the time presume to do it, as we have much to talk of, and the night would, I fear, overtake us before we had hardly finished what we have begun.

I said it is not well for us to hasten to discourse, or strain the mind too severely, while the stomach is full; for contemplation long continued injureth the health; and one urgeth as follows: "Meditation drieth the brain, and extinguisheth the natural heat; for whilst the spirits are intent on meditation above in the head, the stomach and liver are left destitute, and thence come black blood and crudities by defect of concoction, and for want of exercise the superfluous vapors cannot exhale." A long and continued study dulleth

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the brain, and it concocteth but slowly. It is told of Archimedes that he on a time was so stupid because of over much study, that he took but little notice of the events which occurred beside him; for when the city was in possession of the soldiers, and they were already about to rifle his house, he took no notice of it. It is also said that St. Bernard on a time rode on the border of the Lemnian Lake for a day, and that because of his study and deep meditation he knew not the things he saw, and at last was compelled to ask where he was.

Paglarensis, when aroused from his studies by the sudden discourse of his farmer, so far forgot the usual laws of nature, that, when he was informed that the sow on his farm had brought forth but eleven pigs, and the ass but one foal, he cried out in amazement that the farmer had surely cozened him.

But I will not weary thee with a further illustration, for if we please we may make an exception to the rule, if we do not by the departure so educate our mind as in time to take the exception to be the rule itself. What I have said on the proper digestion of food at former times will keep thee where thou shouldst be, and it is but for thee to attend to the sentiments therein taught.

EDWIN. I will endeavor to profit by your dis-

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course, Maleia. I have, for a good length of time, observed that a degree of mirthfulness after eating was a help to digestion, and that, in the absence of means to induce it, a simple rest of mind was of benefit.

My father always recognized the principle as one of value; and when the book entitled "Table Talk, or Spice for a Meal," was published, its advent at our table was one of great joy.

You propose to speak this afternoon on an important theme — that of sickness and health. I say important, for it is so common to all — none are always well. The drift of your discourse, and the turn you will probably give to it at this time, I think I can anticipate from the things you have already said; and if I am rightly informed in my thoughts, you will illustrate the relation that sickness and health sustain to each other, and also show their agreement with good; making sickness an element to produce our happiness.

MALEIA. Thou art right in thy conceptions, and I will not delay at this point to further define the scheme I propose to unfold, but will rather proceed to explain to thee.

I must, however, ask thee to keep well in mind the great solution of the problem, which argueth that to

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every good there is an opposite, and that the opposites give to good all the identity it hath. I will discourse of sickness and health; and I take the two together, as one is the opposing force of the other.

The sickness I shall consider *evil*, and the health *good;* for so the world considereth them to be. Fernelius saith of sickness, "It is an affection of the body contrary to nature;" and Labeo calleth it an "ill habit of the body, opposite to nature, hindering the use of it." Tholosanus saith of it, "It is a dissolution of that league which existeth between the soul and body."

The novice urgeth, "I like health, and I hate sickness;" and doubtless he is honest in what he saith, for he seeth but little into life.

He knoweth not, in his mind, that if one be always well he would never know it. If a man be forever in good health, he would but *live;* for take away from him the property to realize pain when he transgresseth a natural law, and thou wouldst deprive him of all that maketh the realm of sensation a blessing unto him. The great system of nerves which existeth in man is but animated by the play of opposing forces.

A man would not of his free will, after a meditation on the scheme, destroy his ability to discriminate between the sensations produced by heat and cold, or

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between those produced by darkness and light. He desireth to retain his means of judging of magnitude and solidity, of color and shape.

He liketh well to learn at a look of arrangement of materials, and by his taste to discover well the identity of salts and acids; and when he hath meditated, he arriveth at the conclusion that nothing but the *opposites* would discover to him the true nature and kind of thing of which he attempteth to judge.

He may have sugar and honey; but when he would express to another, or would think to himself, what the nature of the element be that he attempteth to consider, he calleth to his mind the acids and their associations: 'tis so with one's life, and the concomitants thereof.

If one would *know* the blessing of health, he must also know, and as no man hath a power to express it to him, the opposite thereof. He must, in reality and person, have been sick himself; for indisposition disciplineth the inner man.

It for a time taketh him away from the world, and it taketh the world away from him; and the operation leaveth him free to commune with himself.

Saith an old author, "A small sickness, one lash of affliction, or a little misery, many times will more humiliate a man, sooner convert and bring him home

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to know himself, than all those parenetical discourses, the whole theory of philosophy, law, physic, and divinity, or a world of instances and examples."

Pliny saith to his friend Marius, "In sickness the mind reflecteth upon itself, with judgment surveyeth itself, and abhorreth its former conduct."

It is related of the great Alexander that, when on a time he discovered a wound on his body to bleed, he remembered that he was but a man, and remitted his pride. And thus, in their turn, most men of great, and even those of no renown have given in their testimony, that sickness helpeth to discipline the man, and showeth him the reality of his life.

The time hath existed, in the history of the ethics of natural life, that sickness hath been looked upon as a sort of curse to the race of man, and that it admitted of no favorable argument for its existence; and again, it hath been considered as a kind of test of holiness.

The church, till now, hath made the whole scheme conform itself so as to square with the platform and creed. It was the doctrine of the venerable and sainted Joyce, of whom I spake in the morning, that sickness was a sort of meter, by which the Deity measureth the quantity of holiness and virtue in a saint; and an engine, with which he awakeneth and

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tormenteth sinners. "If a pious man is at any time afflicted by reason of sickness, or any kind of sorrow," saith the venerable parson, "it cometh to try his faith. If, at a time like that, one submitteth with patience to his fate and affliction, and possesseth a sufficient amount of grace to brave out his life, or even if he dieth in the conflict, he is sure of heaven; but if his faith faltereth, and be so small that in his spirit he wavereth, so much so that he weepeth and dwelleth in despair, his case affordeth but little hope of a favorable issue; and he may only think to go down to endless despair and torment, where the devils continually howl and gnaw their chains, in a fearful manner; while at the same time, the melted and flowing brimstone oozeth itself into all the pores and parts of the bodies of all them that be there; and a fire, fierce enough to melt the very rocks and elements, flameth about them like the waves of a mighty and boisterous sea; and this state continueth to them forever and forever, without any end at all."

Thus said and wrote the great and pious Joyce; and many times, as I have heard the like from his lips, hath my young heart fallen within me; and even while I slept at night have the tales affrighted me, and made me startle and arouse myself, crying out lustily because of the fear that was infused through

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all my frame. But he hath passed on now, and hath learned, I ween, many long years ago, that he then saw through a glass darkly, and that, instead of the children of God coming at last to be devils and burning fiends, "they that obtain that world, and the resurrection," as the Scripture saith, are "like the angels of God in heaven."

The tales of ancient superstition, as caressed by the early church, have long since been discarded; and they are now known to be but relics of a heathen imagination.

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," mankind have now come to know that sickness is but a part of the scheme, and that health is a kith and kin to every part thereof.

The church at that day was pleased to urge that, at the time when the spirit and body of one were ready to separate, if the sinner still persisted in his course of mind, and would not be reformed by sickness and pain, the Holy Spirit had fled from him; and thus it made reason bend to the creed, and the great and sublime principles of God's economy to be disgraced and crushed by the heel of superstition.

But I will not extend the discourse to the province of a theological essay; and I will rather say to thee,

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that the only doctrine which presenteth itself as worthy of one's consideration is, that if one of the natural and physical laws be at all disregarded, a penalty will assuredly follow; and I will remind thee further, that although the penalty may be undesirable in itself, yet it proveth itself to be other than an evil; for, as thou reflectest on the scheme, dost thou not see it to be true, that the sickness or pain which followeth as the penalty, being prohibitory in its essence, thereby giveth out an argument of its value? Mankind is often deterred from accepting many invitations to disobey physical laws by the anticipation of unhappy issues, as one hath remarked, "He that hath been burned dreadeth the fire."

I will say to thee further, that when one considereth the peculiar organism which a human being is, the result forceth itself upon him from its nature, that at times there must come disarrangements of some of the parts thereof, and a consequent ill. A transgression in a parent may not be lost sight of even down to the fourth generation; saith one of old, "The parents have eaten of sour grapes, and the children's teeth be set on edge."

Lemnius saith, "Affections, even, follow their seed; and the malice and bad conditions of children are many times wholly to be imputed to their parents."

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Ludovicus saith of the disease of madness, "It is a marvellous thing in nature, and sticketh forever to them [children] as an incurable habit." And what is more to be wondered at, he argueth, that "at times it skippeth in some families from father to son, or taketh every other, and sometimes every third, in a lineal descent."

Trogus saith that Seleucus had an anchor on his thigh, and that the same was true of his posterity. I will not cite more instances, for I ween thou knowest well that the parent transmitteth to the child he gendereth the elements of his own being and health, and that this cometh as a result of the unerring laws of Nature; and unless one first disposeth his mind to call in question the great and fundamental laws of man's being, and the first principles of creation, as relate to human life, he hath no right to call sickness an evil, when the term is considered to mean a thing in its essence, an absolute wrong, and having no power of good.

I will illustrate to thee. If one permitteth himself to call disease an absolute evil for the simple reason that it destroyeth the connection which existeth between the spirit and body, as Tholosanus hath it, "where may not his philosophy lead him? and at what goal will he have permission to terminate his

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investigations?" I assume that he must not rest them till, in theory, every spark of fire be extinguished, every drop of water annihilated, every law of gravitation suspended or repealed, and humanity be dead; for it cometh only by keeping them where God hath ordained them to be, that permitteth him to exist long enough to make the investigation.

If a man disposeth his mind so as to induce him to fill himself with fire, he will be consumed; or if he remaineth under the water he will be drowned; if natural laws be repealed, or if they be hindered in their operations, there would come, I ween, a mighty result, projected by the last cause that could from thenceforth produce an effect, and man would cease to be. 'Tis so in the physical nature and economy of the race of man the great Creator hath produced, and the laws, or their results, be no absolute evil when in their proper exercise, and they must be obeyed. He that prayeth to be taken out of the world, rather than that he may be kept from acts which would produce for him a connection with its evils, mistaketh badly.

If a man be sick, he should not look upon sickness as an evil, but should rather look upon the thing as a part of the great scheme; for such, and such only, it cometh to be; and when disease afflicteth one, then he should betake himself to a thoughtful consideration

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of the things which make for his peace; and he should, above all, look well to it that he so dispose his mind as to enable him to look upon disease as being a part of the divine economy of One who made man, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and who alone hath power to prolong the stay of the spirit in the house of the flesh, or to invite it away in so inducing a language that it goeth at the invitation without a waiting or delay.

I have said to thee that sickness disciplineth the inner man. A poet hath said,—

> "The chamber where the good man meeteth his fate
> Is privileged above the common walks of life."

I will leave the thoughts with thee. Ponder them well in thy mind, and look to the ends to which the things tend, and I imagine easily that thou wilt see that the only things which give identity to life are the changes which come in it; and among them the developments which men call sickness and health. Look well to the conception urged as relateth to the great realm of sensation, and thou wilt see there that if the senses be kept alive, they must be exercised; and that although the very exercise itself causeth pain, yet if the pain did not come as a result, then would no good come of the exercise, for it existeth as

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a fact that the pain itself is the bait which enticeth the blessing; and now, as I close the discourse, what cometh as a deduction, if it be not, that, if one be ill disposed, he cry not out against the laws of his being, but that he rather stand still and listen to the admonition that sickness and indisposition is, and after he hath heard the tale, and digested in his mind the philosophy thereof, he then bestir himself to be informed of the cause and of the remedy?

I would have thee learn one other lesson, and that is as follows:—

It cometh not as a result of Maleia's theory, that, because of the fact that sickness, or an indisposition of the body of any kind, hath in it a blessing, one hath an argument or inducement to make himself sick, that he may receive the larger blessing, for this is a transgression of a moral law, and hath another result, which it evolveth of itself; and it is but in obedience to a suggestion to do evil that good may come of it and of transgression, I am to speak at another time.

I will, however, as it is not quite time for me to start for my home, remind thee of a few things which have a relation to this point, and that is, of the influence the actions of one's body have on the mind; for it happeneth to be true that the body influenceth and

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governeth the mind, as well as doth the mind influence the body. I will say to thee, first, that when man cometh into the world, he hath but small powers of mind; as the germ which is to be the life of the future plant is in the seed, so is the germ of the future mind in that which is as yet undeveloped; and the discipline of life unfoldeth the wrappings, and unlooseneth the strings, which be bound about it, and thus permitteth the germ to vegetate and grow.

Thou knowest well that if the seed be put into poor ground, it produceth but poor fruit. The seed may be of the best kind, and the germ thereof may be full of health and the requisite elements to produce a tree, but if the soil be unpropitious, and the elements about it have but little affinity for those which make up the germ, the language in which the element speaketh be so foreign to that spoken by the germ itself, that it understandeth it not, and goeth not forth in answer to the invitation; and it remaineth incased at home, and pineth and dieth because of a lack of friendship. So it hath always proved to be of the mind of man. If he contenteth himself to live a lone and incongruous life, and is pleased to let the seed of his future mind be in an unpropitious soil, — such as lust, or ignorance of any kind, — it will be stinted, and lack the vigor it would otherwise enjoy. The state at which he arriveth

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at last is simply a negative state, and not a positive one.

The world calleth all things evil which create unpleasant feelings to one, either in this world or in that which is to come; and it maketh the theory, as a necessity in the case, one of a positive power, and not a negative one.

I have spoken at length of disease and pain. All such be positives; and finally, all agents which have to do with the body be positives, even if they be but a dull stupor, or a sort of paralysis, which is no pain at all; for, as I have shown thee, pain proveth to be a discipline, as it keepeth the senses alive: when they be in play, the man is said to be awake; but when they be inactive, he sleepeth, and is in a degree as though he be dead, or even as though he exist not at all.

I have said thus much of the positives. I will now speak of the negatives in the case; and they be simply the results of good that might be produced, but which yet, in spite of all, remain in an unorganized or undeveloped state: although the organs for the generation of the power be perfect and entire, still, if they be left unexercised, it argueth nothing that they exist, or be perfect.

When we discourse of the mind, therefore, and speak

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of not doing evil that good may come of it, we do so because of the fact, that as the mind is cultivated, and the better parts thereof the more freely developed, by acts which be likest the perfect God himself, so it cometh to be, that to do moral evil or wrong, which is, in other words, to disobey the great laws of morality which God hath ordained, is but to cheat the mind of its growth; and that amounteth in itself to a reason why one should do the best he can.

I have said to thee, that the opposites of life are needed to give identity to good, or the things that man esteemeth good to be. I have spoken to thee of sickness as being the opposite of health, and how that it giveth identity to it; and now to tell thee the reason why a man may not expect to get a greater good by experiencing a greater degree of sickness, I have but to say that all the sickness a man hath, which ariseth from causes outside of the pale which hems in his knowledge and will, is a system of things for which he is not accountable; and hence in the instance no sin be committed; but when he disregardeth a physical law, and remembereth the law and the penalty thereof, when he doeth the act he then committeth a sin against his spiritual nature; and the transgression of any spiritual law evolveth of itself another and an additional punishment, and the punishment worketh

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out two results. It first disciplineth and exerciseth the mind, and the experience of its operations maketh it the more accountable, which accountability maketh it in time more intense in its operations, when it operateth at all; and second, (and it existeth as no paradox to say it,) it paralyzeth the spirit, and holdeth it back in its onward career of spiritual life, even as the wheels of a steamboat, if they be worked in opposite directions, whirl the boat about, and move it not ahead; still the machinery be all the time in motion; and while it be in this state or condition, it rusteth not. So it cometh to be of the acts of man. If they be transgression even, they be action, and keep the mind in an acting mood, and thus keep it in a state of preparation for the reception of a greater good, when he can receive it, even as the acts of Saul while he was in error kept his mind and powers in action, so that when he saw the greater light and good, he came by the experience to be, at last, the chief of all the holy apostles.

I will not prolong the discourse; but lest I lead thee to a misunderstanding of my theory on this point, I will qualify the thoughts last uttered, by stating that we are commanded to do good and to forsake the wrong; and that good acts are the rule, and wrong acts are the exceptions thereto. And I will further

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say to thee, that if man constantly doth wrong, he hardeneth his spirit, and at last he cometh to know of good in his spiritual nature but seldom; for good, of a kind of which he hath a power to take cognizance, seldom goeth in thereto; or if it goeth in at all, it stayeth but for a short time, as the house is but a poor one for it to dwell in; and those that be there converse in a language that the other good understand not.

Thou hast discovered ere this that Maleia recognizeth two powers at work in man's nature.

I will say to thee that God and man, at times, work together. God's power at times worketh through man himself on his body, and this again of itself; or at times God's power alone worketh on man's mind. Also, God worketh for man, outside and without him; and when God worketh without man, he doth his work; and then, having set the laws or the great machine in operation, he leaveth man to perform his own part. But as what is really spiritual in man, be it more or less, came from God, it hath an affinity for the source from whence it came, and hence cannot be contaminated or perverted in its nature, but if it work or labor at all, will work as the source from whence it emanated worketh.

Man must plough the ground, plant in it the seed,

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and see to it that the weeds choke it not. God taketh all into his charge then, and man's work ceaseth. God maketh the rain to fall upon it, and the sun to warm it, and thus it is caused to grow; and in this manner God doeth his part of the work. Man's work beginneth again where God leaveth off; and he must save the seed, and in time plant it again, and so continue to the end. This is but a single instance of God working in man, and also of God at times working outside of man, but for him; and this operation and schedule of action applieth to nearly all which man hath as things of value for food, for the sustenance of his body. God maketh the animals for his food. Man must prepare them, that his stomach may digest them well, and his palate be so pleased, that the act of eating savor not too much of labor.

God arrangeth the great system of agriculture and horticulture; man must expand his powers, and bring out the laws which govern the mighty sciences; for it is the work of God in nature but to produce healthy seeds, that the kind may not die out: if man would have a better kind and quality of grain or roots, he has but to experiment and labor, and he will produce the results he anticipateth and desireth. If he craveth a better kind of fruit for his dessert, he must labor again; for nature, as developed in trees, but

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aimeth to produce good wood and seeds, and not palatable fruit.

This cometh to be because of man's fall, which Maleia argueth came as a result of a peculiar subjection, under which he was originally created; which, as the writer in sacred writ telleth us, was in accordance with vanity, but not of his own will, but rather in accordance with the will of Him who subjected him in hope. As a necessity in the case, man must labor in body, that his mind may be active also; for he that is dull and stupid in body, in time cometh to be so in mind, in like manner. I would discourse to thee longer on this point, but it is near night; and more than all, I discover that I am getting too far into the department which relateth to sin. Of that I am to treat at another day.

We had better walk towards my home, and by the time we are there, I shall have said to thee a few words which need to be said in this connection.

EDWIN. We will do so. I will refrain from making any remarks in regard to your discourse, and lest I break the chain of it, will hold my peace.

MALEIA. I leave this place with feelings of regret, for it hath many charms for my mind; but I may not indulge in a retrospect of the past, and will rather employ my mind as we walk, by saying to thee a few

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words which relate to the subject we have been discussing.

I have discoursed at length on the impropriety of doing a thing which amounteth to a sin, and thereby leave the mind in an undeveloped state, as I have intimated.

I will speak to thee of the relation which this life hath to the one which is to come, at another time; but at this time I will say to thee, that Maleia maintaineth that in that state the spirit, when it leaveth the body, commenceth a career with the talent or capacity for action which it at the time possesseth, and that if the spirit be small in capacity, then, as a result, the action of enjoyment will be small also; if it be large, the result will be large in a relative degree.

This showeth thee, in brief, the reason why one should labor to educate his mind while it existeth in this world, and thus prepare it to enjoy that which is to come; and hence as a healthy body tendeth to produce a mind the more capable of entertaining truth, and as it is true that the larger the capacity for enjoyment, the more enjoyment cometh as the result, hence it induceth a thoughtful man to look the better to it that he do nothing to the detriment of his body that will in the end curtail the good and expansion of the spirit; for if it be curtailed while it be in the

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mortal state, it entereth in the same condition into the spiritual state, and can, from its impotency, start but from a lower point to attain the progression which awaiteth it in the eternity which is to come.

The sun sinketh fast in the west, and thus the elements are tending to end the third day of our investigation.

I have many things to say to thee still; and if thou desirest it, I will, on the morrow, continue to discourse for the day; albeit a day produceth but little. The scheme is great, and requireth weeks, instead of days, for a full illustration.

I have spoken to thee of sickness and health, both of the mind and of the body, and I have another set of extremes to discourse upon, and they be nearly allied to the thoughts of this day; they be in reference to the life that now is and that which is to come.

I will discourse on these points on the morrow; and some time before nightfall of the day, I will try to speak to thee of other points, as I hinted I would do, as regardeth riches and poverty; but I will not extend the area of my present discourse, for I have, perchance, wearied thee already.

EDWIN. My dear friend Maleia, I have refrained from interrupting you during your pleasing and instructing discourse, and I will not speak of it now,

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but will rather think of the matter, and, as you request me to do, I will consider it well in all its bearings.

You give me to-day a larger amount of material for thought than you have given on either of the two days which have preceded; but I begin to find myself more able to grasp and retain your thoughts. "Experience and practice make perfect," says the old adage, and I feel its truth.

I hope you will rest well to-night, Maleia. I shall come here at nine o'clock in the morning. Good night.

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CHAPTER IV.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH PHELIM. — SEPARATION OF MALEIA AND EDWIN FOR THE NIGHT.

PHELIM, *up the road.*

HALLOO, there! Down to Maleia's gate. Halloo!

EDWIN. There is Phelim coming down the road on a run. What can ail him?

MALEIA. Nothing of great importance, I ween, for he often doth the like. He hath probably by this time eased himself of his hunger. He thought, if one may judge by his actions, when he was at the mill at noon, he would die of starvation. Strange fellow that he is. He hath something to say, I will warrant, that savoreth more of his accidental wit than of any meditation and wisdom.

PHELIM. Why didn't you invite me up to the old parsonage this noon? I'd enlightened every mother's son of them boarders up there. O, how I would like to talk to them fellows that are rusticating up there!

MALEIA. Thou hast to a good degree succeeded

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in convincing thyself that thou art not dying of hunger, Phelim. If thou rememberest, when we left thee in the mill at noon, all thou couldst think to discourse of was the ailment of thy belly; now, all that seemeth to trouble thee is the fact that thou didst not get an invitation to go to the fashionable boarding house, where thou mightst deliver thyself of slang phrases, and give vent to thy wit and humor. Thou discoursest wildly when thou affirmest that thou wouldst have enlightened the men there. Knowest thou not that they be men of erudition and learning? If thou hadst said thou wouldst have diverted some, and disgusted others, thou wouldst have hit the mark.

PHELIM. I'm a man of erudition, too — ain't I? Can't I tell them fellows things they don't know? I've been to school many a time. Yes, too many a time have I been there. I can cipher well, I can. I'm a cipher myself. Host Coburn told me yesterday I was a mere cipher — ain't that proof? I can spell, too. I've had many a *hard spell*, and I always come out just as good as new. I'd have you know I can read. I've read letters so much that they got so at last they would blush when I read them; for when I get done reading them they're all *red*. Clarence said the other day, when I told him the sign at the bridge was spelled wrong, where it says take the right hand

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road, — that it ought to be spelled r i t e, — he said I was a fool, and that *rite* meant a service. I told him that *sir* was the sign of a man, to let folks know how that he warn't a woman, and that *vice* meant evil, and how that by all the great laws of philosophy the two words hadn't ought to be put together. He said, "O, you dry up!" I said, "Up where?" He said, "Up there." Then I said, "Now we're square." He said to me, "You ——"

MALEIA, *interrupting*. Phelim, thou art getting so disposed in mind as to permit thy tongue to work pretty freely. Art thou aware how fast it runneth?

Thou needest not relate to us thy encounters and defences at the inn, for all the men of Tamworth know well that thou dost not at any time go in there but some one or another stirreth up thy spirits, and that thou art ever ready to disgorge the conceptions of thy brain.

It appeareth strange, I ween, to my friend here to listen to thine assertions, for he knoweth not, nor do I know it, that thou art as learned as thou feignest to be, nor that thou canst do the things thou sayest thou canst do.

PHELIM. True, Maleia, every word of it. I can prove to you every bit of what I say. If I can't prove

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it all out, I'll give you my hat. No, I won't neither — I want that. I'll bet you this nose wiper.

MALEIA. Wilt bet the handkerchief! Thou purloiner; it belongeth to me already. Thou hast pulled it from my pocket since thou camest here, for I had used it but half an hour ago.

PHELIM. No; that's mine, Maleia, true. I bought it at vendue over in London, at High Holborn. One man bid on it twopence, and then I bid a shilling; and the man said right off, "Yourn — who are you?" I said, "Me." He said, "Me — you look like a me; I guess you are. Walk up and pay for it." Then I give him the money, and he said he had a few more left at the same price if I wanted to buy any more.

MALEIA. Thou liest with great audacity; but it availeth thee but little. I have owned the thing for more than a twelvemonth.

PHELIM. "Owned it for more'n a twelvemonth." Was .your'n a silk wiper? Just tell me that, will you?

MALEIA. Yes, it was of silk; and a fair quality of pongee at that.

PHELIM. Well, then, this ain't yourn; for this one is made of *cotton* pongee.

MALEIA. A cotton pongee! Thou knowest not of what thing thou discoursest.

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PHELIM. This is a cotton, pongee bandanna, and the man said it was that I bought it of. He said these very words: "Warranted all cotton, or no sale; and if any body finds it out to be silk after he buys it, he needn't have it; for he may bring it back, or throw it away." And I'll tell you what else he said: "It's just as good to lose or lend as any." There, now, what do you think of that?—heigh? Ain't it cotton? I know a thing or two. That's mine, and I'll hang on to it.

MALEIA. Thou convictest thyself; for if thou maintainest that thine was cotton, and so well warranted, I will please thee by saying that I will take the testimony of the vendue man that thou sayest thou boughtest it of; and 'tis but to decide the kind of material of which it is made, to determine if it be mine or thine. I will leave it to my friend to decide for us. He knoweth well what the material be, for he dealeth in things of this kind.

PHELIM. Well, leave it to him. He's a good fellow, and wouldn't decide against any body like me, I know. He's the best fellow I ever knew. O, how I do wish all the men in the world were as honest as he is! Leave it to him. He's good for it. "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Leave it to him. Now, let me just tell how I understand it, so as to see

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if we're all right. Now, if he says this is cotton, it is mine; and if he says it is silk, then it isn't yourn. Is that fair?

MALEIA. Thy flattery will go but little ways, for right and justice will be done. I will not treat of thy last explanation, for I will rather cut the matter short by asking him to decide the question now.

EDWIN. Well, then, Phelim, hand me the handkerchief, and I will, after making an examination, decide as near right as I am able.

PHELIM. Well, there, take it. Now, don't be rash; remember the language of Blackstone; he says, where there is no doubt in any body's mind as to the guilt of a prisoner, you must lean on to the side of justice, and fetch him in innocent.

MALEIA. Ha, ha! Thou thinkest thyself to be apt in a case of law. Well, well; let us await the decision.

EDWIN. It may be well to state, first, that there is no question in regard to the material of which the handkerchief is made, ——

PHELIM, *interrupting*. Cotton to be sure—ain't it?

EDWIN. Do not interrupt me, Phelim. I am not done yet. I should have said, ere this time, but for the interruption, that it is silk, and no mistake.

PHELIM. There, now. "But for the interrup-

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tion." Well, now, if there hadn't been an interruption you'd said it was cotton, wouldn't you? Tell me that, will you?

EDWIN. No, I should not have said cotton. I simply meant to convey the idea, when I spoke of interruption, that it prevented me from expressing my opinion as soon as I should have done it had you been silent. I have now to say to you, further, ——

PHELIM, *interrupting again.* O, you are terrible nice. You city nincompoops ain't to be trusted as far as old Lambkins can sling his old Devon bull by the tail when he's greased it. I had my doubts about letting you decide it at all. My wiper's gone — and just because I left it out to you. You'd take away a man's private property, you old cheater.

EDWIN. You are using rather uneuphoneous epithets, Phelim. I wish to be permitted to finish my remarks, but you persist in disturbing me. I had quite an interesting part to relate to you. You can judge how you like it when you have heard it.

PHELIM. O, have you? I thought you wouldn't break right off as short as that, and leave me to deplore the loss of my wiper.

EDWIN. Do not be too fast, Phelim, for you do not quite anticipate the point I am to speak of. I will tell you now that I not only think it is silk, ——

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PHELIM. But still it may be cotton.

EDWIN. But that I saw you pull it out of Maleia's pocket, at the time you were talking so fast in regard to your great learning, &c.

PHELIM. There now, you can't carry on a joke. I knew you saw me. Didn't you see me winking to you when I was doing it?

'Tis yourn, Maleia: the one I bought at the vendue, over at High Holborn, isn't here; it's to home.

MALEIA. Well, Phelim, thou art just as thou hast ever been, and so wilt thou continue to be. I will let thee pass, for admonition to thee amounteth to but little.* It is nearly dark, and in return for thy joke, as thou art pleased to call the misdemeanor, I will say to thee, that the delay thou hast caused will be no joke to thee in the end; for thou wilt be compelled to go to thy home in the dark, and that will sufficiently punish thee for thy guilty deed.

PHELIM. Lend me your tin lantern, Maleia. I shall stumble by the way, and get into the ditches and every thing else; I know I shall. I shall see all kind of bad things.

MALEIA. Thou wouldst be induced to stop at all the places of entertainment thou wouldst pass by the way, if thou hadst the lantern with thee.

I shall rather advise thee to go without it, for thy

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friends will be anxious for thy welfare, and be solicitous for thy return.

PHELIM. O dear, well, I'll go. Good night, Maleia, and your friend. I didn't mean to keep your nose wiper — did I?

Got to go away over home, all in the dark. O, my!

MALEIA. He is well scared, even now, and it will teach him a lesson. He desireth already to still his conscience, that he may feel the safer as he travelleth alone.

He saith "good night," and afterwards he bethinketh himself of his roguery, and how that it will haunt him by the way; and when he remembereth of the dark, he thinketh it well to make amends.

EDWIN. I hope the lesson will be for his good.

We must now, after this delay, part for the night. I will call on you in the morning. A fair night of peaceful rest to you. Good night.

MALEIA. Good by to thee, and a night free from thought or meditation of any kind, but rather one of relaxation and rest. Dido, thou art a good dog, and art as quiet as a lamb. Thy back fairly glisteneth because of the dew. We will go to the house. The cows are in wonder at my long delay.

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THE FOURTH DAY.

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THE FOURTH DAY.

CHAPTER I.

MALEIA DISCOURSES ON THIS LIFE AND THE LIFE WHICH IS TO COME.

MALEIA.

THOU art quite up to thy promise, this fine morning, for the parish clock but striketh now, *seven—eight—nine*. That is the hour of thine appointment.

Thou lookest well to-day. I am glad to see thee so, for Maleia remembereth well the days when he was like unto thee, and he loveth now to see a youth look fresh and buoyant.

EDWIN. I thank you, Maleia, for your kind wishes. I am well. My looks do not at all belie me.

We have, from present appearances, the promise of a pleasant day, and I anticipate another intellectual treat. Do you feel able to gratify me again?

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MALEIA. I do, friend, and will say to thee that nothing will please me better. I have, in anticipation of the service, so arranged all my domestic concerns, that nothing will suffer for the absence of my immediate attention. The cows and pigs are attended to, and the poultry roam whither they please, and care for themselves, and nought but Dido remaineth to be provided for; and even he hath had his breakfast, and if he may but be with us, he demandeth nothing more.

I have many things to discourse upon to-day, and fear that at nightfall I shall hardly reach the climax I would; but, however, if we are obliged to take a part of the morrow, we will do so, for that is but Saturday; and as the next is the Sabbath, we will then rest from our labors, and, in our private meditations, look back over the scheme we have discussed.

EDWIN. That will be well. I will leave you to decide upon the points which will be most to our good, and also to treat them as you may think best.

I will simply add, that the things or points you spoke of yesterday as of interest for a theme of meditation for to-day would please me much. They were in regard to this life, as compared to the one that is to come; and also poverty as compared to riches.

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However, I only suggest, or rather call your attention to, the proposals you made.

MALEIA. You are right, and I will take the course you suggest; and as the first of the two of the proposed themes is nearer related to the discourse of yesterday, we will begin with that; and I will not weary thee by a long preface, but will discourse to the point as relateth to the life that now is, and that which is to come. The aim of all the previous discourses hath been to prove that *opposites* in our life make the *realities* what they be; and it now cometh to be an admitted part of the theory, that the world calleth all opposites or evils which be things or influences that it doth not desire, and in which it discovereth no immediate good.

Among the parts of the great scheme which it feigneth itself to be disgusted with, and calleth evil, is the existence of the fact, that men must die; or, in other words, that they must, at the appointed time in their career, exchange the place of the residence of their spirits.

It treateth the whole with coldness, and often with derision and scorn.

I have spoken to thee, in an earlier discourse, of the ancient doctrines of the church; and that it hath looked upon sickness, and at times even upon life

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itself, as a curse; and that out of it cometh no good at the last, but often to the contrary; that when the thing is finished, all is merged and lost in the realms of a dark despair.

This doctrine hath withered the young tendrils of hope and cheer which have been put out of many a young vine of innocent childhood; and when the child hath grown to be a man, the spiritual nature hath suffered for the want of the tendrils by which to aid it in climbing up to a higher spiritual life, or has been compelled to lie in the dust or mire of despair and privation. This is, I ween, the great cause why mankind disliketh to believe that a man must die and live again, even though it be in a better state than this.

For if a man neglecteth to illuminate his mind at the proper time of his history, he at last findeth himself in darkness.

It cometh to pass, as a result of false teaching in the past, that man liketh this life well, and asketh for none higher; and all the degree of apathy which the subject presenteth existeth because it be fed and nourished on food which containeth the element of doctrine that things beyond the grave be dressed in a soul-distracting garb; and hence the aversion thereto; for that which hath no affinity for the spirit the spirit striveth against.

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The church hath always struggled hard with the unyielding purposes and determinations of *man's nature;* and it hath from the first considered itself called upon to make war against it.

How this happeneth so to be, I will not now, attempt to define, as this service is not demanded by the tenor of the discourse. Whether there be a good reason for the continuance of the contest I will not decide, and will but state, that it appeareth strange and unreasonable that the portion of civilized men which claim to worship one they affirm to be omniscient and almighty should be called upon to do battle with the great element of power in the only thing that hath been created in the image of the same Creator.

However, let the reason for the thing pass, if any reason there be; for our discourse demandeth no further pursuit of the point at issue.

It answereth well our present purpose to state that the great burden of the church's labor hath been to so change the nature of man, that it would bend and warp itself into a shape where it might control it the better. And the great and leading doctrine of most of its sermons and songs hath been, that a man should alarm himself, and attempt, as best and as quick as he may, to "escape from hell, and fly to heaven."

A large per cent. of all the so called reformation

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sermons and prayers it maketh is composed of petitions to the sinner to bestir himself before it be forever too late, — as though the time would surely come in the history of any human being when the Creator, who hath started man's being, would fail and be discouraged in the work his Son had undertaken, and would be compelled to give all up as a failure, because of a lack of mercy; while, at the same time, the Psalmist saith, "His anger endureth but a moment," and he further telleth, twenty-six times in one psalm, that his *mercy* "endureth forever."

It will not require a long meditation to convince thyself that in all these respects it is mistaken, and that, because of the mistake, cometh a nearer approach to actual evil than ever cometh of any sickness or indisposition of either soul or body, which at times it unguardedly calleth absolute evil.

I will stop at this place for a few moments, and show thee an illustration of the ground I have assumed; and this will be done by comparing the machinery for converting and reforming mankind of our day with the means used in the days of the apostles.

Maleia saith nought against a true reformation, for he indorseth to the letter the doctrine that "he that winneth souls is wise," and also, that men every where should be commanded to repent; and when he saith

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machinery, he knoweth well what he saith, and what words he useth. He meaneth no disrespect or ill feeling to the men who work the machinery. He speaketh now of the motives and principles for actions, and not of the beings who entertain them.

I said I would engage thine attention by an illustration; and to do this I will ask thee to compare the things together, and then decide which of the two appeareth to be the more reasonable and right.

When a great reformation took place in the days of Peter, and three thousand were converted in one day, it was because he preached to them the *love* of God, and thus induced men to be holy. In and for most of the time since then, it is urged that they should be holy because of the *wrath* of God. Then was preached "Christ, and him crucified;" now, it is a fiery hell, and that magnified. Then, when was preached the doctrine as taught by Christ and his apostles, the record informeth us that many believed on them gladly; now, it is a result that comparatively but few believe on the apostles of our day, and these often *sadly*.

And then again: what was the effect on the minds of the men who believed then? Of this the record continueth and saith, that, when the many believed, "there was great joy in that city." What happeneth to be now? When even but few believe the reports

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that many of the apostles of our time send forth, there is great *grief* in the land.

Maleia preacheth no harsh doctrine when he giveth birth to thoughts like these, for he hath seen with his eyes a literal illustration of the things he speaketh of; for he remembereth well, even as though the thing had happened but yesterday, that once on a time he went, by the earnest and urgent invitation of a friend, to see the works at a camp ground, where were gathered together many thousands of men and women, with their ministers and elders, to do battle, as they thought, with the adversary, and to build up the waste places of Zion. And what did these eyes behold? and to what sounds did these ears listen?

Instead of great joy, there was, for the most part, great grief: so much so, that Maleia wept himself, sorely, because that the movers, and the mightiest men in the company, by their mistakes and wildly-heated imaginations, "made the grace of God of none effect." And instead of relieving the minds of the poor distracted beings who lay rolling on the wet ground by telling them that they were, instead of being miserable *reprobates*, a portion of the things which the Father gave to the Son, and also, that he had given all things into his possession, with the understanding that he should lose nothing, but raise it

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up at the last day; and further, that when he had done his work, he would rise up and say, "Father, here am I, and those that thou hast given me," and, seeing the travail of his soul, would be satisfied; — instead of telling the distracted beings this, were tendered to them the mistaken precepts and crazy advice of the benighted Roman church, — albeit it was dressed in more pleasing and modern regalia, — and the speakers continued to say to them that they must either roll and distort themselves on the ground in this world, or that they would be compelled to agonize and groan in a fiery hell in the life to come; and all consolation, which is "peace, and righteousness, and joy in the Holy Ghost," was withheld from them, and, on the contrary, they were told that there was but little if any hope of a betterment of their deplorable condition, for that, in that state of existence, parents, even, would be so changed in their nature, and made so different from what they were while in this earthly state, that the agonies and groans of their once dear children, then shrieking, or sobbing, and grieving because of the pains of hell in which they were, below them, would heighten and intensify their own joys and felicities in heaven.

I start, friend, from the God-dishonoring doctrine; and the prayer of Maleia is, that a kind and forgiving

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Heaven may pardon him for the dreadful tale he has related.

Thou mayst not have seen these things as Maleia hath, and hence thou canst not judge of the extent of the evil. But I ween thou art informed well in the commoner results of the milder parts of the scheme, and knoweth well that because of the little affinity the spirit — as it cometh from the hand of the Creator, and before it cometh in contact with ignorant superstitions, which serve to bend and warp it out of a natural shape, thereby depriving it of its proper and comely form and proportions — hath for the heresy, that it rather preferreth to neglect all religion, and trust to a cold infidelity, or a lukewarm sentimentalism.

Thou hast not, neither hath Maleia, been unmindful of the reluctance and delay. "Time enough yet," saith the young man, full of life and vigor, filled to repletion by Nature, with hope and faith in a coming good to him for the rest of his life. His nature is as yet unwarped by dogmas or heresies, and untrammelled by other truth than the light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world; and off into life his spirit blithely boundeth.

"Time enough yet," saith the matured man, as he bethinketh himself for a moment, perchance startled by the sudden departure of a kindred spirit. The

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church hath but little to give him as an argument that if he enter into covenant with it thus early he will be no loser.

"Time enough yet for repentance," he saith. "Repent at any time while the spirit is still in the flesh, and all will be well with thee." He meditateth for a moment, and off he moveth. They all mean to come in before they die, but cannot afford it so early.

But it will be well for thee to turn thy mind from a contemplation of the men as we find them now, and look to them at the time when an earlier death than they expected hath come to them, and is feeling in under the strings of their visible possessions, and is, strand by strand, unloosing the strings which confine the spirit to the flesh. They have thought afresh, now, and they start from their lethargy. Consternation maketh them mad; they writhe in anguish; they weep; and in the conflict they are worsted, and they die.

Thou hast but to ask thyself now, Why was the delay? and why the dreadful issue? Violent issues like these come not without violent causes; and come they not because of the uninviting character the church giveth to God? and the probabilities which may come in the eternity he hath ordained?

Our time passeth rapidly, and I must hasten on.

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without a further discourse on this particular point; but I will continue, and in brief show thee the better side of the picture for to discourse on this life, when viewed in a religious aspect, and it is in this aspect alone that we must view it. When we contrast it with the one which is to come, for it is but Christianity that informeth us at all of a life after this, there is much in the scheme that is dark and gloomy; but the darkness and color on the one side make that on the other all the brighter; for, to illumine and irradiate all, we have but to assume that man was created perfect for a specific purpose first, and the end is attained. For it must be admitted that some power produceth all results; and if it be true that God doth his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and that there be none to stay his hand, or to say, What dost thou? then as a result it followeth, that whatever hath taken place since the creation came by his decrees.

It existeth then as a fact, that although man's estate may not now be what it was while he was in Eden, yet there was a force in behind the object acted upon, and an action ensuing, the change came.

The Scripture saith, "The creature was made subject to vanity not willingly, but in accordance with the will of Him who hath subjected him in hope."

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Let the church resist and evade the conclusion as it may. "In hope," the record urgeth; and here is the climax of all. In hope of what? Why, surely, nothing short of a perfection at last; and this cometh as the natural tendency of a man's nature, when it be left free to act out itself as God at first maketh it; for it beginneth to develop itself in early life.

The child findeth himself dissatisfied with his life. He disliketh his studies; and what seemeth to him to be privations, he considereth to be evil; and when he at any time meditateth upon them, he saith within himself, "I will in time be rid of the evil, for when I am a man I shall be free." When he hath arrived at that point, he hopeth on still, for he findeth out by this time that the things of his childish days were good, and not evil, as he at the time thought them to be; and even as he considereth his estate at this period of his life, he findeth it to be other than that which he fancied it to be; and then he consoleth himself with the thought that when he is old and free from care he will be liker a child, and will then be happy, and he contenteth himself with that. But when he is old and tottereth, he doth not find himself, even then, in a state devoid of the need of a continued hope; for as he sitteth alone and bethinketh himself of his present situation, how that he be at the climax of all his

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early conceptions, and that they possess not the power to entirely satisfy his mind, he reacheth over for immortality, and trusteth to that; for he realizeth, then, that this be what the great Creator hath conceived and ordained as the good panacea for all the wounds one receiveth in the battles he fighteth while he is on the earth.

I will not weary thee now by a further discourse on this point, for the noon approacheth.

I will rather make the application of the thoughts of the previous discourse; and it requireth but a short time to do it, for this life is but the opposite of the one to come, and it is not what the church hath represented it to be; for, instead of taking it to be an *opposite*, it maketh it a simple continuation of this, in which will come no better nor higher order of action and enjoyment for a large majority of those that live in it, but one of infinitely greater evil; and that, too, which admitteth of no subsiding nor amelioration.

Here, at times, man discovereth himself and those he loveth to be sick; and though it be to make him, as a whole, better, and all existeth for his good, as I showed thee yesterday, still it is grievous to be borne, and he desireth it not.

There, there are no sickness and pain, for they need no extreme incitements to progress.

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Here, at times, man is defeated; and there ariseth, therefore, despair.

But in that world perfection reigneth, and no opposition is needed to remind them of their good estate.

In the sky of this world there needeth to be clouds, to make man know of and enjoy the sunshine. There, he discriminateth rightly, and needeth no shadows to discover to him the projection or contour of the things he possesses. Here, discontent maketh us weep; but there, "tears shall be wiped from all faces."

"The spirit here," as Pope hath it, is "uneasy and confined at home, and it resteth, and expatiateth on a life to come." But there, it looketh to no other, but is content to dwell at rest; and how one mistaketh when he thanketh not Heaven for the means of preparation which he hath here in this present world!

Why man was not made so that the preparation was not needed, is not the question at this time at issue; for in the discussion we have but to do with the things that exist, and not with those that do not.

If all things here tend to aid man in cultivating the part of himself that distinguisheth him from the beasts he governeth, from whence cometh the argument that it doth not savor of reason to recognize the great principle as right, and wait patiently for the dis-

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covery of the elements and first principles which underlie the whole, till that which is perfect hath come, and, by the change, man hath been prepared to see as he was seen, and know even as he was known; for if man discovereth every where in the world about him that every thing hath, and needeth, an opposing force to make for it an identity, why should not the same be true of the great aggregate of life itself?

Let one consider the life to come to be what pleaseth him best, and still he only desireth to claim that it is a counterpart of this, and is a result of a long experience in its changes and conflicts, observing well its sunshine and its storms with all their effects.

Sunshine and storms in the world within, and the world without!

Maleia thinketh in his mind, that it savoreth but little of unreasonableness or irrationality to assume that experience *there* is but an opposite to experience *here* — the individual and single troubles and opposites to what man considereth to be the good of this life, making the good, in the aggregate, of a more extended dimension; and the great sum of all, a complete and well-organized *opposite* for the whole here; for there, there will be no parts, but one great aggregate

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composed of parts so nicely adjusted and adapted to each other, that a divine affinity permeateth the whole mass, and existeth to so good a degree throughout, that a lesser opposite than the aggregate of a whole earthly life would be of no purpose.

Man hath been made to live here for a time, and with the organism that he is, he needeth opposites to what he calleth good, to make him what he is to be at last.

The good and the bad of this life is like the mixing up of the quartz and the gold in the bowels of the earth.

The gold, when it existeth there, is as pure and good of itself as it ever can be; but to separate it from what it is not of its own kind and nature, man subjecteth it to intense heat, and he doth not question the scheme why the Creator did not keep them separate.

He studieth the great science of geology, and when he meditateth upon the results he observeth, he admireth the recreation which the system of thought be, that it calleth into action in the mind of man, and then he resteth.

This life is not unlike to that; for here, in incongruous masses, are intermingled the evil and the good; and who can tell that any other disposition or arrangement would be of more good to man?

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Death separateth the foreign parts from man's nature, and thus prepareth him for the experience of the time yet to come.

I have now discoursed to thee long on this point, and would do so further, if thou didst not see the principles of the theory. And I have but to say to thee, that as thou shalt at any future time review this part of the theory, it will be well for thee to bring to bear upon it what hath been said before of the opposites of life, and also what may come after; for the whole is so interwoven that all the parts be intimately connected with the rest, and if thou judgest of this alone, it being the great sum of all, and dost not take into thine account all the other bearings and dependencies, thou mayst err greatly.

We will, now, if it pleaseth thee, walk out a while, and return for dinner; for we need a relaxation.

EDWIN. We will go, as you propose. I am not tired, however; for your discourse is of so inviting a nature one is not easily tired in listening to such a recital.

I will withhold comment, for it ill becomes me to do it. I reflected much, after I left you last night, on the education I am receiving, and the thought forced itself into my mind, to deliberate on some method of putting the thoughts you have uttered into some form

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that will enable me to recall them to my mind when I return to London. Our conversations have been so varied that at times it would puzzle me to recall even the thoughts I have uttered myself. We will for the present, however, leave this subject, and walk out as you propose. I presume we shall see Phelim somewhere in our walk, for he has happened in our path, so far, each day.

MALEIA. We will walk to the post office; as the road to it passeth his house, we may fall in with him, and will hear what he hath to say in behalf of his sins of last night. He is a curious fellow, but is not often worsted in a game of any kind.

I will bolt the door, and we will take Dido along with us. As he hath had no jaunt to-day, he will like the project well.

EDWIN. Come, Dido, we are ready for a tramp — will you go? There now; you have jumped against the edge of the door. Poor dog! Did it hurt you? Don't jump so; you shall go.

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CHAPTER II.

A Walk out, and an Interview with Phelim.

MALEIA.

THOU spakest in thy discourse of desiring to retain the thoughts we have uttered. I can help thee to do that right well, for I have notes of all, and can refresh thy memory so that thou mayst be able to write the whole nearly as the things were related. The whole theory I have well in my brain, and the few things that have been uttered besides, I can recall to mind; and at some future time I will do so if thou desirest it. I have no mean nor treacherous memory, but can repeat well the gist of all our discourses, even to what Phelim hath said. However, we will not trouble ourselves with that, as we are not done yet.

Yonder is Phelim in that tree; he is helping himself to farmer Brown's apples. We will leave him to make fair weather for himself. He knoweth not that we see him.

EDWIN. How far is it to the post office, Maleia?

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MALEIA. 'Tis quite a walk from here, and at the junction of the Surrey and Evesham roads. I did not propose to go even up to the place, but in that direction. There, Phelim is hurrying down from the tree, for he espieth us, and knoweth well that he is doing a thing he ought not to do. He will say but little of his sinful acts unless he be induced to do it by our discourse.

EDWIN. He is running towards us. He stops behind the wall to fix the rent in his pants; for I think he has torn them in climbing the tree. Yes, I am right; for as he nears us I see it is in some way disguised. He has tied his handkerchief about his knee, as though he were lame; and the limping seems to make my supposition true. He will, I think, give us to understand that he is lame, or something of that nature.

MALEIA. Speak low, or he will hear thee, and anticipate thine information. We will now hear what he hath to say.

EDWIN. What is the trouble with your knee, Phelim? You are walking as though you were lame, to say the least of the matter.

PHELIM. I'm terrible lame — all because Maleia wouldn't lend me his lantern last night. I knew I shouldn't find the way without stumbling, and running aginst things.

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MALEIA. Then thou shouldst not have committed the theft; for the delay was caused by thy crime, and that alone. If thou hadst not made thyself guilty, thou wouldst not have needed a defence; and consequently thou couldst have returned earlier than thou wast able to do as the case was.

I have but little sympathy for thee. I ween that even now thou art deserving of some further punishment; for if I mistake not, thy lameness, as thou termest it, was not caused wholly by thy misdemeanors of yesterday, but likelier far by those of to-day. Remove the bandage, and let us see the wound.

PHELIM. O, no; I shouldn't dare to do that. Why, the pieces would come right apart. I tell you it's all torn open, so that you can see right into it. O, how bad it is, to be sure!

MALEIA. There, the wrapping is coming off of itself. Thou didst not tie it tightly. In thy haste to cover the wound, as thou callest it, thou didst the thing but poorly. Now, where is the great sore? Thou dog! thou hast lied. We saw thee on the tree, appropriating the apples to thine own use; and doubtless, when thou hastenedst down, as thou sawest us coming, in thy haste thou didst tear thy breeches.

PHELIM. Breeches! There ain't but one breach, is there?

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MALEIA. Thou art witty; but thy wit will not clear thee. Thou understandest well what I would have thee to know. I know full well that a breach is a tear, but not a sore; and thou knowest the same fact as well as I do.

PHELIM. Who said it was a sore? There, I didn't say that. As Host Coburn tells me sometimes, "You've made that up out of a whole piece of cloth."

MALEIA. Thou didst not say *sore*, but thou gavest us to understand thou wast lame because of some hurt thou receivedst by coming in contact with a thing in the road that the light from a lantern would have discovered to thee. I understand thee well. That plea at this time is but a bid for the use of the lantern at another time. Thou hadst better take this pin and secure the pieces to the rest of the cloth, for the hole will not mend itself.

PHELIM. No, I shan't do that. No, not I.

MALEIA. Why wilt thou not pin up the rent? Rememberest thou not that the adage saith, "A stitch in time saveth nine"?

PHELIM. How's that? Say it over again. A stitch in nine saves time?

MALEIA. I shall not repeat to thee the saying, for thou knowest it well.

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PHELIM. Well, I shan't pin up the place, for the hole will wear longer than it will if it's pinned up.

MALEIA. The hole wear longer if it be not pinned up!

PHELIM. Yes; and it will wear wider too. Ah! there I've got you. Where's your old adage now — heigh? Ah! I'm "some" — ain't I? When I went to bet with you yesterday, (don't say any thing about the "nose wiper,") when I was just a going to bet, do you know what I was a going to bet about?

MALEIA. I cannot always anticipate thy thoughts. I did not know what thou wouldst have said then; for thou didst talk so fast that many things could have been considered; and either one of them would have been with as much propriety discoursed upon as another.

PHELIM. Well, I was a going to bet I could spell as well as any fellow up to the stone house — college boys and all put together.

MALEIA. Thou wouldst make sorry work with them at spelling. I should like to witness thee at the trial.

PHELIM. Well, I can do it "like a book" — no, like a "schoolmarm." I can spell any word that is in any of the books at Eton, or Immanuel, or Oxford, or any other college in all the world. But mind you one

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thing. The words must be good long ones, or else there ain't no fun in doing it. Another thing I can do. I can spell the words without so many letters as the "Profs" use to spell the same words with. Now ain't I "some"?

MALEIA. Thou talkest as thou art wont to do. Exaggeration is the great characteristic of all thy discourses. We will give thee a chance.

It needeth no argument of thine to convince me that thou wouldst spell the words differently from the way the professors would spell them, but that the words would be spelled better, I wot not; for, I ween, many would have even more letters than were needed.

I will now ask thee to spell pig, to try thy skill.

PHELIM. O, that's too easy! I can't spell such easy words as that.

MALEIA. Cannot spell that! Then thou art entrapped already; and what sayest thou for thyself? 'Tis but to say p i g, pig, and the word is spelled.

PHELIM. "P i g, pig." I know that. I didn't mean I couldn't spell it at all, but that it was harder work to spell a short word than it is to spell a long one. I'm more used to spelling that kind.

MALEIA. I ween thou canst neither spell short nor long words. Well, now, as thou hast taken ad-

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vantage of the help I tendered to thee, I will let thee spell some hard word thyself.

PHELIM. Now, that's right. I'll spell "blind pig" with only two letters.

MALEIA. "Blind pig!" That is not a long word, but is two short ones put together.

PHELIM. Well, don't two short things put together make one long one? Yes, it makes one more than long, for it makes it *longer*.

If it don't, how many short ones does it take? At any rate, two short ones put together the way you tell of, is longer than if you don't put them together at all, or if you only put one together alone.

MALEIA. "One together alone!" Thou talkest as a fool. Well, go on and spell the word, as thou art pleased to call it, and spell it with but two letters; for be the thing as thou art pleased to have it, the thing is hard to be done, I ween, and thou wilt be worsted in the trial.

PHELIM. Here it goes. P. G., pig; no, P. G., blind pig.

MALEIA. That is far from spelling even pig; to say nothing of a blind one.

PHELIM. I didn't say it spelled *even* pig. Blind pig, I said. Ah, ha, ha! he, he, he!

MALEIA. Come now, tell us how it is that P. G. spelleth blind pig.

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PHELIM. Well, I will; now, look here. You said p i g spelled pig — didn't you?

MALEIA. Yes; but go on.

PHELIM. I was just agoing to go on. Now, p i g spells a real good live pig, with four legs, and two eyes to see out of — don't it?

MALEIA. Certainly it meaneth a pig with four legs and two eyes.

PHELIM. Well, I'm agoing to spell a blind one, you know — one that hasn't got no eyes. Now, to spell a pig that's got eyes and ain't blind, it takes a P and a G with an I in between them; but to spell one that is blind, you've only got to spell it without any eye, and it's all spelt — P. G. blind pig; or, as they say over to court, alias pig without any eye.

MALEIA. Well done. Thy wit hath triumphed for thee for a time.

EDWIN. Phelim, have you fully recovered from your hunger yet? Yesterday, you know, you were in any thing but a desirable condition, if one may judge of your description of the matter.

PHELIM. O, how hungry I was then! I felt as though my belly was all kinder caving in. I felt as thin as a rail; yes, I felt a good deal thinner than that. I felt as thin as two rails put together.

There's for you. Dido is chasing a hen through

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the wicket in old Lummus's barn door. He hates hens. Ah, he's a good bright dog. I like him.

EDWIN. Why does he hate hens more than he does other animals?

PHELIM. He's afraid they'll lay an egg on him. He's shy of having eggs laid on him, I can tell you.

EDWIN. You talk quite strangely. How do you know that what you say is true?

PHELIM. I can tell you. He was in Host Coburn's barn one day last week, a smelling along on the floor, down to the side of the haymow, and I was up on the top of it; and just when he wan't a looking nowhere, I took a hen egg, and slyly held it out, just as easy, right over him, and then let alone of the egg, and it fell ker squash right down on the top of his back. He run out of the barn as tight as he could go, and he thought a hen laid the egg on him.

He hates hens like every thing.

EDWIN. Then it is you, and not hens, that he has reason to fear.

PHELIM. O, he's afraid of me too. He's afraid of almost every thing. That's the reason why I got up on the fence in the woods t'other day, when you came in there. I didn't want to scare him. No, not I. But he's terrible scared of eggs. Do you know I can lay eggs?

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EDWIN. I am aware you can do many things that most people would hardly think of doing; but strange as are your acts, I hardly surmised you could lay eggs, for that is quite out of the course of nature.

PHELIM. "Out of the course of nature!" No, it ain't; I can do it, just as natural and easy as any hen can. And I can lay good new laid eggs, and in a nest too, and I did it the other day.

EDWIN. Well, just tell us how the thing was done.

PHELIM. Well, you keep still and I will. I was over in old Lamson's shed, and there was a hen nest there with two eggs in it; and I took up one, and was just agoing to suck it, and all of a sudden in came old Lamson; and when I saw him coming in, I laid the egg right in the nest again. There! ah, ha, ha! Didn't I lay an egg, and in a nest too? Ah, ha, ha, ha! ah, ha, ha, ha!

MALEIA. It is now near, or rather quite the hour of dinner, and we are nearly home again.

PHELIM. I'm a going up to Host Coburn's tavern to get my dinner. He told me to. I ain't a going to get so hungry as I was yesterday. O, how hungry I was then! Give me that pin, Maleia, and I'll pin up my trousers now. Host Coburn won't let me eat any dinner if I don't fix it up somehow.

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MALEIA. Wilt thou not dine with us, Phelim? Thou shalt have as good things as we have.

PHELIM. No, I can't. I promised to go up there. I'm a promising man, and want to keep up my *honor*.

MALEIA. Thou mayst go, then. I will not delay thee by stopping to offer a comment, for it would but provoke in thee a further discourse.

We will now, friend, go to our dinner; and after we have eaten it, I will continue my discourse to thee.

Our time is passing, and I think now that the major part of to-morrow will be required to complete the illustration of my theory, even if we but consider the points in the same which I have proposed; albeit they be but a few of the many. And if all we have proposed be well considered, all would not be illustrated, for the scheme is great, and it hath many compartments.

We will go in and eat now. The dinner is cold, but it was all prepared in the early morning, and is quite ready for eating, even at this time.

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CHAPTER III.

Maleia discourses on Poverty as compared to Riches.

Maleia.

NOW that our meal is ended, we will resume the discussion of the great problem which hath employed our minds thus far; and we will do so by examining into that part of the great scheme which relateth to poverty and riches; for under one or the other of these heads come most of the affairs of one's life; for if a man possess a thing, he considereth the possession thereof as a good; but if he possess it not, he esteemeth the absence of the thing an evil, and careth but little to inform himself whether the thing be for the advancement and progress of his better nature or not.

"Give me money," crieth out the man of the world, "and with it I will procure all my heart can wish." "Give me riches," ejaculateth the miser, "and I will fall down and worship." In these things the world too often misjudgeth, for the masses be not unlike the

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King of Cyprus, of whom Valerius saith, "Although he was in title king of the island, yet in his mind he was a miserable judge of money;" and he is a single illustration of the fact, that mankind think a state of affluence to be above all others the best in element to produce a healthy soul, and a good estate of the spirit; and thus a man putteth himself continually in agitation and dismay; for instead of peace and quietness, he only gendereth for himself feelings of doubt and chagrin.

Ausonius, in a poem, telleth of a poor man, who, on a time, went to hang himself; but by chance finding a pot of money, he flung away his rope, and went merrily home; but that he that hid the money, when he missed it, hanged himself with the same rope that the other man had left in his more contented humor.

I have told thee many times before that *opposites* always give to good all the identity and value which it hath; and I will now say to thee further, that no man knoweth the value of money so well as he who, by the sweat of his brow, hath earned it. And thus it cometh to be that the value of a shilling is proportionate to the knowledge and experience of the possessor thereof; and hence, as it passeth into different hands, there be various but respective values attached to it; and further, Maleia anticipateth that to a farmer

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a crown be of more value than it may ever be to a gamester; for while the one, by patient toil and solicitation tilleth the ground, and thereby calleth the equivalent of money out of seeming nothing, the other but createth a new organization of the things that already exist; and hence he is without the power which an ability for the creation of a new thing generateth; and it savoreth but scantily of unreasonableness to anticipate that to the tiller of the ground there be a more intense value to the things of this world than there may ever be to any mere organizer, even if he be a manufacturer, and skilled above all his fellows in art and science. But I will not detain thee at this point to further illustrate the idea; for although thou hast lived but a few years, yet thou knowest well that the degree of intensity of need always giveth to an unpossessed good its proportionate value; and it savoreth but little of unreasonableness to say that the world hath comparatively but few truly rich men; for the theory hath proved itself to be true, that Nature produceth but few men who possess property, and be at the same time well and truly rich; for money is only of value in consequence of what it will procure. A High Holborn or a Piccadilly bank note is as worthless as the paper of an exploded fire squib, if one could not exchange it for the good he needeth;

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and when one attempteth to judge of the extent of the riches of another, he should not judge by the amount of gold or stock he hath, but rather by the manner in which he obtained it; and hence his proportionate ability to use it for his good.

By a due consideration of this particular point, he will decide the more truly, and say that if one hath so educated his brain that by the exercise of the functions thereof he knoweth well where, in exchange for one pound, he may come in possession of as much good, in quantity, as another's ignorance will cost him two pounds, then he may say that he with the educated brain, although he may literally possess but half as many pounds in number as the other, yet he is quite as rich; and, in a meditation like this, one beginneth to discover that "knowledge is power" indeed, rather than wealth alone, as the world esteemeth it to be.

I shall in time show thee that discipline, and that alone, maketh man truly rich; and I would have thee mark the remainder of this discourse well, as it beareth hardly on the previous discourses, and hath a connection of no mean power with the others that are yet to come.

If a man dieth, and bequeatheth to his son a patrimony of a value of ten thousand pounds, if the mind

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of the son hath not been educated and disciplined at all by a sense of want, still he is but a poor man, and is only worth in reality as much in amount as the value of the things he will receive in exchange for his money; and it often happeneth to be, that the "fool and his money soon part," and he receiveth but a scanty equivalent therefor.

I will ask thee now to take the criterion that hath been laid down, that is, the *experimental* knowledge of the value of money, and I think thou wilt not be long in deciding that in many a low and obscure cot, like Maleia's even, there be riches that the world cannot give, and which it can never take away.

The great poet hath said, —

> "'Tis better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow."

David hath it, "A small thing that the righteous hath is better than the riches of the ungodly;" and St. Chrysostom saith, "Be not angry for what thou hast not, but give God hearty thanks for what thou hast received." The great Austin relateth, that, on a time, as he was passing through a village in the territory of Milan, he saw a poor beggar, who belike had gotten his belly full of meat, jesting and merry; and

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Austin continueth to say, "I sighed, and said to some of my friends that were with me, What a deal of trouble, madness, pain, and grief do we sustain, and exaggerate unto ourselves, to get that secure happiness which this poor beggar hath prevented of us, and which, peradventure, we shall never have! For that which he now hath attained by the begging of some small pieces of silver, a temporal happiness, and present heart's ease, I cannot compass with all my careful windings, and running in and out." And as another hath said, "Nature is content with bread and water; and he that can rest satisfied with that may contend with Jupiter himself for happiness."

St. Hierome saith, "These two be enough to satisfy all the demands of nature," and he "esteemeth him rich that hath bread to eat," and also that "he is a potent man that is not compelled to be a slave by reason of his appetite." He saith further, that "hunger is not ambitious, so that it hath to eat; and thirst doth not prefer a cup of gold;" and a classic poet saith, —

> "If belly, sides, and feet be well at ease,
> A prince's treasure can thee no more please."

It is told of Socrates, that being, on a time, in a fair, and seeing the great multitude assembled, and the large number of purchases they made, he ex-

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claimed thereat, "O ye gods, what a sight of things do I want!" and saith another, "'Tis thy want alone that keepeth thee in health of body and mind, and that which thou persecutest and abhorrest, as a feral plague, is thy physician and chiefest friend, which maketh thee a good man — a healthful, sound, a virtuous, an honest, a happy man."

I will pass on, albeit it would please me well to speak further of the opinions of others on this point; but I will rather remark to thee, that poverty and want are a school for the affections, and that the men of meditation and thought, of all times, have known it well.

It is related of Thebanus, who was at a time looked upon as a sort of god by the people of Athens, that when he looked about him, and observed his many servants and attendants, his great wealth, fine mansions, and splendid apparel, he bethought himself that all was of little real value, and not required by nature that he might live well; and thereupon he flung his burden into the sea, and renounced his estate.

Cardan observeth of the estate of the body of a beggar child, that "it is not a whit inferior to a prince's, but for the most part better." Chrysostom saith, "The sequel of riches is pride, riot, intemperance, arrogancy, fury, and all irrational courses."

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I would have thee bear in mind, now, what I said to thee before of the influence of the body on the mind — how that a debauched state of the one hindereth the advancement of the other, in a spiritual point of view; also that even the debauch, if one know better, maketh him more responsible; and when he at last awakeneth to a sense of his condition, his estate of mind is all the more intense with reality and power.

I would have thee to be informed, at this point, that Maleia would discriminate well and clearly between affluence and severe poverty; and more than this, he would not be guilty of perpetuating poverty, that good may come of it, more than he would of perpetuating any other of the opposites of good, that hath been considered; and on this point no further discourse is demanded, as the same thing hath been examined in another place. But he insisteth that of right men should refrain from calling want of any kind an actual and absolute evil, and that they should rather combine their efforts, and explode the theory that in affluence alone are the elements of the spirit's discipline and progress; for the history of all men proveth the whole scheme to work in a different manner.

A fair poetess of our own England hath uttered the following sentiment, and I like it well: —

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"'Mid pleasure, plenty, and success,
Freely we take from him who lends;
We boast the blessings we possess,
Yet scarcely thank the one who sends;
But let affliction pour its smart,
How soon we quail beneath the rod!
With shattered pride and prostrate heart,
We seek the long-forgotten God.
Let him but smite us, soon we bleed,
And tremble like a fragile reed;
Then do we learn, and own, and feel,
The power that wounds alone can heal."

That is well said, and she knows well of the things her mind meditated upon.

Maleia recognizeth, as a thing of value, every work of science or art, and the best aspiration of his soul is bestirred within him, as he meditateth upon the strides of intellect and genius. He loveth well to look upon the refinements of civilization. If he but looketh upon the savage, even, he seeth his stalwart form wrapped in the vesture of the kingly beasts of the forest, and his mighty brow decorated at the expense of the strange birds that live far up in the mountain cliffs, where man hath never climbed, and where the wild sea bird screameth aloud for his prey.

He is a man, and he hath a soul. As this thought cometh to Maleia, his spirit moveth within him — he is disposed to love what he looketh upon; but ere long

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he saith within himself, this man is a savage, and for the time he changeth his meditation, and in turn looketh with the eye of his mind at another phase of humanity; and, as it were, in the brilliantly-lighted ball-room he standeth, and then is enkindled within him the power which recognizeth the greatness of matured genius and the triumphs of a disciplined intellect and reason. There, flourish the polished diamond and the glittering tinsel, and many a fine-textured fabric; and then, more than all, he is not unconscious of the air of intelligence and refinement which reigneth over all things about him.

There is a degree of intelligence, Maleia thinketh to himself, in the savage, and he evinceth it in the very costume he weareth; for he conceived, he thought, and he labored to obtain and arrange it; but in the case which cometh to be placed in contrast is discovered a deeper significance, and a more wonderful development of power; for, as compared to the savage, the man of civilization hath almost omnipotent power to generate thought, and to organize it so that it may produce refinement and consequent progress.

If it so happen that, when he is in an elevated position, a man abuseth his blessings, and looketh down in derision and scorn on those below him, the

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act cometh to be a transgression, and the ill effect will be his own, and not that of another; and of the abuse of attainments I am not speaking now.

I would have all men refrain from calling poverty, or the want of any thing, an absolute evil, so long as there be connected with the body it 'acteth upon an intellect and a reason.

That intellect is to be disciplined and schooled, and action, and that alone, must do it; and if action be the thing needed, how can it take place unless a thing of an opposite power shall set it in play? There is a need of an opposite to produce action in nature.

Heat expandeth a thing, and its opposite, cold, contracteth it, and by a continued imparting or withholding of the positive power, a motion is continually produced; and hence, in the great world of nature, come gales, winds, and storms, with all their mighty aspects and results: 'tis so. of all action or life; for from rubbing or friction of one thing against another, cometh all the heat in animals or nature.

The long distance of the sun from the earth presenteth a larger impinging surface to the rays, and thereby the more heat is produced.

Action produceth heat, and heat expandeth all things, whether they be in the realm of animal or vegetable life. And all things which be exercised

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at all increase in dimension; for even as the right hand and arm of a man become more large and extensive by reason of the more exercise it hath than the left hand, so it cometh to be of the mind, and all the spirit of man; if it be still and dormant, it pineth and dieth, and because of the lack of exercise it shrivelleth up; but to the contrary, if it be exercised, it becometh the more enlarged and extended in its estate.

A man considereth riches as the only good; and how he mistaketh, when he thus revolveth his thoughts! for if he but had all the things he desireth, how could he act? And if he could obtain all the things he could conceive of or desire, how would he deplore his fate, and how speedily would he desire to be permitted to return to his original state!

I will ask thee now, for the purpose of illustration, to imagine, if thou art able, the situation and condition of a human being whose estate and elements of life were such, that, like the Omnipotent, it would be demanded of him but to ask and he should be able to receive at his command, for his own use and benefit, all the so called riches of the world; and what thinkest thou would come as an issue? What could he do more than would be done by one of us?

He could bring, we will suppose, to himself any

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thing he could conceive of, to please his palate, but his powers of digestion would refuse to digest for him more food than would ours for us.

He could eat but three meals in one day; and thus, so far as relateth to eating, as soon as this could come an end to all his mighty conceptions, and at this point in the scheme he would be powerless.

Let him attempt to forget his early defeat, and that he may do it the better, go out into nature, and what would come to him then? He might wish to discover new and strange things there, but his eyes would fail to develop to him any thing that we might not look upon, did we either go before, beside, or behind him. Nothing would be discovered to him, that would be hid from us.

He would stand, as would we, upon the solemn earth, and no more than we could he reach up to heaven. Let him conceive that he will roam over the earth in distant lands, and he would be governed again, for with safety he could travel but a limited number of miles in an hour, for the best kind of locomotive machinery he could obtain would be held and reigned in by fixed and immutable laws, which he must not for a moment transgress; and then, to finish the allegory, let thy mind continue to follow him at the close of the career as this day endeth.

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The first day of his history under an administration he bethought him would be so transcendent and grand, and in what wouldst thou find him better off than thou art?

Night droppeth the curtain before the grand proscenium of nature; the stars come out, and silently watch over all, and a voice within him inviteth him to sleep. "What!" saith he, "must I resign all? I, who am lord of all things of a material nature, must I release my hold and use of them so soon, and enter passively into a state which is the same as though I existed not? I will not obey."

Let him try to evade if he will; the very act itself taketh from him his strength, and at last he falleth helpless into the arms of the grand restorer of nature, as the poet hath it, and he is powerless like a weak child, that is but newly born.

Night maketh all equal — the poor and the rich. It palsieth the arm, and the hum of labor is hushed.

The mighty lungs of traffic cease to be longer inflated, and a mighty neglect presenteth itself as the prominenter feature of the hour; and at this time where is the man who, because of his great amount of earthly goods, seemeth to have the greater power?

He lieth still, beneath his gorgeous canopy, unconscious and helpless, like a child. There be a million

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dangers all about him, each of which hath an identity and a power to destroy the strange connection which existeth between his spirit and body; yet, in spite of them, he hath come to be all unsolicitous. And where should we be? Beneath the influence of the same invisible power, and until we wake, no change would come to either. And if thou wilt continue the conception to a time after the change hath come, what wilt thou behold? Will it not be the same ordeal as yesterday? And when the nightfall cometh, will he not again be as impotent and helpless as before? We should be as we were. And which, thinkest thou, of the two situations is of the more value, that of one who obtaineth the blessing by first conceiving, and then by patient toil and labor, urged on by an earnest solicitation, or him who hath but to wish and receive? It requireth but little time to determine; for when one hath meditated as he should, he decideth to give choice to the former of the two; and if deprived of the privilege, he would beg and pray even to be permitted to first discover himself to be in want, then to conceive the channel through which good may come, and after this, toil anxiously, and with a hopeful patience follow the scheme he hath devised in all its windings, and step by step observe the things that be gendered thereby. I will discover to thy mind the reasons for

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this decision; and to do this, I will say to thee, that if a man thinketh well on the theme, he decideth early that he thinketh not well of any sudden change or transition.

He recognizeth a slow but gradual progress as being the one of more value.

No man asketh that the dreariness of winter may be dispelled by a great change from a severe cold to a heat.

He doth not desire, when he hath planted seeds in his ground, that they will germinate and spring up the same day, and continue on till they have blossomed and died, before any night hath ever come to them, and then repeat the same career on the morrow.

He rather liketh well the slower process of nature, and he loveth to observe the almost imperceptible movements of the germ, the bud, the flower, and at last the fruit; all of which evince a splendid progress.

He discovereth a great good in the progress of the changing seasons, which are never sudden, passing from summer to winter, or from winter to summer, without a spring or an autumn between them; and when he meditateth, he desireth no alteration in the economy, and would not have the line which divideth them distincter than that which existeth at present.

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He extendeth his reason, and applyeth it to all the commoner events of his daily life.

He adoreth and liketh well the soft and disguising twilight which so lovingly cometh in between the night and the day, at either end thereof.

He saith it is of intrinsic value, because it veileth from him the parts where these great opposites meet; and although they each have a great power and identity of their own, they be so well entertained at their place of meeting, that they be like friends, from whom goeth out a kind and good influence, of like element of composition and nature, the one with the other; and when he looketh over his own life, he applyeth the same reasons, and he saith, "I like the slower process, and if so be that it is a movement at all, I will risk the result." And then, in his spirit, he prayeth for a continuance of the same laws and economy.

Now, this whole scheme of possession and want in the world is made up of these same elements.

A *progress* is demanded, and a progress must be had; and if thou but makest one rich, as a man thinketh he would make himself had he the power, thou then, by the same act, puttest an end to all his progress, and from that hour ceaseth the discipline of his spirit; for there being no demand for action, none cometh; and for the want thereof his intellect sleep-

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eth, and after a time he cometh to be as though he existed not.

If one but had the power to supply all his wants by the mere exercise of his *desires*, all aspirations for good would soon cease to be.

I will now ask thee to take the illustration as a key to unlock the seeming secrets of human life; and thou wilt discover, I ween, that want is but the opposite of possession, and is the power which urgeth men on to act their parts in life; and also, that whether the lack of possession be relative to gold, or to any riches of the intellect, that the absence itself createth the action which produceth an identity to the good, of which it is but the opposite.

I will not now delay, as it is again near night, and we must close our discourse.

To argue at all on the economy of the great scheme, or to attempt to determine why riches are not more equally distributed than they are, is not needed at this place. Thou knowest well that, if it could come to be that on the morrow all the goods of the world were to be proportioned out, so that each would have his equal part, that the sun would not set till the whole was become unevenly balanced again; and in time, things would again return to the present state of equilibrium; for such it appeareth to Maleia to be,

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when he considereth the respective capacity each man hath for enjoying or using his blessings.

If one questioneth the great laws which govern the mighty scheme, or the wisdom that conceived them at first, he at the same time arraigneth the Deity, inasmuch as he hath created the creature so acted upon as it hath pleased him; and, I ween, in a contest like that, little would be gained, and the poor and shortsighted disputant would find himself in a dilemma still. But it existeth as no great theme of wonder, that man cannot see why the laws which govern the scheme be as they are; for how can the thing created equal in discernment and knowledge the creator? For when this existeth, then it is an equality with the great Author of all power and being.

I must soon close, for the sun goeth fast into the west. I shall be compelled to leave thee to follow out this part of the scheme, as I have done with the others; for to say to thee all the things I wish, would weary thee. I close with a short discourse of advice and suggestion, for thy private good; and I will now say to thee first, that when at any time, in after life, thou art by thine experience enabled to look at the elements which make up the texture of human life, that thou then wilt be constrained to say, that the seeming differences of human life, as related to riches

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or poverty, either in thought, or influence, or worldly possessions, must after all be attributed to ourselves, and not to the things outside of and about us.

It is the spirit alone that is immortal, and it craveth not the blessings of any material thing.

The poet Thomson hath said, and said truly, that

> "True loveliness needeth not the foreign aid of ornament,
> But is, when unadorned, adorned the most."

Many men have been degraded by riches, but not one by poverty. It often happeneth to be inconvenient to be poor, but poverty never existeth as a disgrace, and that is the worst and the best any man may ever say of the scheme, for money will never insure a healthful soul, neither will the want of it make it unwell; for God himself breathed into it the breath of life, and he alone continueth it in its career; and the poet hath well said of it, —

> "'Tis like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
> You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

And thus I might continue to show thee the greatness of the spirit, and how that it suffereth but little for the want of this world's goods; or that, in the event it suffereth at all, that the very pain which existeth was in itself a discipline to itself.

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It often happeneth that instead of gold being a blessing, it existeth but as a curse. As St. Hierome saith to the monk Rusticus, "Gold and silver are too heavy metals for him to carry that seeketh heaven; and if thy money be gone from thee, thou art now all the lighter, and thy mind is unshackled, and thou art a freer man."

Phocion, at a time, received a present of a hundred talents in gold from Alexander, because he was considered to be so good a man; but knowing the power of the metal to attract his thoughts from better things, he respectfully returned it, with the request that "if he would have him to be a good man still, to let him be as he was." And Cratan, when he threw his goods into the sea, exclaimed, "I had rather drown *thee* than have thee drown me." And, to the direct point, Horace saith, "Human life hath granted nothing to man without great industry." And another hath it, "Those trees which are to stand for ages be slow and imperceptible in their growth, while the mushroom springeth and then withereth up in a day."

Constant and persevering exertions in the cultivation of the mind, as in that of the soil, seldom fail to produce some correspondent effects; while the desultory efforts of those who make haste to be eminent are without force, being made without any well-

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digested plan. And in this way I might continue to the end of the chapter.

I will now leave all to be judged of by thine understanding, and will therefore close. The stars have begun to appear, and I must now leave thee. There be as yet, however, many things I would inform thee of; but the time preventeth. To-morrow is Saturday; and if thou desirest it, I will meet with thee once more, and give thee a closing discourse on the mighty theme.

I would delay a further pursuance of the subject till a later day did it not happen that on the next week I am to go to the Court of Assizes to testify in a case of which but few, save myself, are informed; and thou mayst leave Tamworth ere I shall return. I shall leave all the affairs of my little farm to the care of Farmer Lambkins, a good neighbor and kind man of the village.

EDWIN. It will be useless for me, at so late an hour, to offer to you any comment, or to attempt a review of the doctrines and sentiments you have advanced; neither would it be well for me to make the attempt did time permit it.

When I go to my home, I do so with the assurance, that, you have lived so long, seen and thought so much of human nature, you cannot be blind to the fact

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that I am thankful you have conversed with me so freely, and given me so choice thoughts as you have. I am pleased to hear you converse; for when you quote from an ancient author, you but show me that what seems to be great in the world's estimation, is too often great but in opinions, and that when we take away from them the veils which hide their real bodies from us, then, and not till then, do we discover the actual truth.

Riches have their mission, and so I know has poverty. I see the appropriate sphere and mission of each, and that, too, as I did not see them before you conversed; and I could but be reminded, when you spoke of a poor but good man, of a verse of a fine hymn, written by Sir Henry Wotton, in which he says of such, —

> "This man is freed from servile bands
> Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
> Lord of himself, though not of lands,
> And having nothing, yet hath all."

But I find myself giving utterance to thoughts I ought perhaps to restrain, and you will pardon me for so great a recital. You propose another discourse on the morrow: nothing will please me more, and I will attend and be with you.

I shall go to Evesham on Monday for a week; and

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I can assure you that I shall return to London, in time, a better man than when I came to Tamworth.

You have conversed freely and with plainness on some of the things which have to do with our *senses*; and if it pleases you so to do, I should be happy to have you talk on the great evil, *sin*. This seems to be required to complete the series of investigations. You spoke of doing this, if I mistake not. At what time shall I meet you, my good father?

MALELA. Thou wilt be welcome, and wilt find me ready at any time thou art pleased to come, even if it be but seven of the clock. I shall be free and ready for the discourse. I need not that thou shouldst thank me for my past discourses; for if I have but commenced a train of good thought in thy mind that will tend to make thy life happier, I am well-repaid for all my labors. Thou askest me to discourse on the mighty evil, *sin*. I will do so; and such, let me say to thee, was my intention; and as it is the great "*bug-bear*" of the world, I will attempt to discourse to thee with as good a degree of logic as my powers will admit; for the subject is one of no mean authority or power, and it demandeth that it be well examined.

He that hath not spiritual eyes is indeed blind; for, as Ficinus observeth, "if one would see God, he should get for himself solar eyes, spectacles, as they

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do who look on the sun. To see this divine Beauty," he continueth, "lay aside all material objects, all sense, and then thou shalt see him as he is."

But now we must part for the night; we will leave our present discourse. Good night to thee, friend. Come as thou proposest.

I discover in the lane that Phelim is riding down this way in a wain. I imagine he hath stolen the whole team, horse and all; for I ween no one would lend him a horse.

EDWIN. He has appropriated it to his own use without doubt; but how happens it that he is out so late again? Last night, just at dusk, he came along. Lest he make a delay, as he did then, we will separate before he arrives here. He has not espied us as yet, I think. There! he is just coming round the bend in the road, and is urging forward the horse. He takes off his hat, and is bowing nearly to the floor of the wagon.

MALEIA. He discovereth us, and knoweth well that we observe him. We will wait for a few moments, so that he may not judge us harshly; for as his eyes have fallen upon us, he will anticipate a short entertainment, and we will so govern him that he will depart soon. I care not to entertain him long; but we should be kind and courteous to all; and the more

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one doth wrong, the more he deserveth our pity; for however much of good we may discover in the discipline which his errors may be to *him*, still we may sympathize for him in that the particular discipline is demanded.

EDWIN. He is quite near us, but pretends that he does not discover us.

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CHAPTER IV.

CLOSING ACTS FOR THE DAY.—PHELIM'S INTERVIEW, &c.

PHELIM.

GET out of the way, there, or I shall run right over you both. I can't hardly hold in this horse. Ah! he's a good horse; he's smart and kinky. I saw him up in the lane, and I thought he was smart, and so I borrowed him, just to see if I was right in my opinion. Whoa! you critter; why don't you mind?

MALEIA. Thou wouldst have said a truer thing if thou hadst owned up that thou hadst stolen the team; for no one, I ween, would lend it to thee, for thou art known too well to hope to be intrusted with a horse. I discover by the sides of the animal that thou hast plied the whip full too often.

PHELIM. Yes; he's like my old spelling book I had when I used to go to school. One day I got tired of it because I'd learned it all through, and so I took my jackknife and cut right acrost the leaves of it; and when the master asked me what I did that for, I told

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him I did it to *illustrate it with cuts.* Did ever you see my jackknife, Maleia's friend? It's the ancientest one in all Tamworth, or any where else.

EDWIN. I have never seen it, Phelim; but I should think, if what you say is to be relied upon, that it must be a valuable article.

PHELIM. Well, it is. It's a real, good, valuable, antique, old jackknife, and no mistake. It belonged once to the father of old Zeb Muggins's grandmother. For one penny I'll show it to you. Do you dare to take me up on that? One penny — that's cheap, as the man says over to the vendue. "It's cheap at half the money," says he.

MALEIA. Thou hadst better remove the horse thou hast taken away to the place where thou foundest him. It will come to be but an aggravation of thy sin to continue the evil; for perchance the owner waiteth for him now, and is tired already.

PHELIM. Now, Maleia, you're trying to head me off, and spoil my bargain. Let your friend pay me the penny, and I'll show him the knife, and then I'll carry the horse right back to the place where I got him from. Only one penny to see a jackknife that's ever so many hundred years old.

EDWIN. We must separate, as it is quite dark already; but I will give you the penny; and now, as I

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give it to you, I advise you, after exhibiting the jackknife, to go directly home.

PHELIM. Well, I will. There's for you! Ain't that one of the jackknifes? Real old, and antiquarianated—ain't it? Only one penny for letting any body see it. That's too cheap. It's worth two pennies of any body's money. It takes two to buy just one cup of sack up to Host Coburn's tavern.

EDWIN. You are hinting quite definitely for another penny; but I think, if it would go for sack, it would be no act of charity to present you with one; and besides, you are far from being entitled to even one, for, ——

PHELIM, *interrupting*. Didn't I let you see the jackknife? Tell me that—will you?

EDWIN. That is the principal act of injudiciousness on your part; for if you had not shown the knife, you might possibly have neglected to give a direct lie to your story.

Instead of the knife's being old, it is quite a modern one, and even new.

I should say a week gone, it was exposed as new, and for sale in some store. What say you, Maleia, to Phelim's story?

It has rather a "hard look," I think.

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PHELIM. No, it don't. No, not that, and I'll prove it to you as slick as a mitten.

MALEIA. Phelim, when another's opinion, hath been asked on a question, thou shouldst not interfere, and tender one conceived by thine own brain, and more especially when it so intimately concerneth thyself; but thou shouldst wait, and at the proper time thou wouldst be permitted to reply and vindicate thyself.

I will set thee an example of self-government, first asking permission of my friend to permit me to do so; and I set the example by permitting thee to give thy reason first, and for the present I will control my own feelings, and will withhold my proposed words. Go on, and give the explanation.

PHELIM. O, it's so dark, Maleia, I must go, or I shall miss my way home, and fall down ever so many times, and hurt my knees, just as I did last night.

Will you lend me your lantern?

I shall miss the way, and meet all kinds of bad things; I know I shall.

Lend me your lantern, Maleia, just this once, and I will go home early another time.

MALEIA. I will loan thee the lantern for once again, as I have done before; and I do this on one condition, and that is, that thou wilt return it on the morrow; for thou well knowest that if it be not

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returned thou couldst not borrow it again if I was disposed to lend it to thee.

I shall hold thee to thy promise to return at another time before nightfall. I will go to the house and bring it to thee, and while I am away on the errand, thou mayst give thine explanation of the story as relateth to the jackknife, so that, as soon as thou art equipped with the lantern, thou mayst hasten to thy home.

PHELIM. Now, Maleia's friend, why don't you believe what I say? It's too bad to keep me away down here so late, when I'm a trying to get home early. You ought to believe me, Host Coburn said one day— Now, I'll tell you what he said. He told them men what go round and get the taxes, that I didn't board in his tavern, and how that he'd rather board me a week than a fortnight, for I was a fellow of extraordinary voracity. Now, what do you think?

EDWIN. You evade the question entirely. I will say to you, as I pass the thing ——

PHELIM, *interrupting*. Yes, pass the thing. That's right. Pass it all right over. You're a clever fellow.

EDWIN. Do not interrupt, for Maleia is already lighting the lamp of the lantern, and you will not have time. I wish to say, in passing, that Host Coburn, as you call him, understands well the meaning

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of both the words *voracity* and *veracity;* and more is the pity that you cannot, by your traits of character and daily acts, lay claim to the virtue denoted by the latter word, as you doubtless do to the practice of the former.

However, I wish to hear your explanation. The reason I doubt your word is this: I think the knife has every evidence of being a new knife. Every thing about it indicates this. The blade is bright and well polished in every part now.

PHELIM. Well, that's a new blade, just yesterday put in. It ought to be bright and all polished, in every part, now. Did ever you see a new blade, just put in yesterday, that wasn't bright? There, that's as much as you can tell. You didn't tell right about that nose wiper, yesterday night.

That knife has had in it ever so many new blades, and every blade of them was a bright one.

EDWIN. "Ever so many new blades." Well, the handle looks as though that was not very ancient, for the grain of the horn is still clear to be seen.

PHELIM. The handle is new, too. Did ever you see a handle to a jackknife that was new, when the grain of the horn wasn't clear to be seen? Now tell me that — will you? You're down on the handles, just as you are on the blades. That knife has had made

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to it many a new handle, and all of them was clear to be seen.

MALEIA. Here, take the lantern, and hasten to thy home. Hast thou explained thyself in regard to the knife?

PHELIM. O, that's the thing! I like lanterns when it's dark. "Explained about the jackknife." I've squatted your friend's ideas all out as flat as a pancake. He's all convinced that I'm right.

EDWIN. He says the knife is really as old as he at first stated, but there is a peculiar secret about the thing. He urges that it has had many new blades and handles.

I will not, as the hour is late, detain him longer. If he thinks it is the same knife, I will permit him to continue in his belief for the present, at least.

PHELIM. There! Can't say a word against what I told to him. I'm a going. O, what a good horse this is!

MALEIA. Now, a word of advice to thee, Phelim, and remember well who it is that giveth the advice to thee. Go first as direct as thou art able and put the animal where thou found it; then, hasten to thy home, and do not stop at any pot or ale house by the way. I shall hear of thee if thou disobeyest.

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PHELIM. I will, Maleia. O, how dark it is now! I'm scared already.

MALEIA. Phelim is a strange being, and he knoweth well that the lantern will aid him in the discoverment of the best paths, for darkness worketh mightily on his fantasy.

I would have sent him on without the lantern, but for the reason that, because of his diseased imagination, he might be induced to ride on, even to his home, and then leave the horse in the street, to wander where he listed, and the owner would be in doubt and dismay.

If he hath the lantern, he may do as I direct him. We will now part for the night, as we proposed to do when Phelim came in sight.

We but bear our part of the discomfort of the acts of Phelim, for he getteth himself into scrapes and factions often, and he that by chance happeneth to be nearest to him at the time of his dilemma and discomforture is, by reason of good humor, induced to assist him, and often at the expense of his own good and ease; however, there cometh of a communication with him a good, if the lesson be learned aright; for his wit and evasive answers exhibit a mind with an identity all its own; and the conceptions it gendereth

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cause new thoughts in the mind in which the thought be entertained.

A good night to thee, and if any, peaceful dreams. Come again in the morning, and we will resume our theme of discourse.

I have a new suggestion to give thee, however: rather than come to this place, if it meeteth thine approbation, we will meet at the farm house of neighbor Lambkins, as I must call on him in the morning, before we begin our labor for the day.

He is a man of no mean humor, and will entertain thee well.

Come at eight of the clock, if it pleaseth thee, and I will be ready for a reception.

EDWIN. I will meet you there, with pleasure. Good night.

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THE FIFTH DAY.

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THE FIFTH DAY.

CHAPTER I.

Entertainment and Interview at Farmer Lambkins's.

MALEIA.

MY young friend is at the ledge in the lane, I discover, and he will soon be here. We will consider our business ended. I will take the papers with me to London on Monday.

LAMBKINS. Take them to London, and see to it that all be properly avouched for, and duly recorded; you know, as well as I do, the necessity of precision and action. You do not suffer for a need of the advice I give; but you are aware of the naturalness of the suggestion, Maleia. Now, a mug of good cider will ratify all on our part. But stay me; your friend is near, and we will wait for him, rather than be in

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the act of draining it when he arrives. In these temperance times it becomes one better to count his host before he goes to battle. You are aware, Maleia, that I am far from being one to countenance the practice of drinking alcoholic mixtures as a beverage; and lest the appearance of evil be not avoided, we will wait. He is just at the gate.

MALEIA. Thou speakest well, Lambkins. I like thy discourse. There be no more sorry practice among men than that of dram drinking. I know the elements of thy nature well. Thou art not at any time unmindful of the examples that should be set to an undisciplined youth.

EDWIN *arrives.*

Good morning to thee, friend. My friend Lambkins entertaineth thee this morning. He is a true friend of Maleia, and hath long been so. The young man before thee, Farmer Lambkins, desireth a bestowment of thy good cheer.

LAMBKINS. My regards to you, sir. You have all my house affords for the inducement of comfort to you. A seat for you, sir. And soon we will regale ourselves with a noggin of good new cider. I am no friend of tippling; but the cider is new, and will do us no harm. The fermented liquor is an enemy, and

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should be considered as such. This cider is made from the pearmain apple, and is all in quality it appears to be.

EDWIN. I am happy to meet you, sir, this fine October morning. Maleia spoke favorably of you last night. I think he is right. Your cider looks well. I think I am justified in saying it looks better than any I have ever seen in London.

LAMBKINS. You are from some university, I anticipate. You give evidence of scholarship. May it not be that you are even now at school?

EDWIN. You are right, in part. I was a senior at Eton last year. I am at present with my father in the silk and linen business in the metropolis.

LAMBKINS. Fill up your mugs again. Make yourselves free, and at home.

MALEIA. Thou art true to thy nature; and it cometh as a result that thou art generous with thy cider. We will help ourselves as we may desire. The cider is good.

LAMBKINS. I have spoken of intoxicating liquors. I remember a little ditty connected with our good old Parson Joyce. You recollect, Maleia, his son Tom, I imagine; an unruly boy he was. Once on a time, Tom came home to the old parsonage, as the saying has it, "with a brick in his hat." The venerable

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parson took him "to do" in the matter; and Tom, being a good deal of a wit, replied to the old man as follows: —

> I fill the glass two parts with gin,
> And put but little water in;
> For Paul — and you'll allow him merit —
> Expressly says, "*Quench not the spirit.*"

MALEIA. That Tom I knew well. He was a trial and a pest to the grace of his sainted father. The pious Joyce went to his grave mourning the depravity of his son.

I remember of him a ditty; and as the turn of our conversation seemeth to demand a tale from Maleia, I will take it for granted that I am warranted in a recital thereof; and it relateth to this same Thomas.

It is said, that, at the school kept at the time by the passionate pedagogue, JONES, a hot contest was engendered by the pedagogue, who, for a misdemeanor on the part of the young Joyce, sent a ruler at his head; when he instantly hurled it back, with the remark, that "it was but a poor rule that would not work both ways."

He was a wit of no mean caliber, Farmer Lambkins; but he went suddenly to his rest at last, and the whole family have since joined him in his repose.

EDWIN. I think I have heard of this same Tom,

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and also another story in regard to him. It is related that at a time like the one you cite, Farmer Lambkins, he was moralized with by his father in regard to the habit of which he was guilty, and that he reminded the old gentleman of the subject of a late discourse. "The burden of your discourse of yesterday, old man," says Tom, "was, 'Love your enemies.' I am trying to love mine. 'Faith without works is dead,' was the text in the afternoon, dad."

LAMBKINS. Maleia, a visitor at neighbor Griffin's lost his team last night, and a great loss it was too. The horse was of a good breed, and said to be more fleet than usual. Griffin was here at dusk, and seemed to be in great trouble. He thinks the horse must have become unloosed by some means, and that his impatience induced him to trot off alone. Did he pass your house?

MALEIA. The horse's *impatience!* Ha, ha! The whole thing is unravelled now. Phelim, the jester, was the impatient one, and not the horse. Phelim was at my house at nightfall with the team; and in the absence of a better plea, he said he had borrowed it. I loaned him the lantern, and sent him back with the things he had stolen.

He is getting to be rather too severe in his jokes, as he calleth them; 'twas but two days gone since

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he purloined my handkerchief, and but by a mere accident he discovered to me the theft. I ween he took the horse to his owner soon; for I urged upon him the necessity of immediate reparation of the wrong he had done. He would take the beast to his owner as directed, I judge; for he is a coward, and the remembrance of a continued sin would so haunt him by night that he would rid himself of the same at the moment he discovered that the pleasure cost him more than it pleased him; for his power to entertain himself is so great, that he will, at the moment he desireth so to do, free himself from the stings of conscience by diverting attention to another scheme.

EDWIN. He must, I think, have delivered the horse before eight o'clock; he left us at seven. Jokes of that nature are rather too serious. Does he perform in this way often?

LAMBKINS. By no means. He is in Tamworth for but a short time at one visit. His friends live on the Evesham road. He resides the larger part of the time at Buckingham or at Windsor. The king will call him from this village soon. He is in this place many times during the year; and after he has been here for a longer time than a week, he begins to "show the cloven foot," as old friend Jenkins used to say of him. He is not vicious at all, as a general

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thing; but after a long time of liberty, he feels the lack of restraint; and then, instead of a humorous play of words, he is disposed to let the results of his deliberations be illustrated with acts.

At one time he met one of my boys, as he was returning from school, and, taking the Bible the boy held in his hand, after scanning it for a few moments, hurled it at the head of the boy; and when asked why he did it, replied, he was "trying to have it make an impression on the boy, for it had never done so yet." He is a wit, but needs governing.

Take more cider. Help yourselves.

EDWIN. We shall, in all probability, fall in with him some time during the day, as we have met him for four consecutive days already, and at times twice in one day. He will, I think, bring the lantern back soon, and we will put to him some questions in regard to the matter.

MALEIA. 'Tis but to make him prevaricate to interrogate him at all on any point; but as he is so disposed to exaggerate in whatever discourse he maketh, it may be the better way to meet him on such points as we are informed upon, that we may train him the better. He hath never injured me; but I think he presseth hard towards a more desperate course, and needeth to be restrained.

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We must soon depart, friend Lambkins, for the noon approacheth; and as this is the last day we can use for the purpose of a discourse on a subject we proposed to conclude to-day, we must soon leave thee. Thy cider and good cheer have made the time pass so pleasantly that I but realize at this time our long stay.

EDWIN. Maleia is right. My dear sir, we must depart. He has a conclusion to make to a solution of a great problem; and although we close to-day, we do so, as it were, immaturely. For your kindness and hospitality you have my thanks, and my most earnest wishes for your happiness and welfare. May a long and pleasant life be yours.

MALEIA. He speaketh well, friend Lambkins, and I assure thee it cometh from the heart. I will call on thee when I have returned to Tamworth.

EDWIN. You will please take my address, and when you are in London, come to my place. You shall be as well entertained as our means will allow. Good by, sir.

LAMBKINS. I thank you for the liberal tender you make to me of the hospitality of your home. In due time it shall be accepted. Good by; and a "God bless you" for you both.

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CHAPTER II.

MALEIA CONTINUES HIS DISCOURSE ON THE PROBLEM OF EVIL AS CONNECTED WITH SIN.

MALEIA.

WE will now walk to the woods rather than to the house, and I will show thee the large oaks which belong to the Dunham manor; and I will, as we go, and while we are there, continue my discourse on the problem of Evil; and thus will be united instruction and delight; for as the poet hath it,—

> "He who to instruction joineth delight,
> Profit with pleasure, carrieth all the votes."

The subject of sin as an *evil* is the theme of our present discourse for the closing up of our protracted discussion of the great problem. The part or phase of evil which is developed in events or acts which the world calleth sin, is the sickness or disease of the spirit, or the opposite of the natural elements thereof—even as pain and discomfort of any kind to the flesh is the opposite of the natural end of the elements of

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the body. I have before discoursed to thee on the relation which existeth between the spirit and the body, and how that each, in its turn and sphere, exerteth a kind of respective influence over and upon the other. I will state to thee, here, that Maleia hath been careful, in all his previous discourses, that he mistake not the word *soul* for *spirit*, for he doth not consider the two to be the same thing. The body is the part of man which is composed of flesh, and blood, and bones, sinews, and the like, even as a house for the man to live in is composed and builded of timbers, boards, &c. The body so made up is but the house of the spirit. In any commodious and well-conceived and constructed house for the abode of man, the architect, when he conducted the building of the same, looked well to it that there be inserted in the appropriate places and apartments proper and good tubes, and pipes, and wires, with all their fixtures, for the good, ease, and commodity of those who should live in the building. So hath it been in the construction of the human house, wherein dwelleth the spirit; the divine Architect hath inserted all the required fixtures, such as glands, nerves, muscles, and the like, that all may be complete. Now, this is, in brief, the house itself, although I have not named many of the parts which be connected with it.

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The *soul* of man is not his *spirit;* but rather it is the influence or power which existeth as a working power, to operate in and through the machinery of the house, even as the power worketh which is evolved by a battery, when the proper parts thereof be connected with wires, or mediums which hath an affinity for the influence, or as steam in an engine. This power in a man is but his life; and when the power be exhausted, the parts of his body cease to act, and he is said to be dead. The doctrine of the spirit and soul, as understood by Maleia, is different from that as understood by the common churches; for Maleia understandeth that it is only the spirit that is immortal, and that the soul may die.

The account of the first *soul* is, that God breathed into it the breath of life, and it became a living. *soul;* it doth not say living *spirit,* nor do the original text and tongue warrant any other rendering than that the translators have given, and the soul or power ceaseth to exist just at the time when the spirit separateth itself from the body. That the soul *dieth* may be seen by the words of the Psalmist; he saith, "He made a way to his anger; he spared not their soul from death, but gave their life over to the pestilence." That is, the spirit separated from the body, and the soul ceased to be. And again, the sacred writer saith,

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"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Or, as another hath it, "The wicked shall not live out half their days." The spirit is in no case said to die, but rather that it continueth to live on. The dust goeth to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it. And this last is a sample of all the doctrine the Scriptures teach in regard to the immortal part of a man. But I will not delay at this point to argue the thing, as the present case doth not demand it; and it is but to aid thee in the better construement of some passages of holy writ that I have called thine attention to it. If one continueth to abuse his body, he committeth a misdemeanor against his soul, which is the life, or acting power of the body, and thus insulteth the spirit itself; inasmuch as it maketh the house unpleasant to dwell in, and compelleth it to leave it sooner than it would, and thereby depriveth it of an experience and discipline it would have if it were but permitted to stay in the flesh for a longer time. Thus the spirit is wronged, and this constituteth a sin; and for this cause it is that to injure one's body is a sin.

This discourse is to treat in particular of *sin;* and because of its great and universal action, it is, withal, the mightiest of all the things we have hitherto discussed. As I have *hinted,* which is all I am able to

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do, in the present discourse, that the soul is not the spirit, and as I have treated at length, in the other discourses, of things which have to do with the *body* in a direct manner, and hence act upon the soul, I shall, in this discourse, treat more directly on the influences which bear with directness on the *spirit*.

I hope to show thee, by the present discourse, that even sin hath a mission. Maleia is aware of the opinions of the church as relate to moral evil, and how that the fact existeth that men, by a sort of love for the mysterious, make bodily ailment, or any disease or discomfiture of the body, to be another and a separate thing, in principle, from any disease or discomfiture of the spirit; but so long as the fact be admitted, that the body and spirit, in their turn, influence each other, so long may it be contended that the things be not entirely separate in principle and element, but that they rather be connected together, and that the opposites to the present pleasures of the spirit, while it dwelleth in the flesh, be a kith and kin, in element and organic principle, with the opposites of things which produce a like influence or effect on the soul or body.

Many have been the opinions as regardeth sin, and divers have been the results which have come of them. For the most part, however, men have called all the

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things evil which I have tried to illustrate to thee as being but the opposites of good, and required to give it an identity and a power.

St. Cyprian saith to his friend Democretius, "Are you molested with dearth and famine? Is your health crushed by raging diseases? Is mankind generally tormented with epidemical diseases? 'Tis all for your sins." And to sum the matter up in a few words, I may state, that nearly all men have embraced an opinion in these matters, which argueth that, instead of the physical evils of the world being for man's good, (although, when they be come upon a man, the church urgeth that it will work out for his good at last,) they but come and continue for his torment and misery; and the argument saith further, that no time will ever come when the victims will be entirely delivered, but that they rather, for the most part, will be thrust deeper and deeper in the dilemma, and that they never will be delivered.

Porphyrius maintaineth, that "the spirits which men call *devils*, and *angels*, are but souls of men departed, which, through love and pity for their friends, yet living, help and assist them, or else persecute their enemies whom they once hated." Many have gone so far as to think them able to cause, and at times to cure, diseases.

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Postellus saith of the theory, "It is one full of controversy and ambiguity." Others maintain that the devil hath power also to cure the diseases he createth. Faranellus saith, "Many doubt whether the devil can cure diseases he hath not made, and some flatly deny it; howsoever, common experience confirmeth, to our astonishment, that magicians can work such feats, and that the devil, without impediment, can penetrate through all parts of our bodies, and cure such maladies, by means to us unknown."

Cuspinian saith of Psellus, that he held that "devils are corporeal, and have aerial bodies; that they are mortal, and live and die." Capella maintaineth, that "they are nourished, and have excrements, and that they feel pain if they be hurt or stroken;" and further, that, "if their bodies be cut in pieces, with admirable celerity they come together again."

I will not delay in this place to recite to thee the opinions of the fathers as relate to the great powers which the fantasies of the mind of men have conceived; which, in his blindness, man hath placed in the world as a sort of opposer of the schemes and designs of the great Creator.

Thou art astonished, doubtless, to think that men, great in learning and wisdom, have entertained the opinions I have recited; and, perchance, thou art

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disposed to call them mad; or rather, perhaps, to doubt whether the things be ever said by them at all. But happily, for the evincement of a good progress, the thing is well attested to by the fact that the books be now extant and in good order wherein the opinions and sayings be recorded; and, also, so many more of a kindred nature, that the time that interveneth from now till dark would not suffice me to recite from them all.

Thou knowest well that in the books of a late day there be stories of personal devils and literal demons; for in many of the early hymns of the great and good poet Watts there be effusions which be so disgusting and God-dishonoring in their element and nature, that the church hath long since discarded them, and even at this early day deploreth the fact, that human nature, in so good and great development as was made in the person of the great Watts, gave birth to words so dishonoring to God as were the discarded hymns. The new books of psalmody be without the evil, and all who respect the character and omnipotence of the Creator take heed how they make known to those who are but just coming into action, how great have been the mistakes and sins of the fathers; and some would fain be able to argue—and of this class is Maleia—that this was *never* the doctrine of the church;

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but this may not well be done, for the fact speaketh plainly, and to all we must submit; at the same time thanking the good God and Father of us all, that we may now sing praises to him as the supreme Ruler over every thing he has made, —

> "To Him whose firm decrees
> Sway the creation as he please."

Did my time permit me, I would go farther than this, to show thee that the men who said the things in ancient times were of sound mind; and that the views concerning the devil were the well-received opinions of the church at the time, I would quote to thee, in addition to the pious Watts, many a sketch of the devil's shape and contour, as portrayed by men of eminent standing and authority in the church and state. But I forbear. I will rather anticipate that thou art well aware of the truth of what Maleia saith, for I ween that thou hast, in thy school days, seen many pictures or prints designed to represent the arch fiend, and also his residence, as the church hath conceived it to be, in element and estate.

Maleia remembereth well, that in a book which the church hath labored to circulate from one end of Christendom to the other, which be but an allegory, conceived by one of its eminent men, the fertile-

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brained Bunyan — that in a copy of this curious book, which was put out by one Tiebout in New York, in America, at an early time in the present century, there be a great fantasmic development of the conception of the crazed brain of Bunyan, where is represented a sort of conflict with Apollyon against Christian. This Apollyon be the devil of Bunyan, as delineated by the artist who was employed to adorn and embellish the book. *Apollyon* — for I will, at least, be as respectable in discourse as Bunyan was — hath horns, and great claws inserted into paws, which are his feet. He hath two mighty wings, with sharp and frightful points at the edge, and a visage which maketh him hideous to behold; he hath deathly arrows in each hand, and more of the same kind in a huge quiver hung to his back. This quiver of arrows be larger in bulk than is Apollyon's leg. Christian hath nothing but a sword.

I will not delay to tell thee of the battle, for I trust thou knowest the allegory well; but I will speak of one other illustration, and will close; and I do this for the fact, that the church in this country and America circulate the book well, and do the same thing to this day, although the better sense and judgment of reflection and reason have long since shorn the book of

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the illustrations, and left the reader to *imagine* the thing as best he may.

The thing I would speak of is a representation, in picture, of the *abode* of Apollyon.

And here I find the powers of description are all inadequate to describe the flights of fantasy the picture developeth. This picture is in the same book, and although it be hideous to look upon, it is but true to the tales of the church, and is but a delineation of some of the hymns it hath often sung. There be at the left of the picture a great animal's mouth, spouting fire, and a forked tongue, and from his nostril goeth out a rushing flame. There be in the top, and in the midst of the flame, a sort of serpent, with a great and open beak, and with a tongue like that of the mighty animal.

At the right there be a curiously conceived demon, which challengeth, at a single look, all our powers of imagination to describe it; and there be beside these a sort of jolly demon, of a small stature, skipping in the middle; in one of his hands he flourisheth a stick; and in the background of the whole is a great fire. I will just say to thee that this place, although designed for Apollyon, is, to say the least, quite contiguous to Christian, for he be in no desirable nearness to it.

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I must pass on; and for the digression, I ask an exercise of thy charity. I will request thee again to be thankful that thou art delivered, and that the Lord hath lifted the light of his countenance upon us, so that we see the marvellous light.

I will now proceed to speak of sin, and will try to illustrate to thee its office and elements of use; and in making for thee the illustration, I shall assume, as the grand point in the solution of the same, a thing, I ween, thou now hast in thy mind; and that is, that every thing in life needeth an opposite, to give to it an identity.

I spoke to thee, in the discourse that treated of this life and the one to come, of the preparation for the latter, which cometh as a result of an experience of the former. Bear this thought well in thy mind through the present discourse.

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CHAPTER III.

Malleia discourses on the Philosophy of Sin. — Last Interview with Phelim.

Maleia.

NOW, as we have walked for a sufficient time, we will go and sit beneath that venerable oak. It is considered to be the king of this great forest, and we will now meditate more directly on the great points of our immediate subject.

And first of all, let me remind thee once more that every thing which hath been named as an evil, in the eye of the world, existeth but as the result of an act in disobedience of some law of nature.

Take, if thou pleasest, for illustration, the same things that have been considered in our late discourses.

The *tears* of the world. Alas! at times, it seemeth as though they be too many.

The *defeats* which come in human life, and how long appeareth the catalogue!

The *clouds*, which, like those in the outward world,

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come over our spirits and darken them, so that man fainteth.

The little good we at times discover in Nature, when she exerteth herself the most, and laboreth hard to teach us lessons of wisdom and submission.

All the natural and spiritual *death*—man dieth daily. The *poverty* which hindereth man's labors, and which neutralizeth the power of all his aspirations, and, in short, all the mighty *issues* which come in the earthly career as agents, with a seeming power to destroy the body itself, and even the spirit which dwelleth in it. All these, whether they be of any peculiar element, having a direct affinity for the body, or an indirect (as it invariably happeneth to be) influence on the spirit itself—all of them be so intimately linked to the phase of evil which man calleth sin, that no one can separate them; and by the standard by which the other, or the subordinate and abstract elements, be judged, the great concrete mass must either stand or fall.

A sin, in a moral point of view, is a transgression of God's moral law, and the penalties which follow transgressions come as results.

But we may not well stop here; for seest thou not, that if the great principles be true in regard to the opposites of the abstract parts, which make up the aggregate, may we not rest assured of a noble issue?

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The Scriptures say that the creature was made subject to vanity, as I have reminded thee before; and, for the solution of the problem, it is but demanded to decide who made him thus impotent and infirm; and this is to resolve the thing back to its proper and legitimate source, and we may there safely rest the issue.

I have discoursed to thee on this point, and by Scripture shown thee that the creature was made subject to vanity by the will of Him who created him; and, so far as revelation is concerned, I will rest the case, and proceed to let the whole scheme speak to thee in its own native language; and when thou hast listened to it, I ween thou wilt be disposed to look upon all as being a part of the economy of One who saw the end from the beginning, and from ancient time the things that be not yet done.

There is one point of which I will in this place briefly treat, and that is, of the misunderstanding that hath long existed among men as relateth to the free moral agency of a human being; for I ween there be no question which hath introduced a greater power of mystery and confusion to the human mind than hath this. Over this block most men stumble, and fall headlong, and lie there in their dilemma without a power or desire to rise till such time as, by reason of

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a dust which be stirred about them by the efforts they make to rid them of the evil which be come upon them, they lose sight of the great and true elements of the thing over which they stumbled, and then, at last, manage to get themselves up therefrom; and by reason of the hurt, and a neglect to obtain the medicine requisite for a perfect cure, they go on limping, and thus argue of an existing disease all their days; for such as mistake at the start in regard to the providence and works of God, and do not take care to inform themselves afterwards, be as much and as really diseased in mind and spirit as they would be discomforted in body did foul rheums and fevers revel on, unrestrained, throughout all its parts.

There existeth a text of Scripture which hath often been quoted to urge that man and the Creator be at a pitiless war with each other both in action and spirit. The text is this: "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be." I will not delay in this place for a long dissertation on the subject; but will, in lieu thereof, briefly treat of the thing as the elements of the scheme may seem to demand. I have endeavored to show thee that the opposites of the things which man calleth good are in nature and composition such as can alone give a value and power to what man desireth

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to possess; and, moreover, they for the most part be of an unpleasant character to a human being, so that if they be considered but in their abstract condition, he would, if he have a free choice, reject them, and would rather choose the good which cometh of the action, and not the things themselves that invite and work out the results desired; as for example — when one drinketh intoxicating liquors to an excess, he doth not do this that he may be in possession of the *alcohol* the liquor he drinketh may contain, but rather the effect the alcohol produceth; or when one purloineth money, he doth not the deed for the money alone, but rather that he may control the other things that the money will procure. In this respect, then, man doth not, in and of his spirit and nature, ever be actually at war with his Maker; as he but desireth good, and not simply the things that generate it; and although it be true that man is, because of a sort of qualified imperfection, disposed to do evil, of a greater or less degree of intensity, and continually, even, still there existeth from the argument, as a necessity, no radical and absolute imperfection in the scheme, nor doth the thing be as an established theory, that man, in any literal sense, is ever at war with his Creator.

I discoursed to thee at another time on the idea of God working at times, and of man working at times,

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and I trust thou hast my meaning and doctrine on this point; but I will say a few words more as relateth to the carnal-mindedness of man being an enmity against God.

The *carnal* mind Maleia understandeth to be the elements which exist in the composition or organism of man, which, when they be brought into play and action, produce results which alone, and of themselves, possess no power of good, and, were it not for the fact that there existed things to which they be opposites, they would exist as but an *absolute evil.*

But this may never be true so long as the present economy of creation lasteth; for it is the prominentest feature of all the scheme, so far as the human mind hath a power to take cognizance of the elements thereof, that it is but the play of opposing forces that calleth the *good* out of seeming nothing.

The Creator looked well to all parts of the mighty plan, and anticipated fully just how all the members thereof should be designed and adjusted to each other, that they might, as he would have them, play their respective parts; and as he doth nothing *imperfectly*, things must be done as he desireth, and at first designed them to be done, if they be done at all. Man, being a part and parcel of the great machine, must labor; and if the machine run well, it will do so be-

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cause every wheel and spring thereof performeth its respective labor, and in the particular way the great Contriver thereof designed it should, and not in any way which might be concocted and conceived by the brain of any being of an infinitely less power and ability.

The doctrine of man's free agency, and of God's action in affairs, hath confused many; and for the most part, man hath always confounded one with the other, so as to annihilate the identity of each, or else to so far separate them that no immediate relation can be observed between them.

The learned BEECHER, a theologist and polemic discusser of great renown in America, hath, in a curiously-conceived and concocted book, which he designateth by the title of the "Conflict of Ages," delineated a picture of truth and power in relation to the labors of man as developed in acts in the realm of theology. He conceiveth that the church is, and hath been, like a steam vessel, of which the wheel of one side turneth in one direction, and that on the other in the opposite, and thus make the boat to whirl around as on a pivot rather than propel it ahead, as the master would desire. I will not discourse to thee of the application the learned author maketh, but will leave thee to read the book, and then judge it as the light of reason and

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philosophy will permit thee to do. The book hath a mission of good to perform, and it doth its work well.

Now, a portion of this assumption of the great Beecher appeareth to Maleia to be true; but a portion of the results to which the arguments of the book tend, Maleia doth not subscribe to, nor doth he desire to have the like engendered in his mind. He is willing, yea, he desireth, to admit that the wheels at certain times, and even, it may be, for the most part, work both ways; but he demandeth proof that they be wheels of ordinary make and form, as be those that be designed for boats propelled by wheels on the sides thereof; and more than this, that they be not wheels of curved paddles or blades, like unto those of a *propeller*, so that when they be put in motion, in lieu of whirling the boat around, without imparting to it any progress at all, it doth not and without any hinderance urge it on in a sort of *spiral* direction, and hence in turn present to the view of every beholder, as he standeth off at a distance in his respective position, an appearance which argueth that, for a time, it doth not move onward at all.

If one standeth at a distance from a big spiral ladder or walk, — as, for example, the great tower at Pisa, — when he standeth and looketh at it, and discovereth a man pass up over it, he thinketh, and to

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his own mind he thinketh truly, that the climber maketh no progress at all, and that he at times recedeth rather than approacheth; but if he examineth the structure, and observeth well the make and construction thereof, he convinceth himself, that, notwithstanding the spiral lines often seem to run into and behind each other, there be in reality but one line, or road, and that one leadeth to the cap stone of all, which is the very place to which the climber would arrive. But I must return to the first and more immediate theme of the discussion. I ween, however, I have by the digression shown thee that man doth in reality continually *labor*, if he doth nothing more, and it is but for thee to recall to thy mind the Author of the power that set him at his work, and who contributeth to him a further power to continue his labor. It is but for thee to recall this to thy mind to decide if there be any probability in the case that a bad and absolutely evil result will come of the action, since the only argument which savoreth of a bad termination cometh from the fact that man, in his shortsightedness, or, it may be, from the peculiar fact of the particular position at which he standeth and vieweth the scheme, seeth not at a glance the end of all the mighty design.

I have explained to thee what the carnal heart is,

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and have also asserted that as God doth all things with completeness, he maketh man to act decidedly when he acteth at all.

I will ask thee now to give good heed to the few thoughts I may give to thee on this subject; for they be to the point, and convey well the idea that Maleia hath of the facts in the case as regard the enmity, which, because of man, is said to exist between the creature and the Creator. Man, at every step he taketh in life, thinketh at the start that he can of himself, and without the help of the Most High, do whatever he undertaketh. He is convinced in his own mind that he may, if he will, succeed in all his schemes. The fact that his life, at any review he maketh of it, presenteth but a series of *defeats*, when considered in their abstract form, argueth to him but little why he may not well proceed in his own strength; and thinking thus, onward he goeth till he encountereth a new dilemma — and so he repeateth his acts, and continueth to the end.

Man is, in a sense, an imperfect being; and as a consequence, but imperfect results will come of his labor, if the thing be considered alone in its abstract condition. I have said to thee that the opposites themselves be but the means, and not the ends, and hence they have no part nor parcel in the identity or

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particular elements of the good they may by their exercise engender; and I will now say that as God is good, and that in an absolute sense, the opposites, being but *negatives*, are in a true and even literal sense at enmity with the things they oppose; and this must needs be, for if two be agreed, no contention could exist; and hence it existeth as a fact, that the carnal heart is at enmity with God; and I ween we may well argue, in consideration of the great philosophy of our theory, that had not the enmity existed, no action would have taken place, and hence no third power would have been generated.

If one putteth two portions of an acid, each of which be entirely alike in its nature and essence, together, they be but an acid still, and the whole potation possesseth no quality which either of the unmixed parts thereof did not possess before the mixture was made; but if two things of an opposite nature be put together, a new thing would be created; and if the materials composing it be well adapted to the end designed to be attained, the new admixture would be of value.

And thus the theory savoreth of truth, that although man's labors, considered in an abstract sense, may often tend to an evil, and his natural or carnal actions be at enmity with God and good, notwithstanding this, the very enmity itself may be but an incentive to

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action in man, and thus the very wrath of God be made to praise him, and the things that are weak be made to confound those that are great and mighty; and so it appeareth that God has made man with an innate consciousness of his own ability and power, so that he may be induced to labor on and not despair; and further, that although his natural heart be carnal and earthly, yet they be all well designed to produce the great and final good of the one that laboreth.

The doctrines of the church speak of sin, and then, till such time as it beginneth a strange and mysterious harangue, it remaineth mute and silent.

It urgeth that sin is the negative of God; and having made the assertion it sinketh down in one mass and bewaileth, and is ingulfed in a lamentation.

Canst thou bring thy mind to believe that any power existeth so contrary to God and his purposes?

Canst thou say, when thou discoverest a good in all the seeming evils or opposites of life, that the great power which of itself gendereth so many of them is an absolute evil, and in hostility with the essence of good itself?

Maleia would not countenance the commission of sin as an act done with the knowledge, and as a result of the desire, of a man himself.

One should not do evil that good may come of it,

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but rather let him act up to his highest ideal of what is just and right; and then, in spite of all man's works, God will work also within him, to will and to do, of his own good pleasure; and enough seeming wrong will be done to convince all that to every thing there existeth an opposite.

Thou mayst, perchance, think Maleia to be strange in his theories; but as darkness often envelopeth the works of the Deity, in many cases man seeth not for the time the centres to which great principles tend, but afterwards discovereth that what he judged to be evil by the tests in his possession, was but a good in disguise.

It is the better way to indulge the hope, that in all cases of seeming evil there existeth a greater power in behind all, which directeth every force, and which, in good time, will of the discordant parts produce a perfect and symmetrical whole.

I will suggest to thee here, that to doubt the doctrine that grace and good transcend in essence, and are more extensive than sin and evil, existeth not as a new doctrine; for once a people to whom the doctrine of the transcendency of good was preached, instantly raised the cry, "Then why not sin the more, that a greater grace may abound?" An answer was at

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hand then, and it remaineth till now — "How can we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"

To be dead to sin is but to be alive to virtue, as when one is well in health, he is dead to disease.

To be *virtuous* is to be in possession of results arising from action of the principles of justice and right.

Natural philosophy maintaineth that cold is simply the absence of heat; and that darkness is the absence of light. Sin is but the absence of holiness and virtue, and is but an *opposite* or *negative*, and not a *positive*; and such being the case, in consideration of the great laws of nature, as relateth to identity, it savoreth but little of unreasonableness or irrationality to decide that there was, considering the peculiar organic structure discovered to us in a human being, a necessity, even, for the existence thereof.

If one be perfect, as the world considereth perfection to be, there would be no need of opposites, and hence none would exist.

Maleia speaketh not without meditation, and he argueth therefrom, that if his sense of touch had been formed so as to discover to him but pleasant sensations, and if his sense of sight would never convey to him scenes which had a power to disturb the tranquillity of his spirit, or if it had so been, that his ears had never

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grated harshly with sounds of discord, and if his whole system had not often been shaken by disease, then might he find a conflicting and unreconcilable principle in the part of him which is the spirit.

But a ground like this existeth not to stand upon; and more than this, the meditation discovereth to him, at every step he taketh, an opposite to all the great principles of natural life.

One needeth to sin at times, while in the vale of this life, to know that at the other times he is holy and virtuous. As St. Paul hath it, "I trust by the rejoicings I have in Christ, I die daily." Had he not been in possession of the ability to commit the sin to which he at times died, he could not have known of a change, as none would exist, and hence could not have had the rejoicings.

A man needeth to be discomforted in spirit, at times, even as the body is sick, that he may realize when he is well, or that the spirit is healthy. He needeth to be in some spiritual want at times, to appreciate at all his possessions.

He needeth to be defeated, and often, even, to discover to him that he hath ever succeeded.

It is well for man that his friends die one by one, for the separation maketh all connected better, and throughout eternity they will so continue.

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It is of no need for us to take up transgression by transgression, and attempt to trace out probable results; neither is it of use to arraign and question the divine economy that first devised the scheme, and which since permitteth it to continue on in its operations; for the solution of all the problem existeth in the great fact, that every thing one looketh upon hath its respective opposite, and the great power which worketh in the scheme is but one to produce the action demanded. *Sin*, as the church looketh upon it, Maleia knoweth well to be, in a degree, an evil, but not absolute in its nature or essence; for although it at times amounteth to a power which is devastating and blighting, distracting, dismembering, in the operations thereof; a disunioner; a seeming self-created evil, — yet in behind it all is a mightier power of infinite good.

I discoursed to thee on a time of the coal in the steamer. I will now ask thee to recall the allegory, and apply the principles of the argument thereof to the phase of evil now under discussion.

The coal in the steamer seemed to be an absolute evil, and it mightily weighed down the vessel, and, in a sense, for a time it retarded its progress.

But the power that was in the coal dragged all

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along, and when the whole was burned, the boat was safe at her wharf.

The vessel was not propelled in its course by putting the coal into the water over against the boat's side; but it came as a result of a conflict, and an unflinching contest between the hungry flame *without* and the water *within* the boiler; 'twas a commingling of the two, and a mighty triumph of mechanical laws. And so, in like manner, it cometh to be in the moral world — 'tis not by flinching from one's duty when he should meditate and commune.

I will further say to thee, that this result came not of simply leaving the coal alone in the hold of the vessel, but it was by actual labor, and a contest with it, and at last, even putting it under the boiler; 'twas by waging a war, a pitiless and destructive war, against its existence; and this result may come of all sin.

If one be troubled by the discovery that the coal, sin, be in him, let him bethink himself that this sea of human existence is not where he is at last to lie at anchor and enjoy a final rest, but that the mighty engines of his spiritual nature must be worked; let him, then, not despair because of the cargo, which at the starting time weigheth him down; nor let him be discouraged even, if, at a late day in his voyage, he discover that he hath a large quantity left still, so long

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as he knoweth not what storms may yet come to him and veer him from his course; but rather let him say, as continually did St. Chrysostom, "For all things, praise the Lord." Let him take courage, and never fear, nor be filled with dismay, lest the continual aggravation cause him to be hindered in his onward progress.

No man calleth it a disgrace to a steamer that she be blackened by the coal, if so be that she be but in safety conducted to her destined port.

One need not fear that the smut of the coal will be of so hideous and infernal a nature, that the men at the other port will not recognize and know the steamer when she arriveth, and that, because of it, they will disown her because of the little resemblance in the outward form she beareth to her former self. Nor need a man disturb the waters of his spirit by a consideration of the fact, that the troubles and unfortunate acts, in this feverish life, will rob him of his peculiar identity in the haven of eternal rest; for as the wood, which composed the steamer, hath no nature like unto the coal which colored and marred its outward beauty, so hath not the spirit of man any affinity for the sin which troubleth it; for sin and the spirit hath no affinity the one for the other, and it may never be that it will be mixed up and ingulfed therein.

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Call not sin an absolute evil, but rather a great motive power, which worketh and calleth into play the forces of human nature; which action, when produced, is a great aggregate, which causeth man to be active in body and mind, and thus prepareth his *spirit* for what it is at last to be; for in view of all the bearings, it seemeth to Maleia to be but an opposite for the things which pertain to the *spirit*, even as physical pain or privation of any kind is an opposite for the things of the *body;* and further, that when it hath performed its mission, that all will merge into and be lost in infinite good.

It is now quite noon, and we must go to our dinner. I will not leave thee in the dark, however, concerning the destination of evil; but after our meal is ended I will continue the discourse for a part of the afternoon. Thou wilt not be detained long, but canst go to thy home at an early hour. We will now, if thou art pleased, leave the woods, and if thou thinkest well of the scheme, we will go to the inn for our dinner.

EDWIN. I will go with pleasure, Maleia. We took our dinner there the first day of our acquaintance, and to dine there to-day will please me well.

You propose to discourse again in the afternoon. I am pleased to think that the noon of this day does not entirely complete the series of conversations. I

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had watched the hours as they passed, thinking how soon our pleasant pastimes would end.

As I live, there is Phelim again. He has the lantern. We will invite him to the tavern with us. Phelim has his failings; and who has not? I pity him; but he is no great sufferer, I think. At all events, he appears to enjoy himself well, if one is but willing to recognize the negative state in which he lives, as one of enjoyment.

MALEIA. Phelim knoweth well, that if he would have the use of the lantern again, he must return it now. He doth deserve pity, in that he hath no high idea of human life, and consequently enjoyeth but little of the good influence which cometh of deep meditation; and his life for the most part partaketh, as thou sayest, more of a negative form than of a positive order of being; he, however, escapeth a degree of misery; for, as the wise man saith, "In the multitude of wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth wisdom increaseth sorrow." I will not delay, at this point, to treat of the thing which I have spoken of in another place, which relateth to the undesirableness of a state of neglect, and consequent ill. Thou art aware, ere this, that although we be troubled because of wisdom, yet the blessings thereof be greater in extent.

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Phelim hath in some respects as good a heritage as the great Seneca; for *he* saith of himself, "When I would solace myself with a fool, I reflect upon myself, and there I have him."

Most men, though they be mighty in knowledge, still they be not their own masters; and no one doeth entirely at all times as he would.

Themistocles' son said, "What I will, that my mother will; and what my mother will, that my father doeth;" and thus it cometh to pass that none acteth from his own power alone; and, for the most part, men be influenced by others so much in extent as often to change the tenor of their whole lives.

It is related of Sophocles that he destroyed his own life because one of his tragedies was hissed off the stage; and also that Ajax ran mad because the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses.

Phelim is at this time climbing over the stile, and I perceive that the lantern is still lighted. The strange fellow! a lighted lantern at noonday! He has some new project in his brain, I will warrant.

EDWIN. He appears to handle it with great care, as much so as if it were made of glass. He doubtless has some story to relate in regard to the horse he stole last night.

PHELIM. Here's your lantern, Maleia, as good as

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new, and the lamp is burning now. O, what a time I did have with that horse I had last night! He kept on running right by the place where I borrowed him from, and he wouldn't stop till he got clean away right off against our Jim's door, and then he stood just as still as a mouse.

MALEIA. Thou hast done well to return the lantern, but why burneth it now?

PHELIM. It ain't burning now.

MALEIA. It burneth not! Put thy finger in that blaze, and I ween thou wilt soon discover that there is other element there than smoke.

PHELIM. No, I shouldn't dare to do that. It would burn me.

MALEIA. Thou saidst it was not burning.

PHELIM. When did I say it wasn't a burning, I should like to know?

MALEIA. But five minutes have not elapsed since thou saidst it.

PHELIM. I said the *lantern* wasn't burning. That fire comes out of the lamp of it — don't it?

MALEIA. Well, well, thou art up and dressed for a play of thy wit.

PHELIM. Up where?

MALEIA. Thou art a plague, and knowest full well what things I would say to thee.

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Thou didst try but easily, I ween, to restrain the horse thou saidst thou didst borrow; for it but seldom happeneth that a horse or any beast knoweth well that it will please the one that driveth him to go to any particular place, even when he hath never been there before.

We will not interrogate thee, for thou wouldst evade and skulk from the truth.

EDWIN. Phelim, we are to go up to your friend Coburn's to dine to-day. Would you not be pleased to go with us?

PHELIM. Coburn has shut up his tavern, and is all done keeping it any longer. He shut it up two days ago this week; no, two weeks ago this day.

MALEIA. Thou liest outright, Phelim; for four days gone thou didst take thy dinner there with us. I begin to conceive that thou art guilty of some misdemeanor there, which maketh thee desire that we go not to learn of thy sins.

We had determined to go before we met thee; and if thou art guilty of a particular misdemeanor, and art thereby deterred from going to the inn for the procurement of a dinner when it is proffered to thee, thou experiencest, I ween, the recompense for thy wrong doing.

To lose a dinner at the inn is no small matter of

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chagrin to thee, for thou art ever ready to eat when an opportunity offereth itself.

PHELIM. Are you really a going up there? Well, he's opened his tavern now, and he's a going to keep it again, just as he used to.

MALEIA. But thou didst assert that he shut it for a "full do" two weeks ago this day.

PHELIM. No, Maleia, I said he'd shut it up two days ago this week. I only meant he shut it up nights. He shuts it up every night, and keeps it open day times. Didn't ever you know that till now?

MALEIA. I know thee well. Thou hopest to evade an exposure, and thus thou art disposed to equivocate.

PHELIM. I've got to go to Windsor to-night, Maleia. "True as preaching," as old Mumford says. Old Mumford's a brick — ain't he?

MALEIA. What maketh thee haste to Windsor? Hast thou been sent for?

PHELIM. No; but our Jim says I shan't stay out here in Tamworth another single day. O, how hard-hearted he is, to be sure! Well, I don't care a penny. I'll get sack enough there at Windsor, and I'll ride out when I want to, and will have better things than any body can get out here in Tamworth.

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I like to go to Windsor; who cares for old Tamworth? Not I.

MALEIA. Thy tune changeth like unto the wind; but it is better for thee to be resigned to thy fate. When thou art returned, it will be well for thee to alter thy course of action; for thou hast taken liberties during thy stay in Tamworth which redound but little to thy credit.

PHELIM. I'll send you a letter, Maleia, when I get to Windsor, and then you'll hear from me. If I can't find time to write one, I'll go over to the post office, and ask the clerk in there to give me an old one that any body don't come there to get. He's a good fellow, only one time he wasn't; he put flour all over my face when I wasn't a looking any where.

I'll send you a letter, Maleia's friend.

O, how I do hate to go to Windsor! Don't tell Host Coburn where I'm gone to, Maleia. He wouldn't let me stay there any last night, and I want to plague him, to pay him for it.

MALEIA. Something is wrong in the matter, for thou hast not arrived at the conclusion to leave Tamworth all on a sudden like this for a small inducement; neither hast thou consented to go for the reason that thy brother ordereth thee so to do; for thou

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art not noted for obedience to his commands, as most of the men of Tamworth know well. I will not attempt to ascertain by thee the cause of thy sudden departure, but will rather expend my words to advise thee to mend thy ways, and say to thee that if thou wilt but do this, and walk more uprightly than thou art wont to do, that thou wilt be the more respected for it.

Good by to thee.

PHELIM. Good by, Maleia, and your friend. O, how I do wish I could stay in Tamworth! I'm a going to "cut acrost" the field, so that Host Coburn won't see me. I want to make him feel bad when he finds out that I ain't to be found nowhere. He'll kinder feel a feel come over him when he finds out that I ain't nowhere. Good by.

MALEIA. There is something "out of joint," as Farmer Lambkins saith. We shall hear of it all in good time. We will now go in and dine.

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CHAPTER IV.

Closing Interview, and Advice of Maleia.

Maleia.

WELL, this has turned out as I thought. Then it appeareth that Phelim, instead of staying at his home, when he had arrived, his brother sent him back with the stolen horse, and he, being afraid to return him to his owner, took him to the tavern to put him up, and, to his chagrin, found the owner there, in search for the stolen property. Ha, ha! the guilty dog! he dareth not go past the door, and well may he desire to evade the host by crossing the field.

Edwin. He ran from the house, leaving the horse in the road, and has not been seen since. That is like a fellow of his nature. As he was to return to Windsor so soon, I thought it well to say nothing of his acts. It may learn him a lesson, and be for his good thus to escape.

Maleia. If he hath created within himself so great a consternation as to convince himself that he should so quickly leave Tamworth, the lesson may

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prove salutary. We will go to the room we at first occupied, and there conclude our discourse.

I will now speak to thee a few words as relateth to the final destination of evil, and we will then return, and thus leave the theme of discussion. I have tried to illustrate to thee the elements which make up the sum of the great laws of nature, as developed in the events of our daily life; and in all is discovered to us, to every thing upon which one meditateth, an opposing force, whether the thing considered relateth more particularly to the body or spirit. All events, and principles, and laws have their respective opposites; and finally, this life, as a whole, is but the opposite to the one to come — the earth to heaven; and sin but an opposite to, or it may chance be, but an absence of virtue, as cold and darkness are the absence of heat and light.

I hoped to discover to thy mind the true light, and to prepare it for a higher appreciation and enjoyment of the things they seem to oppose, and also that this is enough in itself to warrant the existence of seeming evil for a time in the earth.

Thou hast observed the bearing that the body hath on the mind — how that each one at times influenceth the other; and, that thou mightst see the completeness of the chain, and not be confused in thy mind

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because of transcendental mysticisms, I took for the illustrations the commoner events of our daily life, and at the last discoursed briefly of the phase of evil we call sin; and at the same time I tried to discover to thee that this aspect of evil was of itself, as it were, the direct cause of most of the other phases of evil which be but the opposites experienced in human life; and furthermore, that inasmuch as the opposites themselves tended to a good and desirable end, hence the generative power which bringeth them into being could not, as a necessity of the case, be an absolute and actual evil.

I have now but to discourse on the destination of these opposites, and our discussion will be ended. To do this, but a short discourse will be demanded. And first I will say to thee that when man shall have become perfect and complete in his spiritual nature, will all evils or opposites cease to exist.

As one progresseth in his individual self, to him, as a single being, or to the race, as such, will these opposites or evils in the same ratio decrease, and the power cease to be.

When there be no earthly passions remaining incomplete, then will there be no need of a discipline which can but be gendered and come of conflicting principles and issues.

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And now what grand results come up before us, the thoughts of the great apostle leading the way! "I know, and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself, but that to him that esteemeth any thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean."

And in unison with this, the results of our own examinations all tend toward a happy issue.

The pride of a superstitious and benighted priesthood deprived of its most potent power, and a higher good discovered in all things, and more than all, a still small voice speaking plain and distinct, in accents so soft and winning that the mind in all its best moods delighteth to listen, asking us to know that, as Pope hath it, —

> "All be but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

We must now start for our homes, for the day waneth; and as the morrow is a day of rest, I would do no labor; but rather perform what may be required to-day, so that the Sabbath may be kept holy. I will discourse to thee as we journey.

EDWIN. I leave the old tavern with many fond regrets, Maleia; and you may depend, that, as long as I live, it will be a place to me of many pleasant asso-

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ciations. The air is bland and warm, and it seems to say to us that the coming Sabbath will be pleasant. On the morrow I shall pass in review, as best I am able, the trains of thought that have occupied our minds the past week.

Your discourse of to-day will bear a long examination, and I will endeavor to weigh the whole by the standard of the things we have considered before.

Your quotation from Pope I like; and I anticipated, when you began at that particular part of the poem, that you would continue to the end, as he seems to arrive at the same climax to which your arguments tend.

MALEIA. I like the poem well; and wilt thou not repeat the rest of it to me? It savoreth of good counsel, and argueth the point well. Pronounce the words if thou canst. I would like to hear thee; for I ween thou couldst do it with a good degree of correctness. I was at a school with him in our early days.

EDWIN. My memory is somewhat treacherous; but I think I can repeat it so as to answer our purpose.

> "Cease, then, nor order imperfection name;
> Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
> Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
> Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

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Submit — in this or any other sphere
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear — Whatever *is* is RIGHT."

MALEIA. The poet Pope conceived well; and if men would but take the advice he giveth, the world would be the better therefor. If a thing be said, and no man believeth it, or layeth it to heart, so far as a good generated therefrom is concerned, nothing cometh of it, and all is as though the thought had not been conceived; for if one be sick in body or spirit, he needeth to attend well to what his physician saith to him; and if it be possible, he should have confidence in him that he hath a power to cure him; and at a time when this point hath been attained, one half the cure hath been wrought already. Galen holdeth, that "confidence and hope is better than physic." It is related of Axiocus that he, being on a time sick almost unto death, was cured at the simple sight of Socrates, in whom he had faith because of his good advice.

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It is further conceived of the mighty success of Hippocrates, that "it came the more because of the great conceit of his worth that the common people entertained of him."

He that doubteth of coming good, putteth himself in the midst of a greater evil than any he striveth to avert; and he that would be delivered from what he esteemeth to be the ills of life, must first decide that the source is good whence the streams by which he anticipateth to quench his thirst spring, and then he may not fear to drink of the water thereof when it floweth to him.

Saith the pious and learned Thomas Boston, in regard to the "crooks" which be in the lot of one's life, "He that tiradeth against his estate because it be of no extravagant value, is like unto one who hath but embers enough to warm himself with, who, when he considereth their scantiness, instead of putting them on his hearth all together in one heap, that he may receive the warmth that goeth out of them all in one mass, scattereth them over the floor of his room, and thus burneth the house which sheltereth him from a greater evil;" and he continueth in another place to say, that "an awkward carriage, under the trials of one's life, notably increaseth the pain of it. What maketh the yoke gall our necks but that we struggle

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so much against it, and cannot let it set at ease on us? How often," continueth he, "are we in a case like that of men dashing their heads against a rock to remove it! The rock remaineth unmoved, but they who smite it be wounded, and lose exceedingly by reason of their struggle."

Fulgentius saith of God's nature, and the laws that govern it, "God's invincible goodness cannot be overcome by sin. His mercy is equivalent to his magnitude." And then hear what the good Chrysostom saith: "Thy malice may be measured, but God's mercy cannot be defined; thy malice is circumscribed; his mercies are infinite." And he continueth, "I speak not this to make thee secure and negligent, but to cheer thee up."

Anselm saith, "My conscience dictateth to me that I deserve damnation, and my repentance will not suffice for satisfaction; but thy mercy, O Lord, quite overcometh all my transgressions!" And thus it cometh to pass that we are reminded again and again that we should not find fault with God nor the things in the world that he hath made; but that rather, if need be, we find fault with the acts of ourselves.

The pious and learned Boston soliloquizeth thus: "Man needeth to be trained for the higher realities

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which await him; for the elements of his spiritual nature, so long as they be connected with the flesh, be but in a crude and undeveloped state; and as, in constructing a building, the artisan layeth down the stones and timbers, and then turneth them over and over, and heweth them so that they may conform to the design which the architect hath drawn on his trestle board, so needeth one to do with the elements of his life."

* * * * *

"If the stones and timbers which the artisan proposeth to use in the construction of his building had a power to choose whether they would be worked or not, such of them as should refuse to be wrought and fashioned after the form and likeness of the particular part of the design they would occupy in the building would be rejected, and could form no nice and finished part thereof." So it is with our spiritual nature. If the elements thereof be left unfashioned, and be permitted to retain all their crudities and roughness of shape and form, they may never occupy any conspicuous place in the spiritual building; and if they ever be used at all, it will be but in some trench, or as a buttress against a foundation.

I would have thee, my young friend, bear this well and continually in thy mind; for it is, withal, the very bone and marrow of all the philosophy which Maleia

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hath advanced to thee, and of all the things he hath said, there be no choicer advice for the health and good of thy spirit. I would now, in closing, admonish thee, even as a father admonisheth a son that he loveth, to so manage the affairs of thy nature and life, that thy young spirit be not at any time led to anticipate or believe that all things will not work together for good. And now let this, of all the things Maleia hath said to thee, be the choicest; and I say to thee in continuation, *have faith in all the promises of Sacred Writ*, and at any time when thou art in trouble, say, as often said the good Chrysostom, "For all things praise the Lord." And be thou as immovable as mythology informeth us was Jupiter, after he was once in heaven. It is related of him, in ancient poetic story, that the gods combined in a wicked plot, and attempted, by a chain of gold, to draw him out of heaven; but that he resisted them so that they could not so much as move him at all, but rather that he could draw them, and turn them about as he would; and that, in spite of all the force and fury of these infernal beings, he was in happy spirits, and continually uttered, "His grace is sufficient."

St. Bernard hath it, "God is better able to help than sin is to do us harm; and Christ is better able to save than sin is to destroy;" and why should one

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ever doubt? For, hear the truthful words of Fulgentius, where he saith of the heavenly Father, "If he be a skilful physician, he can cure all diseases; and if he be merciful, he will." And the holy St. Austin hath it, "He knoweth best what he doeth; and be not thou so much elated when he sustaineth thee, as patient when he correcteth thee; for he is omnipotent, and can cure all diseases when he seeth his own time." Doubt thou not of these good results; for he that heareth the ravens when they cry, and tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, will never leave nor forsake the children he hath made.

The good Chrysostom saith, "He is all-sufficient that promised, and he that made a beautiful world of nought can do this, and much more for his part; do thou only believe, trust in him, rely on him, and be penitent and heartily sorry for thy sins." This is the sum of all philosophy; for, as one hath said of repentance, and consequent virtue, "This unlooseth all that is bound, enlighteneth darkness, mendeth that which is broken, and putteth life to that which is desperately dying." And thus one might follow on well to the end; and as he should stop to rest himself by the way, and read out of the book of opinions of the mighty men of all past ages, he would see that for the most part they all argued well for a hope in

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a good yet to come, which was greater than any evil.

We must now part with each other; and as we do so, I ask thee, as a sort of valediction, to remember, as well as thou art able, the great principles Maleia hath attempted to inculcate; for it may not chance to be that another time will come while he yet remaineth in the flesh, and before he goeth hence, when he will be permitted to offer thee words of philosophy and cheer.

EDWIN. For all the kind words you have spoken, you have my hearty thanks; and I trust a better life than I should otherwise have led will be to you a proof that your labor has not been in vain.

Little did I think, on the cold and inclement morning when first we met, that it would be to me the beginning of a series of conversations so peculiar in their nature as were those that have, from that time, engaged our attention.

You have set in motion many thoughts which must live as long as I shall myself exist in a material form; and may it not be, that many shall yet listen to the same thoughts, reëxpressed by your pupil, and, having been learned here, at last, when they shall have put on immortality, and are become enabled to see as they are seen, and to know as they are known, that,

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seeing further than immediate causes, they will descry you, my venerable teacher, as the true revealer of the great philosophy which enabled them to progress as they did, and, in consideration of their favored estate, will arise up and call you blessed?

Your parting advice — better you anticipate than all — shall be considered, as you propose. I will, as you desire me to do, look upon it as the sum and essence of all your philosophy. I think, I am sure, that the prize is worthy the race I am to run; and that to me now, as never before, is a better covenant, established on better promises.

I had always hoped for a happy issue to the various ills of human life. Indeed, it was the doctrine my mother taught me; but still, the philosophy belied the ethics, as I understood them then; and when reason was permitted to work, there came as a result but little hope of what I would fain anticipate would come as an issue.

I hope to meet you again while I am in the village, and to be permitted to make such notes of your philosophy as you may please to give me; and you may rest assured that all the kindness you have manifested towards me will be remembered with gratitude so long as I shall live.

MALEIA. Thou speakest well, friend; I love to

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hear thee discourse thus. When thou referrest to the long train of effects which may flow as a result of our discourses, Maleia trembleth, as he reflecteth that the work he hath done be no completer. And, without pain or labor, he imagineth well the scenes which may at times come to pass.

When thou art become old and decrepit, like Maleia, and the fair locks which now hang in grace about thy neck shall have become like his, sparse and white; thy form, now erect and manly, then leaning and trembling because of weakness; thy mind ripe and mature, disciplined well by the opposing forces of life; and Maleia, — his body resolved back to a kindred dust, like unto this which clingeth to our garments; his spirit passed on; then it may be that some fair one, who trippeth lightly over the course of human life, may be attracted by *thy* bearing, and may, like thee, now, be induced to tarry a while and listen to thy story, as thou hast listened to mine.

If he be but as patient and courteous a listener as thou hast been, thou wilt have thy reward; and until that time cometh to thee, thou canst not know of the lack of power Maleia realizeth, when he would attempt to make a worthy response to thy fitting discourse.

Thou hast my blessing — 'tis all I have to give

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thee. My *counsel* thou already hast, and if thou wilt but hope on, and have faith in God, thou wilt be far richer than though thou hadst presented to thee silver or gold.

EDWIN. Your kind words shall be heeded, Maleia. I look forward with a trembling solicitude to the time you speak of, when I shall perchance be alone, and shall meet with some lone one seeking the true light. I am not unmindful of the severe and definite thoughts that may come wildering along then, and by an inherent power demand an unmolested existence. I am by these thoughts reminded of a beautiful couplet by the poetess Cook. She says of these things, —

> "O, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
> When memory plays an old tune on the heart!"

I shall not, however, make myself sad in anticipation of what in the untried future may come, for it is not in consonance with your philosophy.

I hope to be strong, and well prepared for whatever may come. Good by to you, my good father. On the morrow I shall meditate, as best I am able, on our great theme of discussion. You will call on me whenever you go to London. You will find a cordial welcome at my home.

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MALEIA. Good by to thee, my boy. May God bless thee. Come to my cot when thou art able, and I will see to it that thou art entertained well. Good by to thee; Heaven bless thee, my boy.

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